

Vol 11 No 1

# Movie CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER  
NSC

10  
CENTS



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GAYNOR**

## THE LIFE STORY OF ROBERT TAYLOR

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[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

#### NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of

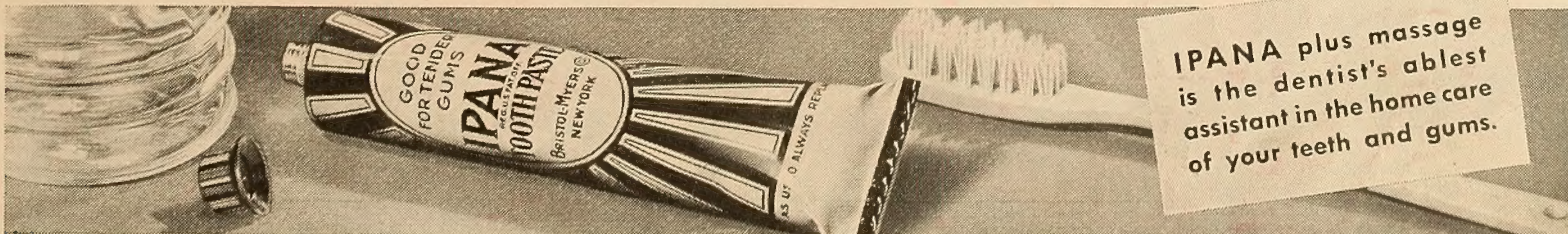
"pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana

into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and *the reason is soon evident*.

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.



IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.



AMERICA'S  
GORGEOUS  
GIRL FRIEND

meets

AMERICA'S  
NEWEST  
HEART THROB

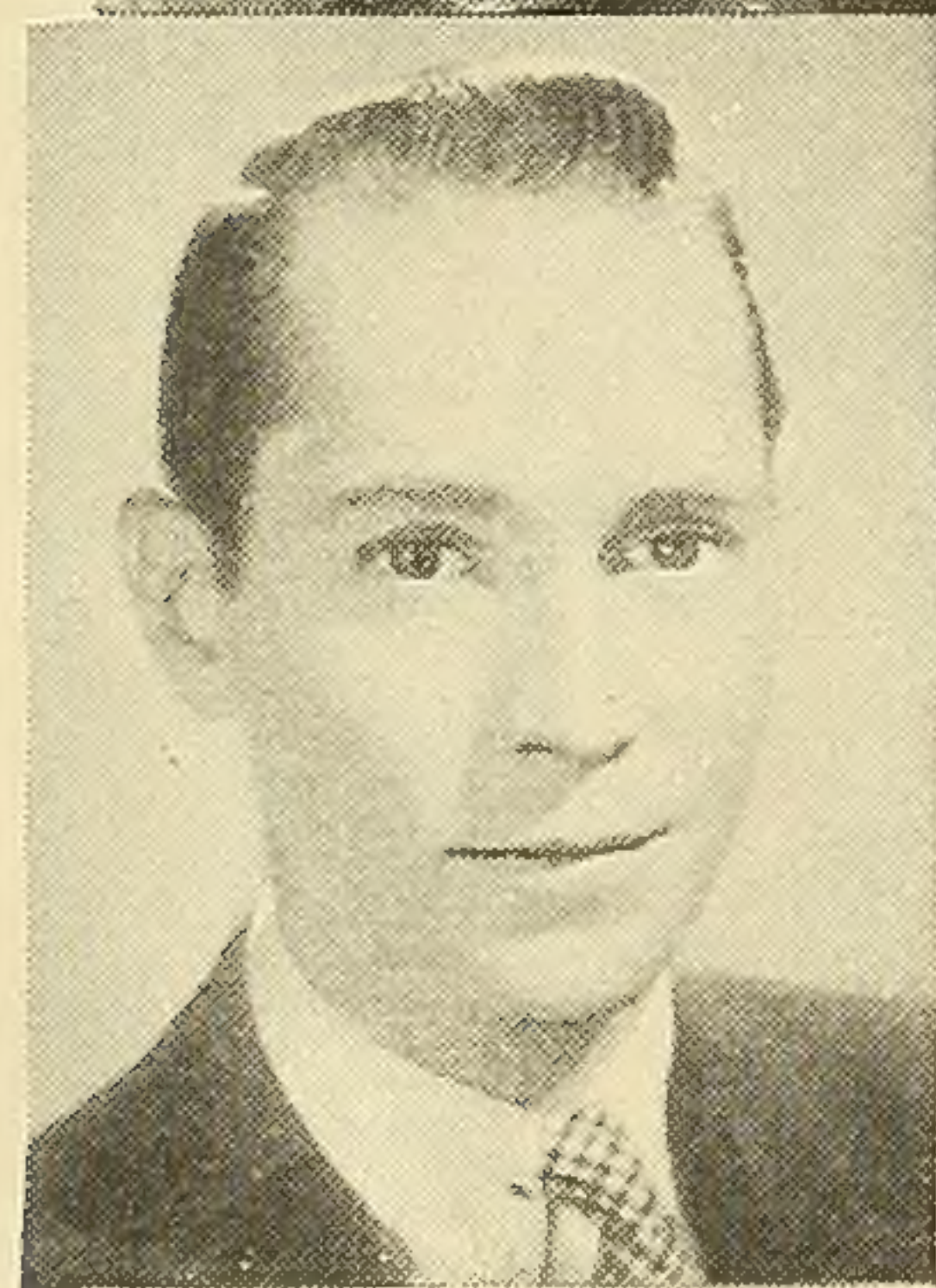


"No Man Who Kisses You Once  
Will Ever Be Content..."

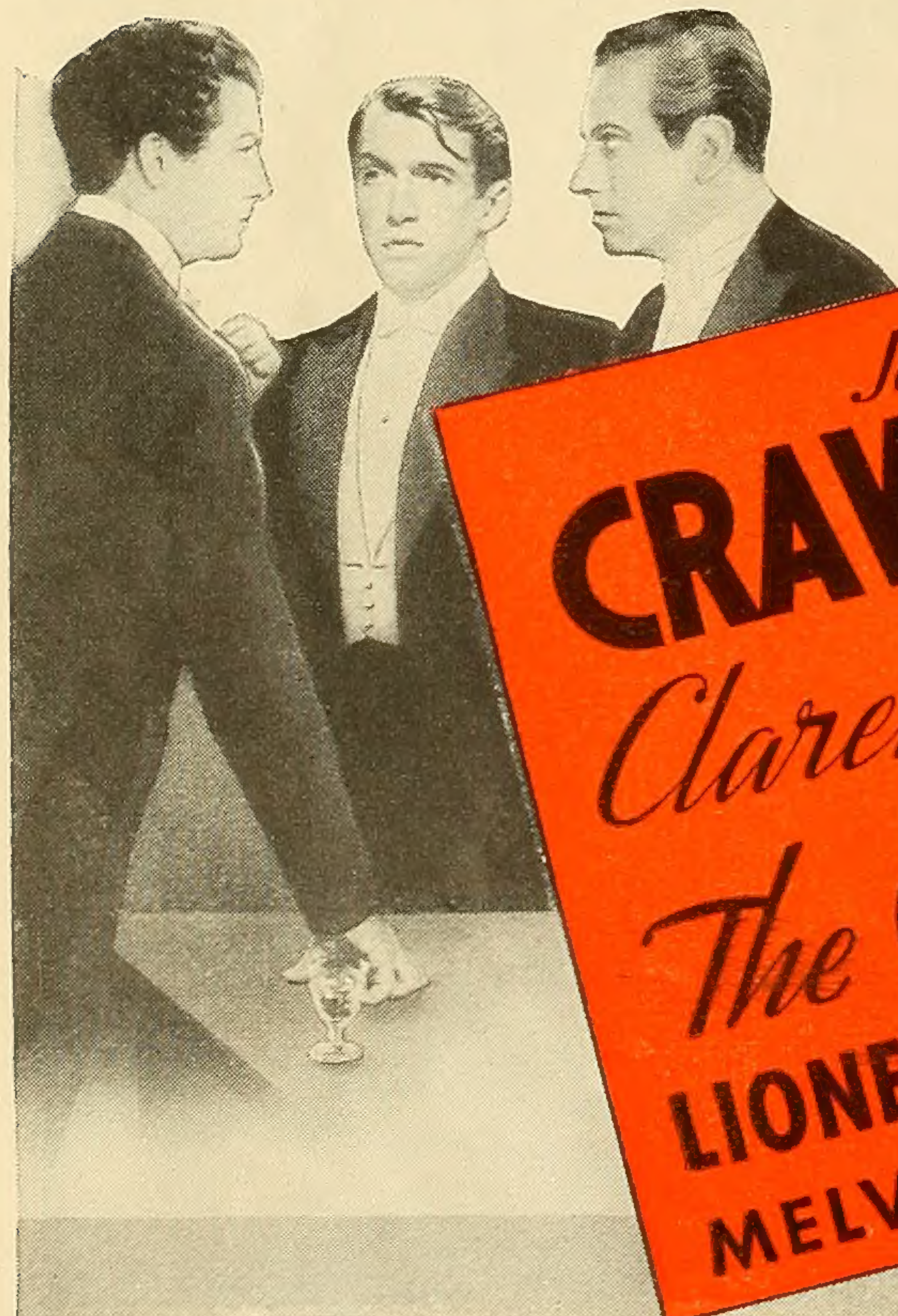
## M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

*Six Headline Stars in the New  
Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama*

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!



Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas (both below)...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone (above).



*Robert*  
**CRAWFORD · TAYLOR**  
*Clarence Brown's Production*  
**The GORGEOUS HUSSY**  
**LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE**  
**MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART**

Directed by  
**CLARENCE BROWN**

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ



AUG-5 1936

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*New!*

Movie Classic is now written and edited completely in Hollywood, to bring you new features, stories and photos . . . with news that is NEW!

# MOVIE CLASSIC

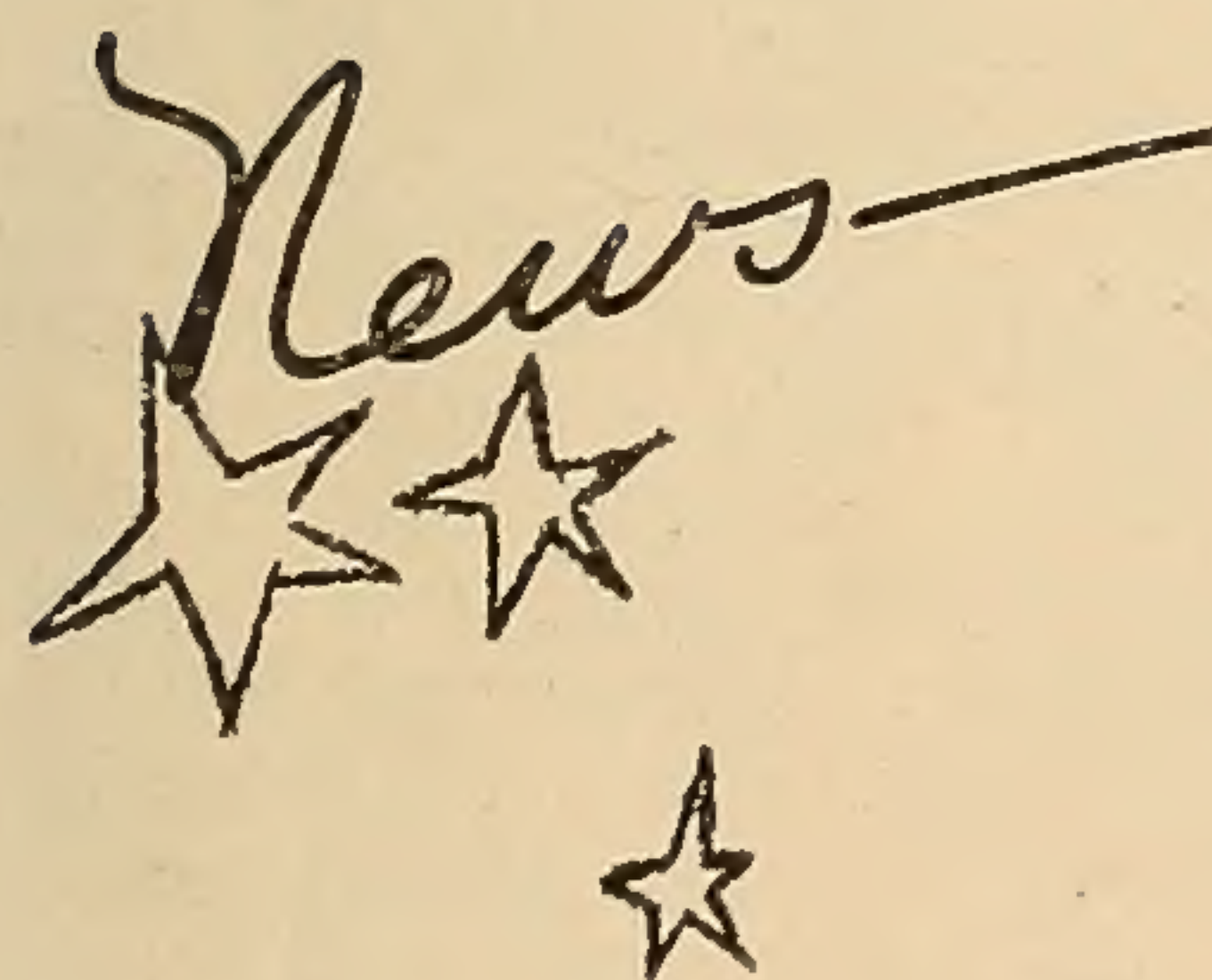
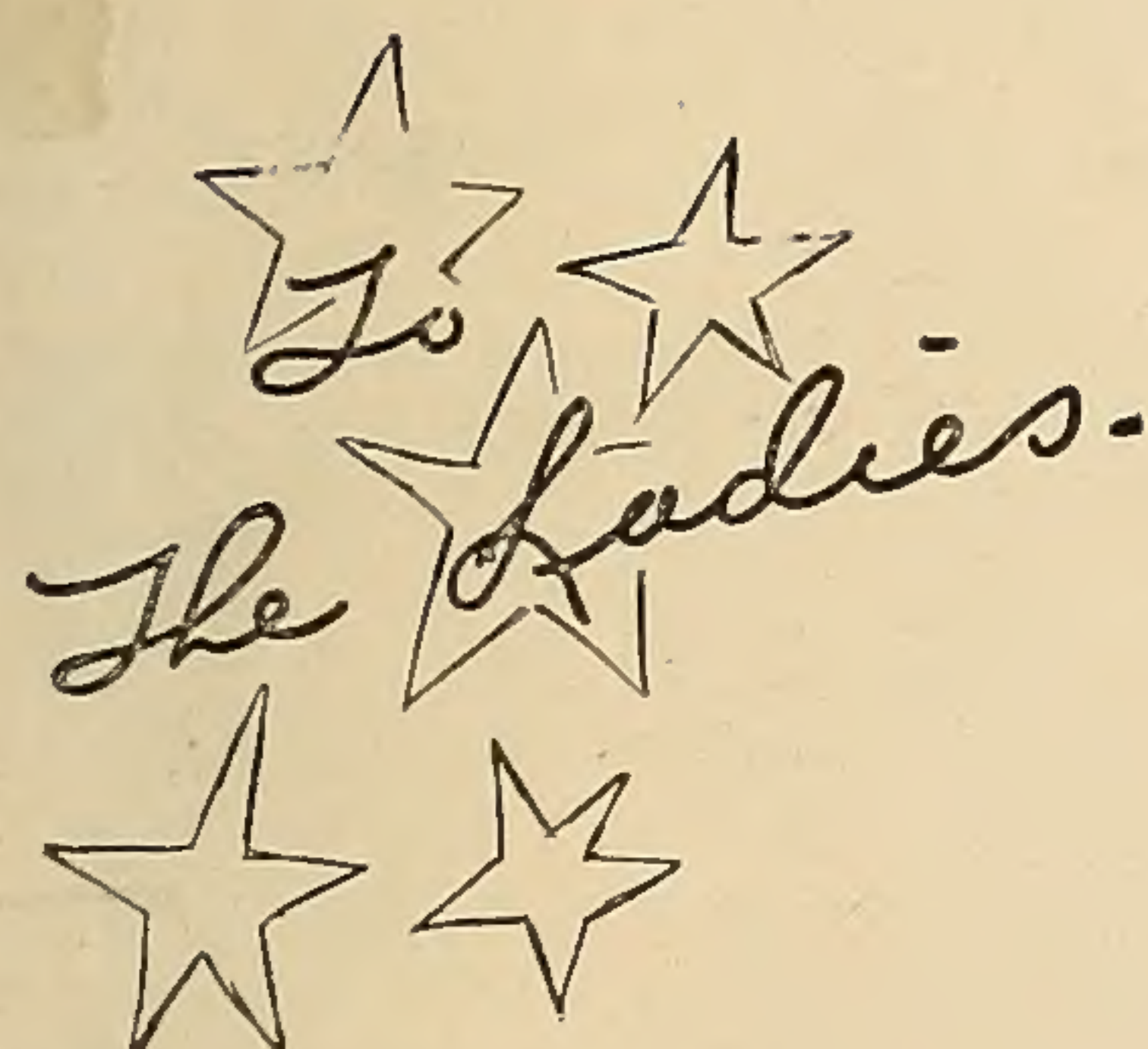
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1936

VOL. 10 No. 7

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT  
Editor

JACK SMALLEY  
Managing Editor



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



# Now You're Talking

*A page devoted to our readers' likes and dislikes—the more frankly expressed the better*



June Lang, formerly June Vlassek, is being hailed as a star by Twentieth Century-Fox. Her first major rôle is in *Road To Glory*. What do you think of her chances?

## \$15 Letter

**Break the Bank**—I wish to register a kick, a very decisive one. My kick is aimed at the so-called bank or rainbow nights. Here in a neighborhood of four or five thousand souls we have four bank nights and one Screeno each week. With the frenzy created by large pots, school and community activities are virtually ruined. Every organization shuffles dates to miss bank nights. In case of conflict the school or community activity suffers. If this thing must continue as a subsidy to movie art it might be justified, but I doubt if it contributes to the lasting good health of the movie business. What do the producers think?

Now that I have registered my kick I have two amens to letters in the July MOVIE CLASSIC. I agree with Phyllis Ayer of San Francisco that the cast should be repeated at the end of the picture. Many a time I have gone away from a show anxious to know the name of some actor who had appealed to me. Recently I have noticed that some pictures do this.

I agree with Marlin W. Elliot of Atlanta that historical pictures should be authentic. We recognize the screen as a potent educational agency. It should stick to facts when treating historical characters. Neither should irrelevant things be played up. I was nauseated with the mushy love affairs in a Lincoln picture a few years back. I don't believe Lincoln was given a square deal.—C. L. Baldwin, Supt. Public Schools, Bearcreek, Montana.

## \$10 Letter

**Doff the Paint**—Thank heaven for the

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; all others published, \$1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

new type movie wherein the leading female stars are represented as wholesome, clean appearing girls. Even the former sirens have gone "natural." Perhaps now we won't see so many youthful imitations of Garbo slinking along the streets, terribly overdressed, their fresh young skins heavily laden with cheap cosmetics. If the movie-moguls only realized how widely girls of teen age copy mannerisms, they would see to it that there was more of this "back to natural charm" movement. For who likes to see a normally sweet-faced youngster painted and dressed in what she fondly hopes is the image of the Garbo or Crawford of four or five years ago? Give them more chances to imitate the Parker or Gaynor type of beauty! We want our young daughters to stay young and sweet.—Mrs. Peter Steinfberger, Augusta, Mich.

## \$5 Letter

**A "Double" Complaint**—Please add my voice to the plaint against the "Double Feature" nuisance.

There used to be a day when you could go home from work, enjoy your dinner, and then come down town in time for a short stage presentation, or a comedy as a relaxing prelude to the feature picture of the evening.

Now, with the double features to run, schedules are so cock-eyed, that in order to see only the picture you're interested in, you must either forego a quiet dinner, and rush down on the dot of 7 o'clock. Or, you must sit up and wait until 9:30, by which time you are so engrossed in your book, the radio, or a rubber of bridge, that you wouldn't go out to see Cleopatra herself in the title rôle.

Usually, you catch the tail-end of some second-rate "feature," or you miss the very first shots of the picture you came to see.

And I don't know which puts you in a worse humor.—Mollie Shamos, 1172 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

## \$1 Letters

**No Tears, Please**—Who originated the idea that the public craves sob pictures has been an uppermost thought in my mind for some time?

I can't recall having seen but one picture—*The King Steps Out*—that didn't have a sad note in its make up and this goes for the past few months. I see on the average of two first runs every week.

I, one of the millions, supposedly go to the movies to be entertained. Instead, I take along an extra hanky and prepare myself for some miserable moments along with a mascara streaked make-up. And, in the bargain, I pay for all this discomfort. What a laugh? I think in the future, if there aren't more pictures without the sob stuff, I'll do my sobbing at home. It's more economical.—Marie Catherine Hagel, Reading, Ohio.

**Do You Agree?**—Maybe I AM crazy; I know I'm crazy over the pictures as the saying goes, but I don't like COLOR films for EVERYDAY picture fare. Occasionally, yes, swell; but as a general thing I hope it doesn't work out. It hurts my eyes, detracts from the attention of the plot and the acting. I'm led astray by a green patch in the distance, a cloud formation, oh, a myriad of confusing objects. On the stage where the scope is small and we simply have the cast to watch it is different . . . but did you ever really see or know anyone who would want to attend outdoor theatrical performances at midday three times a week? I doubt it.

Of course, I'm probably a "crank" and a reactionary. I dreaded the advent of talkies, too, and now I love 'em . . . although (small voice) Chaplin's *Modern Times* proved that genius could overcome sound, now didn't it?—(Mrs.) C. Rose, San Francisco, Calif.

**Children's Hour**—A child actor has finally got me! In fact, two children, and wonder of wonders, both in the same picture! After resisting the combined efforts of Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper and more recently, Shirley Temple, I have at last fallen for a couple of juveniles.

I am referring to those two marvelous little kids in the movie adaption of *The Children's Hour*, renamed *We Three*. Marvelous is the only word that will adequately describe them. They could not have been any more natural in the picture if it had been an actual part of their lives.

When you can say with truthfulness that a couple of small girls made the experienced efforts of Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins look like the antics of a couple of amateurs, then you have some idea of how much those kids impressed me. I look forward with positive eagerness for their next appearance in a picture.—William E. Dixon, Washington, D.C.

**Tired of Gal Shows**—It seems to me we have had enough variations of Forty-Second Street. Beautiful girls going around in circles or making squares and geometrical designs certainly get tiresome after a time. If you have seen and heard one musical comedy, if that is what it is called, you need not go to another. It will be the same thing all over again.

I have a little personal dislike too. I think the little mustaches, like those of Clark Gable and Jack Oakie, spoil the looks of most men. They look like lipstick tell-tales.—Mary Ruth Baron, 2413 Fairmont Ave., La Crescenta, Calif.



Your favorite soldier of fortune,  
the dashing "Bengal Lancer",  
laughing, fighting his way  
through another glorious  
romantic adventure.



**Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll**  
in **"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"**

with William Frawley, Akim Tamiroff, and Porter Hall. A  
Paramount Picture. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Screen  
play by America's foremost playwright, Clifford Odets.



# A League of Nations Dinner



Basil Rathbone, Charles Boyer, Director Richard Boleslawski, Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Schildkraut enjoy dinner on the desert

WITH few exceptions, the stars look forward to location trips—yet these excursions typify everything *but* the comforts of home! It's an unsolved mystery how the pampered darlings of the world can cheerfully banish thoughts of the cold, sparkling water glistening in their tiled pools, or of the soft cushions flung carelessly about their shady, flower-filled patios—while they vainly try to find a comfortable spot on the desert wastes of Arizona—which was the problem of *The Garden of Allah* cast. Imagine the glamorous Dietrich and fascinating Charles Boyer,

laughing in unison with Joseph Schildkraut and Basil Rathbone, through the hardships created by a daily temperature of 125 degrees!

Perhaps it is the subconscious reaction of "getting away from it all" that causes this enthusiasm for location work—no telephones—no studio conferences—and no social obligations. However, just one temperamental person with a "comfort complex" will put a damper on what the players try to make into a holiday.

Then again, the innate sporting blood and the desire to be known as a "good

*When members of The Garden of Allah company gathered for dinner—dishes from 5 foreign countries were served*

by  
**Dorothy Dwan**

trouper" comes to their rescue and the members of a picture company will still smile and retain their sense of humor even though they are eating sand, doctoring smarting eyes, and must wait until seven or eight in the evening for the one "square meal" of the day. Up until that time fruit juices and light salads are the only popular nourishment.

Miles from civilization, a tiny tent city sprang into being for the housing of most of *The Garden of Allah* company, while the principal members of the cast had accommodations in Yuma. Before driving back to town at night, they enjoyed a location dinner in the cool of the evening, finding pleasure in the beauties of a barren region that proved almost unbearable at midday and yet had an indescribable fascination at night.

Sitting around the table one evening, a discussion of favorite dishes came up—and it was suggested that each evening the chef honor a member of the dinner group by serving his or her preferred recipe. This resulted in much concentration upon the part of the parties involved—to be sure their country would not suffer by comparison—and dinners from *five foreign nations!*

The idea undoubtedly proved an ordeal to the chef but how nice for us. Now we may serve authentic recipes from Germany, France, Austria, Poland, and England.

Naturally Marlene Dietrich sponsored Germany, and even if you are unadulterated American, you'll love these tasty German Pancakes.

## GERMAN PANCAKES

2½ cups flour  
½ tsp. salt  
2 cups clabbered sour milk  
1¼ tsp. soda  
2 eggs well beaten  
3 tbs. melted butter

Sift flour and salt together. Beat eggs until very light, add soda to milk and beat well until soda is thoroughly dissolved. Add flour to beaten eggs alternately with milk, avoiding beating as much as possible. Have griddle hot, pour in batter and bake until upper side bubbles, turn and bake on other side. Serve with butter and plenty of syrup. We suggest Vermont Maid Syrup with these delicious and different pancakes.

Basil Rathbone upheld England which is his native [Continued on page 62]

*Olivia de Havilland*

## FRENCH ICE CREAM

2 cups milk  
3 egg yolks  
½ cup sugar  
3 egg whites  
½ pint whipped cream  
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Heat the milk in top of double boiler and beat the egg yolks

## Cook Book

until light. Add the sugar to yolks and beat until thoroughly blended, then add hot milk. Stir mixture until well mixed and return to double boiler. Cook until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat and cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then add whipped cream and flavoring. Freeze and serve with chocolate sauce.



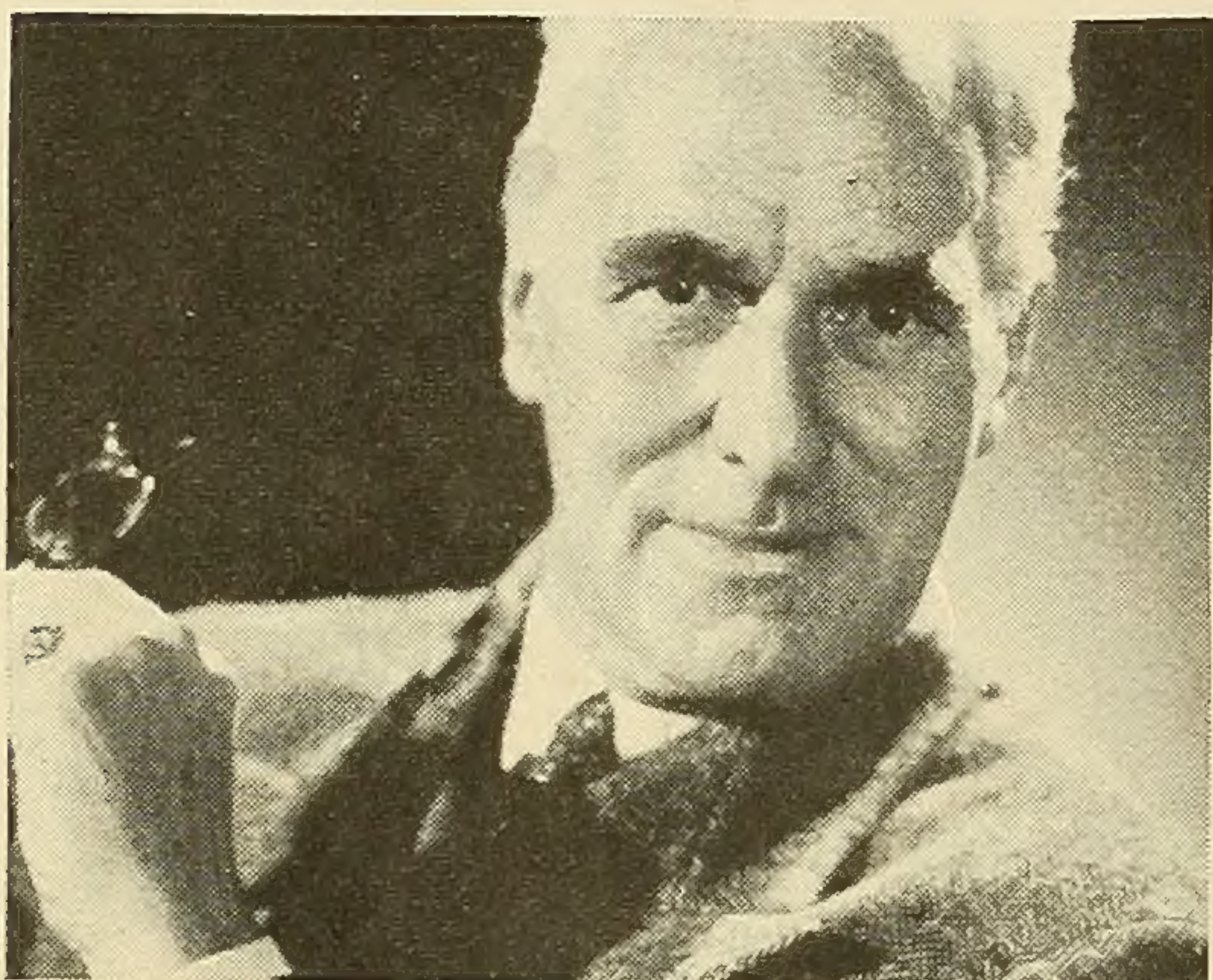


UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM CAROLE  
BOHLEN LOMBARD



# Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



AS SYMPATHETIC as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

## THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

## EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at every point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 20 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF



Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

# Party line in Hollywood



By  
ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

A LETTER from Grace Moore, written just after the close of her fabulously successful concert season in London, tells briefly but joyously of a triumphant tour. In Stockholm, where she sang before Their Majesties, she was decorated by the King of Sweden. In Norway, the Queen gave her a beautiful brooch as a token of her admiration. Everywhere, in short, music lovers greeted her with adulation.

Which all leads to the observation that even though the screen may not yet be the equal of the operatic or concert stage as a medium of musical expression, it is certainly the greatest publicity medium on earth. Before her screen success, La Moore was known only in the upper stratum of the music world. Today she is known everywhere.

## Sten's Back

Anna Sten, who left Hollywood flat after a reputed quarrel with Samuel Goldwyn, her "importer," has returned in triumph after scoring a sensational hit in the British-made film, *A Woman Alone*. She will star in a picture entitled *Enchantment* to be produced here for English release by her husband, Dr. Frenke. After its completion she will again go to London to play opposite Leslie Howard in *Bonnie Prince Charlie*.

## She Earned It

It's all very well to talk about the sensational success of Jeanette MacDonald in *San Francisco* for she gives a performance in that fine picture that will go down in big letter screen history,

mention of another fact:

Jeanette, starting in "show business" as a chorus girl, worked for six long, discouraging years before she could persuade a producer to let her act and sing. For six years she fought for singing roles and was shunted aside into dancing parts.

Her courage during those formative years deserves just as much praise as the great talent which is its result.

## Im-musing!

Over the Party Line comes an amusing story—which like ninety percent of the amusing stories told in Hollywood is pinned on that long-suffering genius, Sam Goldwyn.

It seems that Sam, overhearing a noisy quarrel between several of his contract writers, proposed himself as arbiter.

"It's this way, Mr. Goldwyn," they explained. "We're discussing a scene for the picture, and we're arguing about whether a certain piece of business can be done . . ."

"Tell me what it is," said Sam. And they did.

"I can answer that in exactly two words," he declared stoutly. "IM-POSSIBLE!"

[Continued on page 58]



Time Olympic champ  
world's greatest athlete,  
times with Buck Jones



# Carole Lombard's beauty bath

protects daintiness—  
leaves skin *sweet*



I STEP INTO A  
FRAGRANT  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**  
BATH—LIE BACK  
A MOMENT  
COMPLETELY  
RELAXED

OFTEN I COME  
HOME FROM A  
LONG DAY BEFORE  
THE CAMERA  
THOROUGHLY  
TIRED OUT

WHEN I STEP OUT I  
AM SO MARVELOUSLY  
**REFRESHED!** MY  
SKIN IS SOFT AND  
SMOOTH—DELICATELY  
PERFUMED

**CAROLE LOMBARD**  
Famous Paramount Star

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A swell way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't you use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.





*Bride... Queen... Martyr*  
ALL IN NINE DAYS  
*You'll cry and love it!*

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."

—Adela Rogers St. Johns  
"LIBERTY"

*Cedric*  
HARDWICKE  
Nova PILBEAM  
**NINE  
DAYS**  
*A Queen*

JOHN MILLS  
DESMOND TESTER  
SYBIL THORNDIKE

*Directed by Robert Stevenson*

COMING TO YOUR  
FAVORITE THEATRE

*A*  *Production*

# The Show Window

*Frank reviews of the  
latest screen offerings*

by  
Eric Ergenbright

**EXCEPTIONAL**

SAN FRANCISCO—Credit Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, with another smash hit!

With the Barbary Coast and the San Francisco earthquake and fire as a background, with W. S. Van Dyke as director, with a cast headed by Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy and Jack Holt, much was expected of this picture. And it exceeds every expectation!

The story concerns the owner of a water-front honky-tonk, a millionaire scion of society, and their rivalry for the love of a singer who climbs from the Barbary Coast to grand opera. Jeanette, the singer, is magnificent. Her numbers run the gamut of old melodies, popular numbers and grand opera and should please every taste. This picture definitely establishes her as the screen's Number One Lady-of-song. Gable, perfectly cast as the honky-tonk owner, gives a grand performance, and so do Jack Holt and Spencer Tracy—but the honors for San Francisco must be awarded to Jeanette MacDonald. It's her picture and her triumph!

The earthquake sequence, running nearly two full reels is breath-takingly realistic and provides one of the most dramatic and spectacular climaxes ever screened.

Don't miss this picture! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

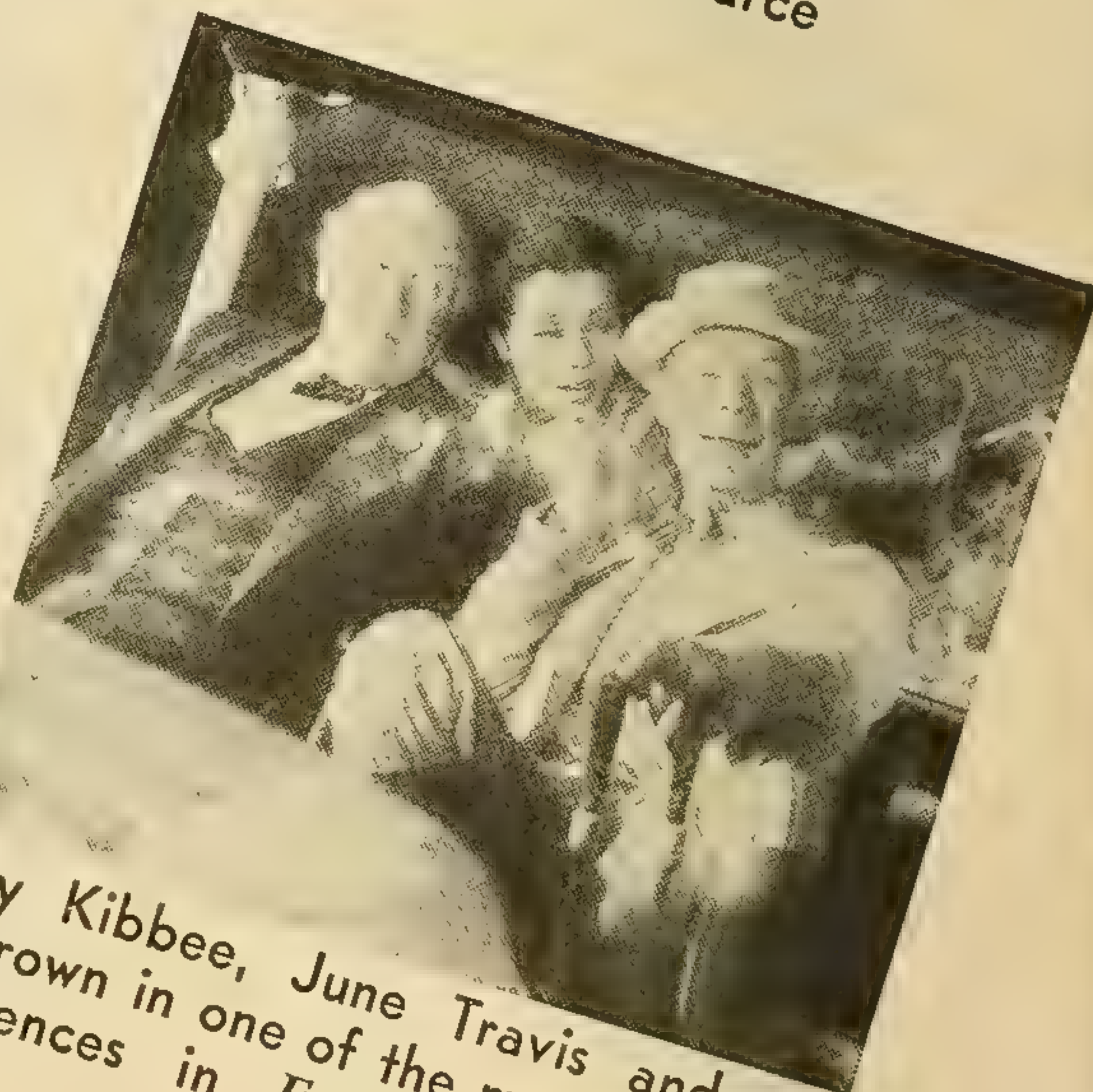
MY MAN GODFREY—And here, like a fresh sea breeze to make summer a bit more pleasant, is one of the most delirious comedies that has come out of Hollywood in many a day.

"My Man Godfrey" is the suave Bill Powell (who never gave a better performance). Discovered in a hobo camp by the "mad Bullocks" (the screwiest family that ever stepped in front of a camera), he is pressed into service as the butler and undertakes the gargantuan job of bringing order out of chaos. And in the process the fun becomes fast and furious.

Carole Lombard, cast as the love-lorn Bullock gal, who goes on the make for the butler, rises to a new high. She is rapidly establishing herself as the one most outstanding comedienne of the screen. Gail Patrick, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, and Mischa Auer have important rôles and make the most of them in craftsman-like fashion. Miss Patrick, in particular, deserves praise for her performance in the



Gail Patrick, Robert Light, William Powell and Carole Lombard in *My Man Godfrey*, a rollicking farce



Guy Kibbee, June Travis and Joe E. Brown in one of the many hilarious sequences in *Earthworm Tractors*



Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy in *San Francisco* which cannot be lauded too highly



picture's one sinister rôle. She plays it with sly innuendo that is exceptionally effective.

*My Man Godfrey* is easily the outstanding comedy hit of the month. *Universal*.

### EXCELLENT

**M'LISS**—Based on one of Bret Harte's most famous stories of California in its gold rush days, this homespun offering, produced by RKO as a Class B offering, emerges as a surprising hit, a picture that will be more highly acclaimed by the average audience than most far more pretentious films.

The story hinges on the romance between a school teacher and a shy mountain girl who comes to him to learn the fundamentals of readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. Delicately handled, every sequence possesses a subtle romantic quality that will charm.

Anne Shirley, fast becoming a most capable young actress, gives by far her best performance in the title rôle. And John Beal, as the school teacher, gives a really outstanding performance. Other important rôles are exceptionally well played by Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Esther Howard and Moroni Olsen. *RKO-Radio Pictures*.

**NINE DAYS A QUEEN**—Produced in England by Gaumont-British, this historical drama is easily one of the best foreign film offerings of the year. It tells the tragic story of Lady Jane Grey, the young girl who was for nine days the puppet queen of England and who, through no crime of her own, was brought to the block.

Sir Cyril Hardwicke and Nova Pilbeam, heading an unusually capable cast, contribute magnificent performances. *Gaumont-British*.

**PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE**—And here's something new in the way of G-Man thrillers, a fast-moving, action-crammed melodrama with a novel slant. The story hinges on the trials and tribulations of a criminal's wife, her unjust imprisonment and her eventual marriage to the G-Man who is detailed to capture her criminal ex-husband.

Margaret Lindsey, usually too cold to be convincing in a romantic rôle, sheds her frigidity in this picture and gives an excellent performance which will do much to help her standing with audiences. Pat O'Brien, as the G-Man, is excellent. Cesar Romero, Robert Armstrong and Dick Foran head a strong supporting cast.

Without being in the least profound, *Public Enemy's Wife* can safely be recommended as fine entertainment. *Warner Brothers*.

**EARTHWORM TRACTORS**—Joe E. Brown at his rollicking best, this time as Alexander Botts, the egotistical, moronic tractor salesman of William Hazlett Upson's side-splitting Saturday Evening Post stories. Instead of following the plot of any one of Upson's yarns, the producers have wisely filmed a composite which lets Joe E. Brown's comic talents run wild. Undoubtedly this is his best comedy to date. June Travis and Guy Kibbee are excellent in the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers*.

### GOOD

**WOMEN ARE TROUBLE**—A fast-moving, consistently thrilling gangster-versus-reporter story which offers little



Now!

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Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with  
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Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them doubly safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually lingers long after your bath, keeping you fragrantly dainty!

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You

cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!  
Movie Classic for September, 1936



# New GLAZO

puts old-type  
nail polishes  
in the discard



**You've never seen a polish  
so lovely, so perfect to use**

**G**LORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

*It's new  
it's perfect*

## GLAZO

**20 CENTS**  
(25 cents in Canada)



## The Show Window

new in the way of plot but a great deal in the way of entertainment, thanks to the excellent direction of Errol Taggart and the deft performances of Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly, Florence Rice, Margaret Irving and Raymond Hatton. The plot, unfortunately, is loaded with moss-grown situations. There is the rivalry between the bright young sob-sister and the veteran ace reporter, the vow of the crusading editor to clean up the liquor graft, the clash between newspaperdom and gangland and the inevitable marriage. Paul Kelly, in particular, must be credited with an extremely fine bit of work as the hard-boiled city editor. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**SPENDTHRIFT**—Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) and Mary Brian head the cast of this unpretentious but very merry comedy-drama, which tells—and tells interestingly and well—the story of a young sportsman who inherits a fine racing stable, a cantankerous old uncle, a burden of debt, a breezy outlook on life and no cash. Given those ingredients, the laugh-provoking situations crowd fast on one another's heels.

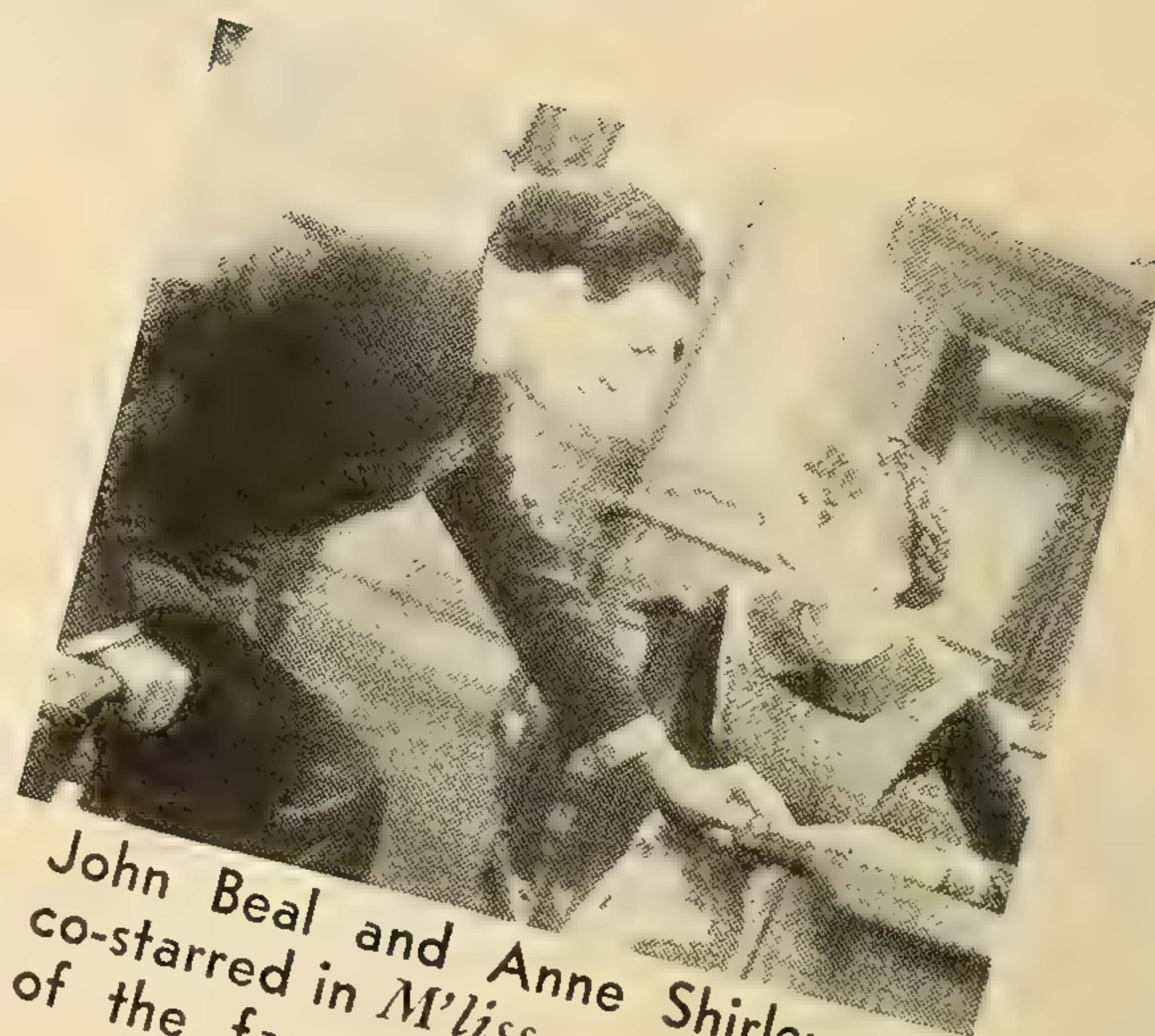
Fonda is excellent in the leading rôle and reveals a flair for light comedy that has never before been apparent in his work. Pat Paterson, returning to the screen for the first time since her marriage, gives a grand performance as the horse-loving Irish lass and Mary Brian, seen here for the first time in a "meanie" rôle, scores brilliantly. *Walter Wanger-Paramount.*

**HIGH TENSION**—This one's different . . . . and funny . . . . and well played. Without expecting a smash hit, put it well up on your list of preferred entertainment for this month.

The plot concerns the adventures of a deep sea diver whose thrilling deeds are glorified by his gal-friend, a pulp fiction writer. There's a good chuckle in almost every scene and a real, old-fashioned abdominal howl in several. Brian Donlevy (he first gained fame as the heavy in *Barbary Coast*) plays the diver—and plays it so well that he looks like a sure bet for stardom. Glenda Farrell, as the writer, is a joy. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

**THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG**—Gertrude Michael, who's climbing to the heights with a terrific rush these days, scores again in this crime story. Cast as an ex-jewel thief who has mended her ways, she matches wits with a notorious criminal (Sir Guy Standing) in an effort to recover a fabulously valuable diamond which has been stolen from her present employer. Her performance is nicely shaded and thoroughly enjoyable. Ray Milland, always a capable actor, has much too little to do. Sir Guy Standing, as usual, is a standout. *Paramount.*

**THE BORDER PATROLMAN**—This, George O'Brien's last starring picture for Fox after fourteen years of unbroken work for that organization, is undoubtedly his best. It is also one of the best westerns of the year—a thoroughly modern, up-to-the-minute drama of the new West which will stand on its own merits and please every type of audience. The story hinges of fire control and the activities of smugglers operating across the California-Mexico line. O'Brien, discarding many of his old mannerisms, gives the best performance of his career. Polly Ann Young is excellent



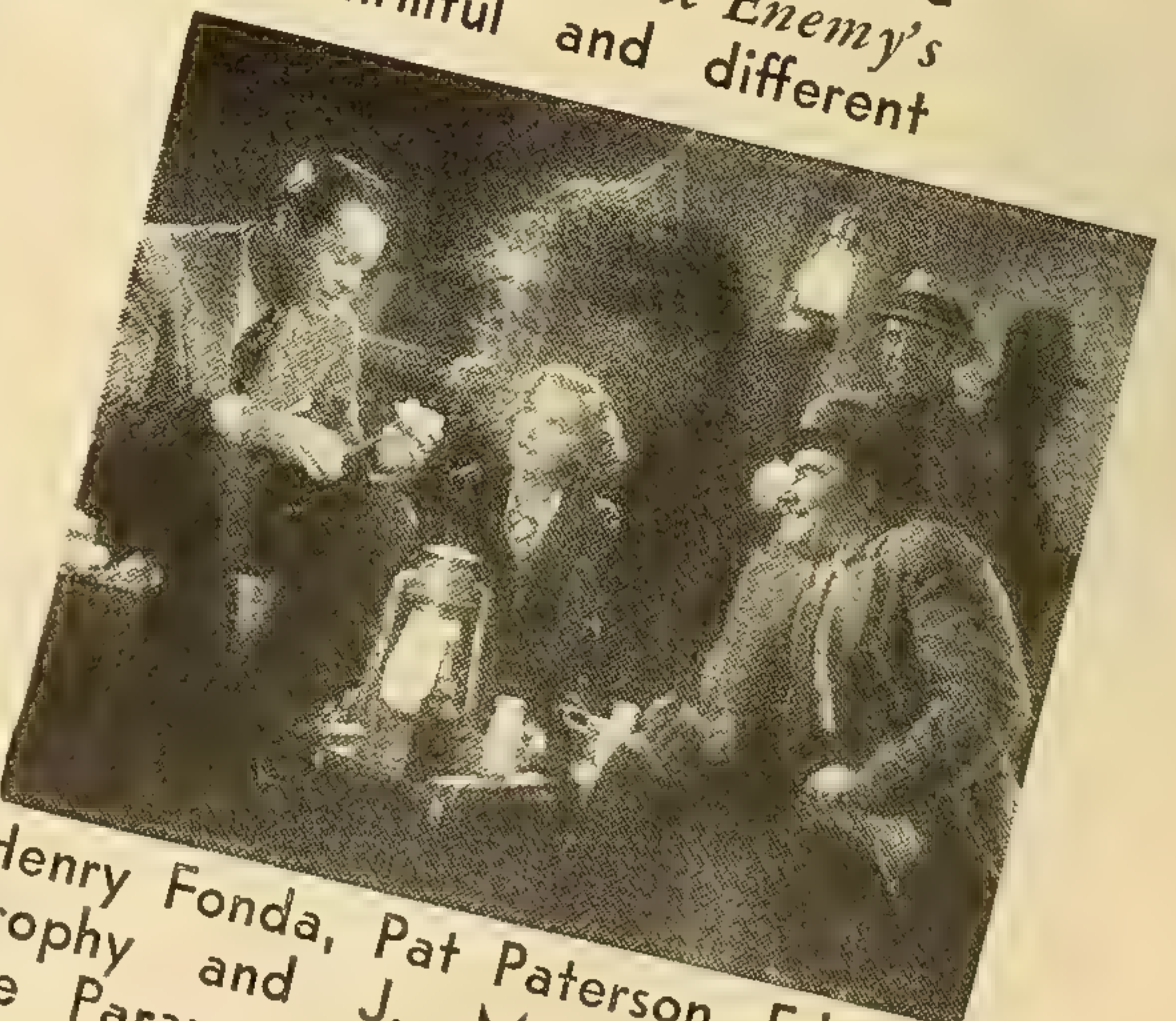
John Beal and Anne Shirley are co-starred in *M'liss*, a picturization of the famous Bret Harte story



Rochelle Hudson and W. C. Fields head the cast of *Poppy*, one of the best laugh offerings of the month



Cesar Romero, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsey in *Public Enemy's Wife*. It's thrilling and different



Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson, Edward Brophy and J. M. Kerrigan in the Paramount picture *Spendthrift*



as the love interest. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

**WE WENT TO COLLEGE**—With a cast headed by Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth and Walter Catlett, four comedy aces, this picture should have been a laugh-fest. Owing to poor dialogue and faulty handling by its writers, it is forced to be content with occasional chuckles. Its featured players work hard and make the most of their opportunities, but they are sadly handicapped. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**THE CRIME OF DR. FORBES**—Based on the "mercy killing" theme, this gripping drama will hold every audience's interest from its opening scene to its final fade-out. It is rather grim, intense emotional fare but it is a challenging presentation of a question that has stirred heated argument for centuries. Gloria Stuart has never given a finer performance than she does in this picture as the wife of the doctor who takes his own life. Robert Kent is outstanding, and Henry Armetta contributes a clever bit of comedy to offset the dramatic tension. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

**THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE**—This singing and dancing opus, frankly intended as a Class B production, more than lives up to expectations and must be ranked as very satisfactory entertainment. The plot concerns the adventures of a theatrical troupe which takes over a girls' seminary, and William Frawley, Elizabeth Patterson, Roscoe Karns and John Halliday are responsible for some very enjoyable laugh-scenes.

Eleanor Whitney (Paramount's best dancing prospect), Louis Da Pron and Olympe Bradna liven the proceedings with some very clever hoofing. Robert Cummings shows real promise in the male lead. *Paramount.*

**PAROLE**—A daring presentation of a question which a less courageous producer would have avoided. *Parole* makes the mistake of compromising the issue too carefully, thereby weakening the effectiveness of its dramatic plot, but it is, nevertheless, an extremely interesting picture. Henry Hunter and Anna Preston, who make their debut as Universal featured players in this picture, both show real promise. Hunter, in particular, is an exceptionally capable actor. *Universal.*

**HEARTS DIVIDED**—Marion Davies and Dick Powell in a very romantic, music-garnished picturization of the historic love and marriage between Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, and Elizabeth Patterson of New York. Though by no means a great picture, it is entertaining, has several excellent musical numbers, and should please the average audience.

Dick Powell and Marion Davies are both effective in their romantic rôles. *Warner Brothers-First National.*

**THE BRIDE WALKS OUT**—Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Robert Young in a very amusing comedy-drama which relates the matrimonial difficulties of a young couple whose romance nearly crashes on the false pride of the husband. Gene Raymond, playing a young engineer who refuses to let his wife work, is excellent. Barbara Stanwyck, as the bride who refuses to stay at home when the finances reach the danger point, gives a fine performance, but the acting honors go to Robert Young, who plays the irresponsible millionaire. *RKO-Radio Pictures.*



## IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

**Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses**

By *Lady Esther*

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

### A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

### First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubri-

cates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

### See With Your Own Eyes Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25)

**FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

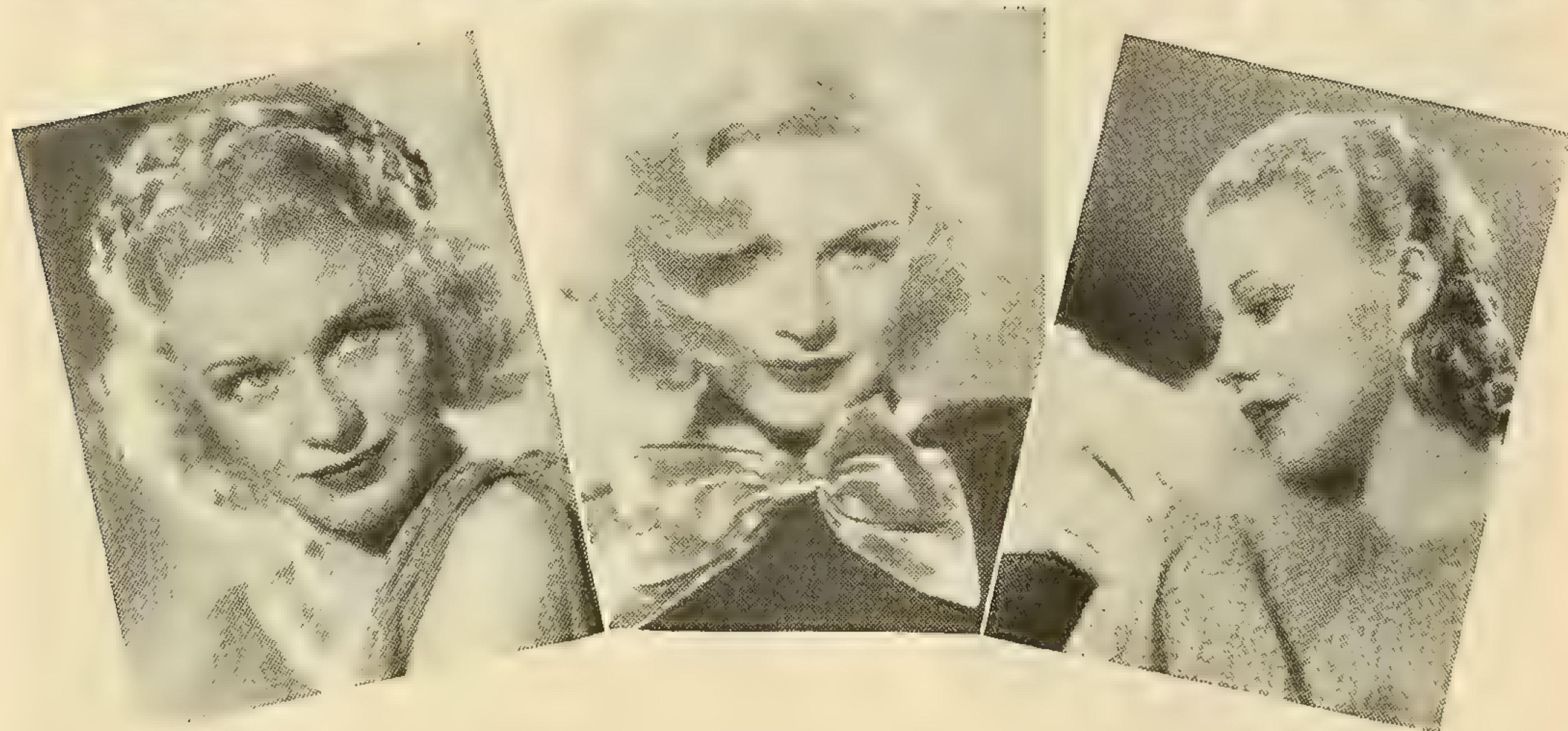
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



# Why Ginger Rogers Has Beautiful Hair



by  
Alison Alden

**N**EVER a *Dull Moment* might be the theme song of Louise Sloan who for the past three years has cared for the red-gold tresses of America's favorite dancing daughter, Ginger Rogers.

If you think that isn't a full-time job you should have been with me on the set of *Swing Time* and seen Louise at work with combs and pins and flying fingers, corralling the famous Rogers curls into a sleek coiffure.

It seemed to me that Ginger, whirling in mad rhythm in the arms of Fred Astaire, could shake down coiffures about as fast as Louise could put them in order. But Louise loves every minute of it and gives unlimited time and

thought to caring for Miss Rogers' hair and to creating new coiffures for her pictures.

We sat, Louise and I, in Ginger's exquisite peach satin dressing room during the shooting of a scene and talked "women stuff"—shampoos, hair oils, rinses. There was that intangible gayety captured in the furnishings of this little house on wheels that one senses when Ginger Rogers flashes on the screen—charm and perfect taste stepped up to the tempo of the times.

"Miss Rogers has from four to ten coiffures for each picture," Louise told me. "Her coiffures are usually designed by Mel Berns, head of the R.K.O. make-up department, but frequently I design a new coiffure for a certain gown. We study the costume to be worn and also the script, for a coiffure must suit both the gown and the personality. Miss Rogers looks forward to these changes of coiffure and when a new gown arrives from the wardrobe department she will say excitedly, 'What'll we do with this one, Louise?'"

"A sports costume of course calls for a simple, loose coiffure. With a sophisticated gown, I pile Miss Rogers' hair high on her head and frequently use braids to achieve an effect of height. However, once an unusual coiffure has been used, it cannot be used again—it must be discarded with the dress. An example of this was the coiled coronet worn by Miss Rogers in *Top Hat*.

"Unless an exotic effect is sought, Miss Rogers' hair is brought softly around her face whenever she wears a hat."

That, by the way, is a good rule for every girl to follow. It is only the exceptional girl of a distinct type who can wear her hair skinned back beneath a hat.

"As it is much easier to arrange and

style perfectly clean hair," Louise continued, "Miss Rogers' hair is washed every morning. She arrives on the set about seven o'clock and I immediately start to work getting her hair shampooed, dressed, dried and combed out."

I made distressing mental calculations of a fabulous salary being ticked off in minutes spent under a dryer. "Doesn't that hold up the company a long time?" I asked.

Louise chuckled. "We do everything we can to speed the operation, but it does take over an hour—and they just have to wait."

I laughed, too. What a creed for beauty in a few words! Better to let your boy friends wilt with fatigue than to skip any points of perfect grooming before putting in an appearance.

"Frequent washing demands that only the safest and most dependable cleansing materials be used. To begin with, I use a bland shampoo on Miss Rogers' hair," Louise explained, "then a lemon rinse to bring out the highlights."

"As Miss Rogers' hair is naturally curly it is not necessary to use a wave set, but I do use curlers on the ends—large, fat ones so that the curls will be loose and fluffy. The curlers are so designed that the warm air from the dryer can get to the inside of the curl as well as the outside."

"If Miss Rogers has an early scene and we feel we must cut the hairdressing time to a minimum, then a dry shampoo is used. This is similar to a dry cleaning fluid in action but is harmless and especially prepared for the hair."

I asked then, "When Miss Rogers is not working, does she give her hair this same care?"

"No, not exactly. Her hair is shampooed only twice a week when she is not making a picture but she does brush it daily and frequently puts a good oil on her scalp before retiring and allows it to remain on all night. When so much time is spent under the dryer, this extra precaution keeps her hair lustrous and the scalp healthy."

Our chat was interrupted by a long-drawn call from the set—"Louuuuuuise . . ." I assumed that Ginger had been flying through the air with the greatest of ease but had lost a few hairpins enroute. Louise, keeper of the curls, to the rescue!



Ginger Rogers studies the script as Louise Sloan creates a new coiffure for *Swing Time*



Those fast stepping favorites, Rogers and Astaire, rehearse a *Swing Time* routine



## Alison Alden Recommends

SINCE we're on the subject of beautiful hair this month, let me tell you about a new shampoo discovery that requires just one minute for lathering and another for rinsing and leaves the hair lustrous and easy to handle. The trade name is *Drene* and it is put out by that reliable firm



*A rapid, thorough shampoo*  
*Drene*

of Proctor and Gamble. *Drene* forms a creamy lather in any kind

of water and as it is non-alkaline, it can be used as frequently as you wish.

With so many chic new coiffures in evidence this season (it does seem that hair stylists everywhere have been lying awake nights thinking up ravishing hair-dresses for fall wear) every girl must have her dressing table supplied with the most modern equipment. You can depend on it that those off-the-forehead, off-the-ears coiffures are going to require a good bit of brushing of unruly locks to achieve that upswept, Grecian sculpture effect. You will need, too, a supply of strong bob pins and a dependable wave lotion to keep your high-rolled curls intact during an evening of dancing.

Then there is the important matter of hair curlers. Women simply must face the day with the challenge of a charming coiffure, even though it is homemade. *Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers*, favored by the stars, are easy to adjust and the perforated shaft permits speedy drying. If you put your hair up at night, as most girls do who spend their days in an office or at school, you will be glad to know these curlers can be comfortably worn while sleeping.

More and more, manufacturers

are devising time-saving adjuncts to milady's toilet. With plenty of



*Dreskin cleanses and tones skin quickly*

cleansing creams, tissues and skin fresheners at hand, even the care of the skin can be speeded

up immeasurably. Cleansing cream is always an item of importance on every girl's list of toiletries. You

[Continued on page 57]

# You can't get away with it!

## *In Business*

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for this. It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."



## *In Love*

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this—they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor.

Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

# MUM




USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

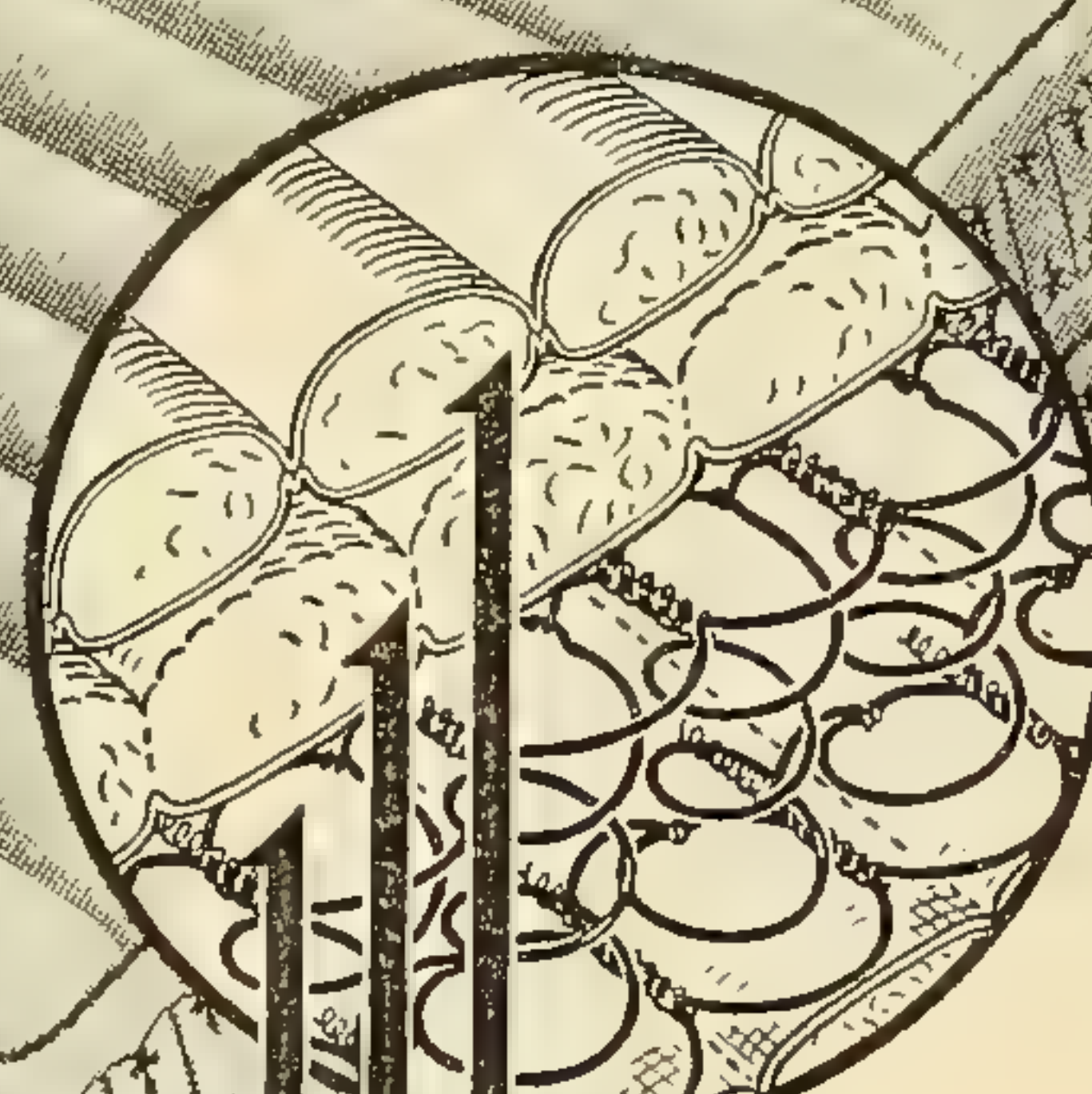
## takes the odor out of perspiration



*Never Before  
Such Restful  
SLEEP*



**Evalyn Knapp, vivacious movie star, says:**  
"Restful sleep is the best beauty and energy treatment I know of."



**The NEW**

**slumbernest**

*Multiplexer Slumbernest Quilt . . . exclusive and patented, adding almost unbelievably to comfort and long life.*

*Genuine Fates Underpadding . . . acknowledged as the best and most durable for mattress construction.*

*Full Floating Spring Unit . . . with a double cone, tempered coil spring in destructible "all steel" unit.*

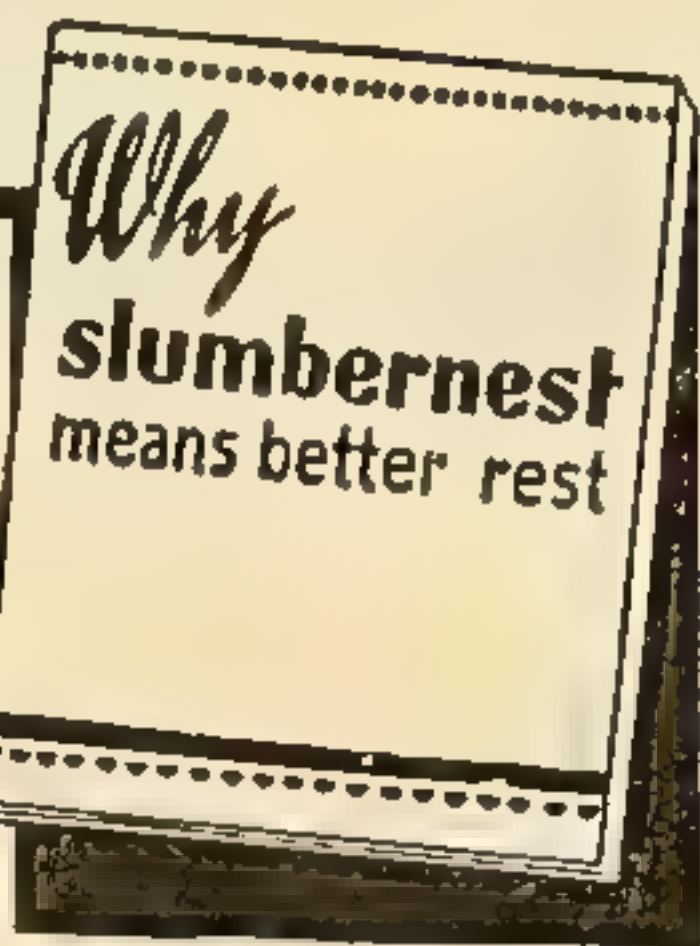
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CONSTRUCTION and LONGEVITY**

The secret of youthful beauty and vitality is restful sleep. SLUMBERNEST, the revolutionary new mattress, gently relaxes the entire body . . . "cradles" it so buoyantly and comfortably that you drift soothingly and pleasantly into the deepest, most refreshing slumber. Unofficial returns from scientific tests now being conducted prove that sleepers move and twist 36% less on a SLUMBERNEST. Years ahead of conventional mattress design. Beautifully styled by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Costs no more than an ordinary mattress. Gives you lifetime sleep comfort. If your dealer does not as yet have SLUMBERNEST, use the coupon for full information.

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Send me postpaid, free copy of booklet, "Why Slumbernest Means Better Rest"; also name of my nearest Slumbernest dealer.

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Address.....  
(St. or RFD)  
City.....State.....



# Hollywood Highlights

*Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom*

*by The Boulevardier*

**O**H, so you don't think these movie stars *have* to have these salaries, don't you?! Well, look—I just received the announcement of The Vendome's opening of its new Hickory Grill, where the stars will eat steaks, chops, and chickens "broiled over a hickory fire by master broilers." And for you who think it's tough to pay a dime for a hamburger-with, consider that the "Vendome Special Hamburger" is listed on the menu for \$1.00, flat!—a half chicken's \$1.35; a T-bone steak sets 'em back \$1.65. Et cetera.

Me?—I'll have a hot dog. (And I'll bet they'd try to serve me Kay Francis' pedigreed dachshund, without mustard.)

## Vacationers

Isn't life gonna be just too, too swell for Peggy Anne Landon? (She's GOP-candidate Alf's daughter, you know) I just found out that Clark Gable, no less, has leased a ranch in Colorado, for summer-vacationing purposes—and the ranch is just an over-the-fence hop from the ranch where Alf and his family are going to spend the pre-election months.

Note to Carole: Better look out; this Peggy Anne's no slouch for looks!

## Them's Tough Words

A Hollywood chatterer retails Georgie Raft's crack at one of his imitators: "He uses such a cheap grade of oil on his hair that he has to have the carbon re-

moved from his toupe once a month!"

## Tsk, Tsk and Alack!

Just before he went into hospital seclusion (even from Elaine "Ariel" Barrie) at Santa Barbara, John Barrymore got the shock of his thespian life—

He strolled up to the box-office of a movie theater one preview night. "Let me have," he demanded, "the tickets reserved for me—I'm, ahem, John Barrymore, you know."

The girl looked; found no tickets reserved, and told him so. "Were there tickets supposed to be left for you, Mr. Barrymore?" she inquired. Barrymore winced. "Well—er, no; not that I know of," he confessed, "—but I always *used* to get them free, this way!"

Then he dug eighty cents out of his pockets, paid for two seats, and strolled in, remarking: "My, my; how times have changed!"

Soon afterward, he went to the hospital. There were no passes left for him there, either.

## Edwina Wins Her Fight

After six years of horrible, bedridden suffering, Edwina Booth can walk again. Remember Edwina?—she was the White Goddess of the jinx-picture, *Trader Horn*. In Africa, filming that, she contracted that queer tropical disease that sapped her life, left her a light-tortured wreck who stayed in bed in a



Joel McCrea, who's been sneaking up on people with a Leica candid camera of late, snatches a picture of Alison Skipworth while Joan Bennett approves the theft. They're working in *Two in a Crowd*





Adrienne Ames has cause to be joyous for she and Bruce Cabot patched up their quarrel just one month before their divorce would have become final

darkened room. She went to England, hoping for relief in London's famed Institute for Tropical Diseases, but no go. She has turned, at last to psychiatry, mind analysis. And from that, she has learned to walk again, and hopes for an ultimate cure.

#### It's a Laugh

It took Adrian, MGM's master-mind of fashions, to evolve the perfect explanation, excuse, alibi or whaddaya-wannacallit, for the hats the gals are wearing.

"They do it because they have a sense of humor," reports Adrian.

Me—I'm laffing my head off!

#### No—a Thousand Times No

Eleanor Powell is certainly entitled to whatever vehemence she wants to display, when denying unfounded reports of her betrothal to somebody or other. But when the newspapers gossiped that she and Nelson Eddy were that way, her denials became positively violent . . . ! She reached the nadir of no-ing the Eddy-romance reports when she said, scornfully:

"If I ever *do* marry before I retire from the stage and screen, I'll marry a *hooper*!"

And Nelson can't hoof.  
Or can he?

#### Is This Irony?

At the zenith of all the fuss about

MARGARET HEHN, of Chicago, a lovely winner of the first "Search for Talent"

# WANTED!

## NEW FACES, NEW TALENT FOR THE SCREEN



### Enter **HOLD-BOB'S SEARCH** for TALENT.

Here's your chance to win a movie contract. A winner selected every month who will be given a **FREE** screen test and \$50.00 in cash. At least one of the winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

**T**HIS is your opportunity to win fame and fortune. The second "Search for Talent", sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, is giving every girl her *big chance*! Imagine the thrill of your going to Hollywood to actually take part in a motion picture . . . to be in the "inner circle" of Hollywood . . . this thrill and many more await the final winners!!

You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936.



FRANCES NALLE—Dallas winner, chats with Joel McCrea on the set in Hollywood.

Complete rules for entering are printed right on the back of all HOLD-BOB cards. You'll be ahead, any way you look at it—for HOLD-BOBS not only bring you an entry blank but a card full of the finest bob pins ever made—the bob pins that are used by almost all Hollywood stars. Look them over carefully. Notice their many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Let HOLD-BOBS keep your hairdress smooth, smart and lovely.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Sol H. Goldberg, President  
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-96, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD 80B



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Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card (or facsimile)—attach your photo and enter the "Search for Talent".

SEARCH FOR TALENT HEADQUARTERS  
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

F-96

Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Height.....Weight.....



# Hollywood Highlights

Freddie Bartholomew's court troubles over his guardianship and his aunt and his momma and poppa and grandma and grandpappy, even, did that Hollywood theater *have* to have on its double-bill marquee:

## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY and TOO MANY PARENTS

### Giggles-of-the-Month—

Carole Lombard has music played between takes, to get her in the mood. Giggle came when, just before the last love-scene in her picture, *My Man Godfrey*, opposite ex-hubby Bill Powell, she played the record: "Lover Come Back To Me." He didn't.

—Mae West was asked just what in hel—I mean, Hollywood—she was going to do with fifty live monkeys she's importing from Ecuador. Giggle-cracked Mae: "There's a shortage of supervisors, isn't there?" There still is.

—interviewed by English-speaking Japanese news reporters in Tokio (they said they understood English, I mean.) Anna May Wong parried romance-queries by telling them: "I'm wedded to my art." Next day, the papers reported her married to a man named Art!

—study in extremes is Francis Lederer's stand-in. His name is Mohammed Achmed Aga Sobhy Effandi Bacri Joulendi Sabuni (which for film work he's shorted to Victor Sabuni.) But—he's so short that he has to wear four-inch felt stiltees to measure up to Lederer's height, when stand-inning.

—yelled Gertrude Michael out of her window, when awakened at 6 a.m. the other morning by men clearing off a vacant lot next her home in Toluca

Lake: "Why the so-and-so don't you fellows go away and let a lady sleep?" Replied the head clearer-offer: "Well, why the hell don't you get up and let a feller work?" She did.

—commenting on the prodigious eating abilities of little Janie Withers, 20th-Fox's best brat, Irvin Cobb told me: "I'm a good eater myself, but I'd like to be Jane Withers—and if I can't be Jane, I'd like to be Jane's tapeworm, she eats so well!"

—Conrad Nagel, speaking to graduating class of the Pasadena Theater School: "Hollywood is a meat grinder—and 99 percent of those who go in, come out *hamburger!*" Says Conrad!

### By a Nose—

Once upon a time, a barroom phrenologist told me that big noses indicated a man's fitness for leadership. H'm—and now here is Jimmy Durante, knocking London into a furore with his act, standing them up in the theaters, and getting offers aplenty. And at the same time there is Arthur Veary Treacher, making a hit in Hollywood—and his nose is second only to Durante's.

"Schnozzles Across the Seas!" And now if we can only find a British mae-west . . . . .

### Careful Lady, Careful—

Eleanor Powell, enthusiastic about the orchestra conducting of Herbert Stothart, directing the orchestra making the *Romeo and Juliet* music at MGM, burst out with: "Oh, I only wish that I could do with my feet what that man can do with a baton . . . !"

My, oh my, oh my!—imagine Eleanor conducting an orchestra that way . . . !!!



Richard Arlen, who's braving the English fogs to star in *The Great Barrier* for Gaumont-British, takes his small son, "Ricky" to see the zoo

### Inconsistent—

Richard Dix owns an apartment house in Hollywood. A newly-arrived-in-California eastern couple, with two children, wanted to rent an apartment in it. But they were told no—that children were not permitted in the building.

"Imagine!" they chorused—"and the owner is the father of twins."

Children not wanted?

### Good Taste—

A Hollywood school conducted one of those surveys about something-or-other. Questioned about what they wanted to be when they grew up was a class of seven-year-olds. Replied the majority of boys: "G-Men." Replied the majority of girls: "Ginger Rogers."

### Hi-Spot of the Month—

CLARK GABLE: knocked out pugilist in scene from *Cain and Mabel*, got so excited he took out California boxing permit. He's been offered \$10,000 to box four rounds with Max Baer.

—MARLENE DIETRICH: swished into Merle Oberon's welcome party to Doug and Mrs. Fairbanks, while eyes popped in astonishment. Because—

—MERLE OBERON: had just sued Selznick International Pictures for \$125,000, for putting Marlene into Merle's role in *Garden of Allah*.

KAY FRANCIS: got the California Superior Court's permission to change her name to Kay Francis, legally, from her real name of Katharine Mielziner.

JIMMY DUNN: got from his mother a gift consisting of a tablecloth em-



Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow eloped to Ensenada, Mexico. They are glimpsed here in the patio of Hornblow's Bel-Air mansion after their return



Cliff Henderson, managing director of the National Air Races discusses things aeronautical with Ruth Chatterton and Bob Blair, her flying instructor



broidered with the autographs of the famous stars who have visited his home.

—FRED MACMURRAY: after listening to tips that the studio wouldn't think marriage would help his romantic screen career, uttered: Nertz!, flew to Nevada and married sweetheart Lillian LaMonte. They're honeymooning in Hawaii.

—GENE RAYMOND: drove to the Johnny Mack Brown's tin wedding anniversary party in an old flivver with Jeanette MacDonald, and gave the flivver (but not Jeannette) to Brown as an anniversary gift.

—NELSON EDDY: startled the style-conscious by wearing, at a night club, a grey dinner-jacket outfit—with black lapels and pants-stripes.

—BRUCE CABOT: moved back into Adrienne Ames' house less than a month before her divorce would have become final.

### He Made Us Laugh—

Will it make you feel a bit guilty, somehow (as it did me) to learn this?—

Norman Chaney, the former "Chubby" who was the fat boy of the *Our Gang* troupe of pictures, has just died in Baltimore's famed Johns Hopkins hospital. Cause of death was a glandular ailment, which caused excessive weight. It was this "excessive weight" that we thought was so funny in the *Our Gang* comedies. BUT—in 1932, it ceased to be funny; it became serious. Four years of treatment finally failed—and "Chubby" is dead of that which we thought funny . . . !

### Must Be Fog—

What's the matter with our American film stars? Can't they take it?—can't they take what London dishes out? I mean, for instance, Connie Bennett, who had to be hospitalized in London for what they said was a nervous breakdown. And now Alice White, who certainly didn't break down at top speed in Hollywood, collapses in London and spends two months in a nursing home—with another nervous breakdown! Hollywood seems to be just a rest home, compared with that London!

### Romance in Paris—

Comes from Paris the gossip that Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguette, the famous French actress whose legs have been publicized as the world's loveliest, are betrothed—despite the fact that Mistinguette admits she's forty-seven years old.

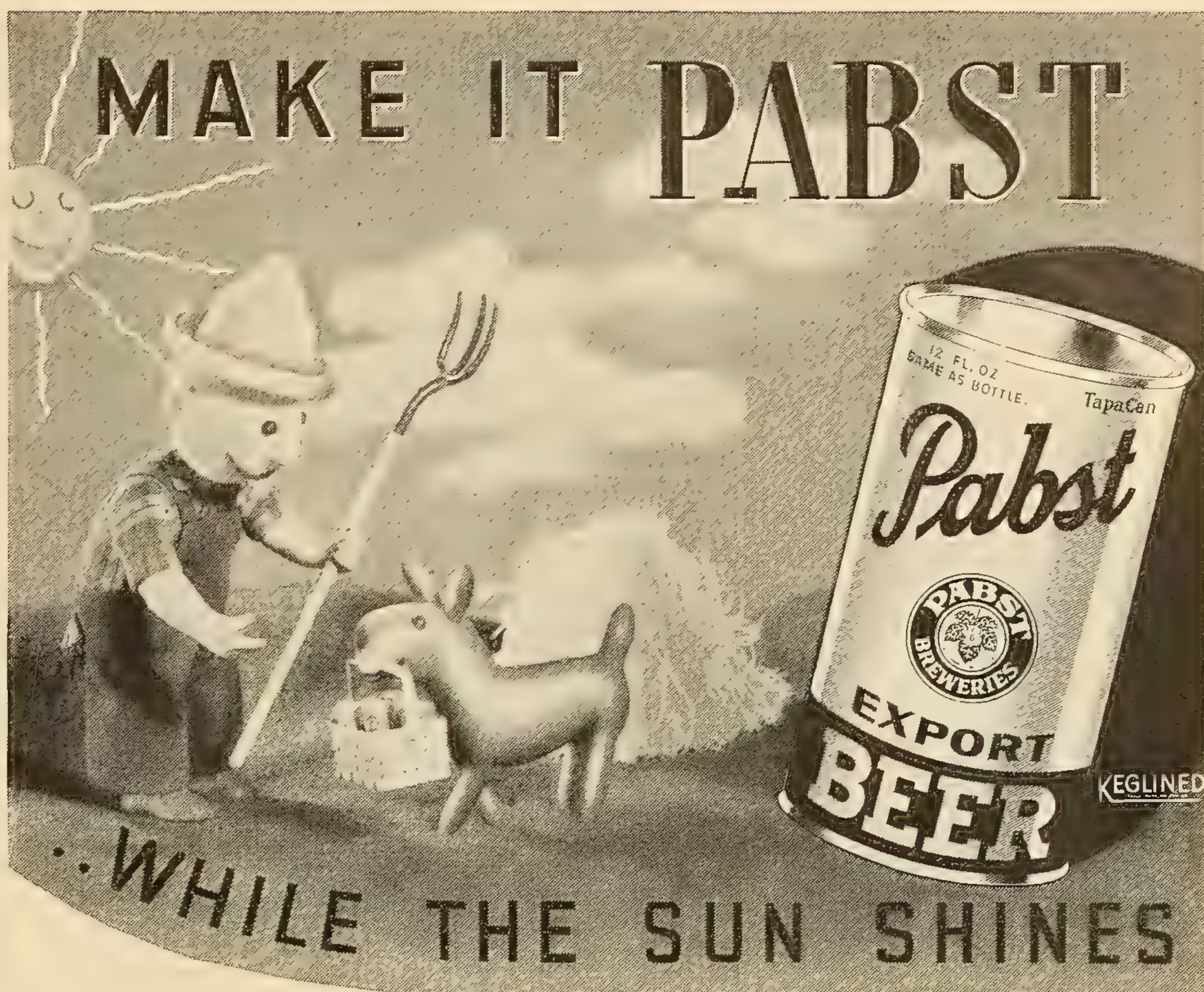
And to think, that after his years in Hollywood, of all places, Chevalier falls for a pair of 47-year-old gams!

### No Laughing Matter—

A few years ago, M.G.M. released *Meet the Baron*, with Jimmy Durante. One of the prize gags was when Durante burlesqued Tarzan. Soon afterward, MGM released *Tarzan and His Mate*. But remembering Jimmy's hilarious burlesque, audiences laughed at what was supposed to be serious in the real Tarzan epic, and the picture flopped at the boxoffice.

NOW—MGM is about to release *Romeo and Juliet*, starring Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard and involving a tremendous production cost. The other night, the studio also previewed another picture—*We Went to College*. In it, was a burlesque *Romeo and Juliet* show. The preview audience howled, hailed it as the funniest sequence in years. BUT—warned by Tarzan's fate, MGM has killed out this great sequence, fearing it would hurt the Shearer-Howard production.

Instead, *We Went to College* will kid *Othello*. [Continued on page 56]



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*A spectacular new  
star takes the wit-  
ness stand and tells all*

By The  
Inquiring  
Reporter

# Robert Taylor Answers

**L**ONG before the date fixed as the time limit for questions to be asked Bob Taylor, your Inquiring Reporter's desk was buried under a white avalanche. From every city in the United States and from almost every country in Europe, queries poured in. Truly, it is amazing that any actor who has been in the Hollywood spotlight for so brief a time could command such world-wide interest.

Because of their very number, many of the questions were, of necessity, duplications. Literally hundreds of inquirers asked how they could obtain Bob's autograph, how they could obtain a picture of him, where they could write to him, how they could be sure that their letters would reach him and other hundreds insisted upon knowing what type of girl he preferred.

The answers to those questions will be found in the following questionnaire and so without further ado let's summon Bob Taylor to take his place on our

witness stand. Your questions will be found in black-face type. His answers, in italics.

**Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?**

*A. No. It would be impossible for me to do so for I have not the time to write so many letters. I try to read most of my fan-mail and occasionally, when I find a letter which particularly interests me, I answer it personally.*

**Q. When and where were you born?**

*A. I was born in Filley, Nebraska, on August 5, 1911.*

**Q. Do you like blondes?**

*A. Certainly—and redheads and brunettes and brownettes. I have always been more interested in a girl's personality than the shade of her hair.*

**Q. Do you have a brother named Donald?**

*A. No, I am an only son.*

**Q. Which picture have you enjoyed working in the most?**

*A. In, "Society Doctor." Not because I consider that the best picture I have appeared in but because it was the first in which I played an important rôle. Consequently it gave me a "thrill."*

**Q. What type of girl do you prefer?**

*A. Call her the "All-American" girl for that is about as good a description*

*as I can coin. I like a girl who can be a pal, who can share a fellow's interests and who is not affected and stagey. Appearance doesn't matter so much although, like every other man, I suppose I'm naturally attracted by clean-cut, good-looking girls.*

**Q. Have you ever been married?**

*A. No.*

**Q. Do you enjoy being a movie star?**

*A. Yes. I like everything about my job.*

**Q. What is your favorite food?**

*A. Fried chicken in the good old farm style, with lots of gravy.*

**Q. What is your favorite color?**

*A. Brown.*

**Q. Whom do you consider your best friend?**

*A. I am fortunate in having several close personal friends. Among them, Don Milo, who has been a pal since we were in college together.*

**Q. To whom do you owe your success?**

*A. Principally to Louis B. Mayer. Not many people in the studio had confidence in me when I signed my first contract but Mr. Mayer for some reason or other insisted that I be given every opportunity to make good. I am deeply grateful to him and am glad of the opportunity to express my gratitude.*

**Q. Do you ever make personal appearances?**

*A. I haven't to date.*

**Q. What is your reaction towards fans and fan mail?**

*A. I appreciate their interest and their letters.*

**Q. Where is your home town?**

*A. I lived most of my life in Beatrice, Nebraska, and consider that my home town.*

**Q. What are your reactions when**



you see yourself on the screen?

A. When I saw myself in my first picture it was with a sensation closely akin to embarrassment. Now that I have become more used to seeing myself on the screen I experience a certain detachment that is quite difficult to describe. It is as though my screen self were an entirely different person—a person whom I can criticize and appraise without any thought of myself intruding.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Tennis and horseback riding.

Q. Do you like to dance?

A. Yes. Very much.

Q. Have you ever had a nickname. If so what is it?

A. Until I left Beatrice, Nebraska, everyone called me Buddy.

Q. Which radio program do you consider your favorite?

A. Jack Benny's.

Q. Have you any brothers or sisters?

A. No.

Q. Do you ever intend to become a doctor?

A. At one time I was very serious in my intention to become a doctor. If anything happens to end my stay on the screen I think it is quite likely that I would again want to study medicine.

Q. What is your full name?

A. Spangler Arlington Brugh.

Q. In what film do you consider you did your best work?

A. I'm not trying to side-step the issue but I do not honestly consider that I have yet done anything which can be considered "best work." However I think I came nearer to a satisfactory performance in several sequences of "Magnificent Obsession" than in any other picture I have made.

Q. Is there any special play you would like to do?

A. No. I have been kept so busy that I have not had time to think of plays I would like to do.

Q. What is your hobby?

A. Music.

Q. How can a person 3000 miles away get your autograph?

A. By writing to me in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—Culver City, California.

Q. How can I obtain a photograph of you?

A. By writing to the address above and including mailing cost plus 25c for the photo.

Q. What is the title of your latest picture?

A. The next picture to be released in which I appear is "The Gorgeous Hussy." I am now working in a new production entitled "His Brother's Wife."

Q. Do you approve of women smoking and drinking?

A. I certainly don't like to see women smoke or drink to excess.

Q. What do you think of red fingernails?

A. I heartily dislike them.

Q. What is your favorite dining place?

A. I am quite partial to the Brown Derby.

Q. What do you think of Janet Gaynor?

A. I think she is a charming, unusually intelligent girl and a very capable actress.

Q. Do you think the girl you marry will be an actress?

A. That is impossible to say for I would not marry because she happened to be an actress and neither would I decline to marry her if she were not. I hope to marry for love, not for a profession.

Q. Are you planning on co-starring with Joan Crawford?

[Continued on page 52]

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Mrs. Essie Faust,  
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"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"

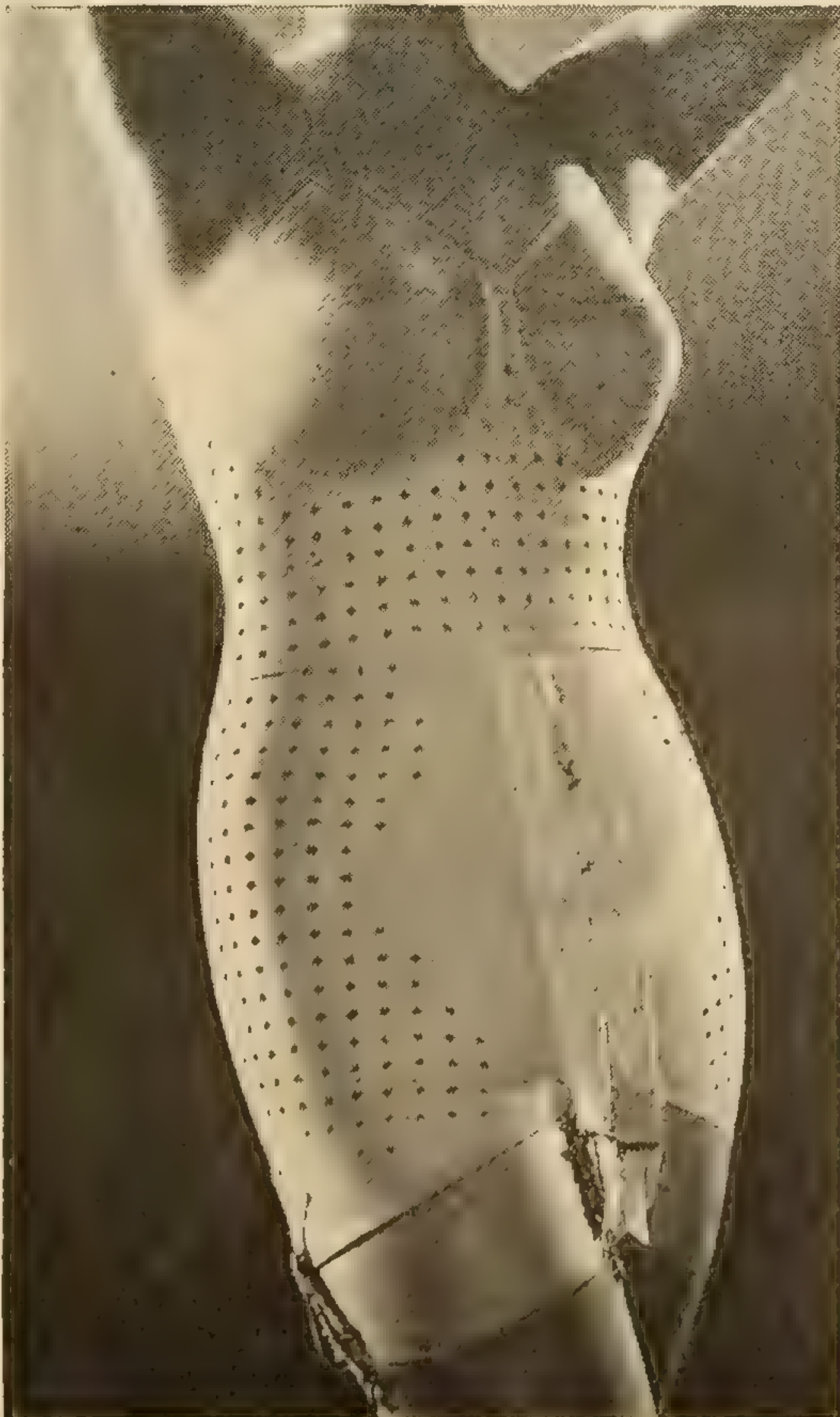
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"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."

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*Delmar J. Brown*  
Notary Public

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and SKIN  
BLEMISHES  
Spoiled My  
Appearance  
-Was Irritable, Runtown  
-A Nervous Wreck!**

**... Yet When Blood  
and Glands Got NATURAL  
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Skin Troubles  
Ended—Gave  
Me a Clear,  
Fresh Com-  
plexion and  
Rosy  
Cheeks!**

Here is good news for you thousands of girls and women—and men, too—who suffer the shame and embarrassment of ugly, pimply, blotchy skin—and who constantly suffer the annoyance of skin "breaking out," disfiguring eruptions and often boils. Usually, the whole trouble is internal, caused by poor blood, faulty digestion and elimination. Now, however, with Seedol Kelpamalt, the world's richest source of vitally needed minerals and iodine, a way has been found to quickly correct the underlying cause of these vicious skin troubles. By stimulating the glands which provide the digestive juices needed for proper digestion, elimination improves, blood becomes rich, red and nourishing—and the cause of sallow, pimply, blotchy skin is quickly removed.

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# The Man Who Refound His Childhood

"THIS," said Mimi, making the man-puppet bobble, "is Martin. And *this*"—the lady-puppet ducked in a genteel curtsy—"is Mary. Sometimes they're the old couple that lived in a cottage by the sea and the Bewitched Fish gives them three wishes, and sometimes they're the Babes in the Wood. You have to pretend the wood," she added conscientiously, "because there's only one backdrop and that's an Inside."

Mimi has long, straight red hair and she looks like Alice still in Wonderland. If an artist wanted to paint a portrait of all the little girls in the world with wide, honest eyes and straight legs and big, square white teeth, he would make a picture of Mimi. She is the next-door child you played with when you, too, were twelve, swinging hands as you sang shrilly "We've Come to See Miss Jen-nie Jones."

"When I hear people talking about child problems I don't get it!" says Paul Kelly, with the quick Irish moisture in his eyes as he watches Mimi absorbed in making Martin propose to Mary on the sun-porch. "That's a hard, mean word to use in connection with a kid. The only 'problem' I see is to keep from showing how crazy you are about them. We had to stay at home the other night when Mimi put on her first play at the High School. We were so proud of her we were afraid—her mother and I—that we'd die of it if we went!"

Life in the Kelly house centers around a small red-head. They live in a nice home on a nice street so that Mimi will have the nicest little girl friends ("The telephone rings and the front doorbell goes all the time for her," says Paul proudly). There is a big back garden for Mimi and Paul to practice polo shots in, and a pool in which a little girl may learn to swim. Friday and Saturday evenings are Mimi-nights and the three Kellys go to the movies.

"I'm thirty-seven years old," says Paul suddenly, "but when I'm with Mimi I'm a boy again. That's what she's done for



At seven, already a screen star, Paul Kelly was the mainstay of a large family. A career deprived him of a normal childhood



Paul Kelly, then known as "The an early movie. Helene Costello is



*The story of Paul Kelly,  
twenty-nine years a star,  
is one of the most in-  
teresting in Hollywood*

by  
**Dorothy Donnell**

me—given me back the feeling of being a freckled-faced, bow-legged kid. Why, do you know, when I'm playing with her, working the puppets or teaching her to swing a polo mallet, I find myself trying to whistle through my teeth the way 'Chick' Kelly tried all his childhood and never could learn the trick of it! You see, I never had as much youth as some—I had to get my fun in strange places and at odd times. And now Mimi is teaching me how to play all over again."

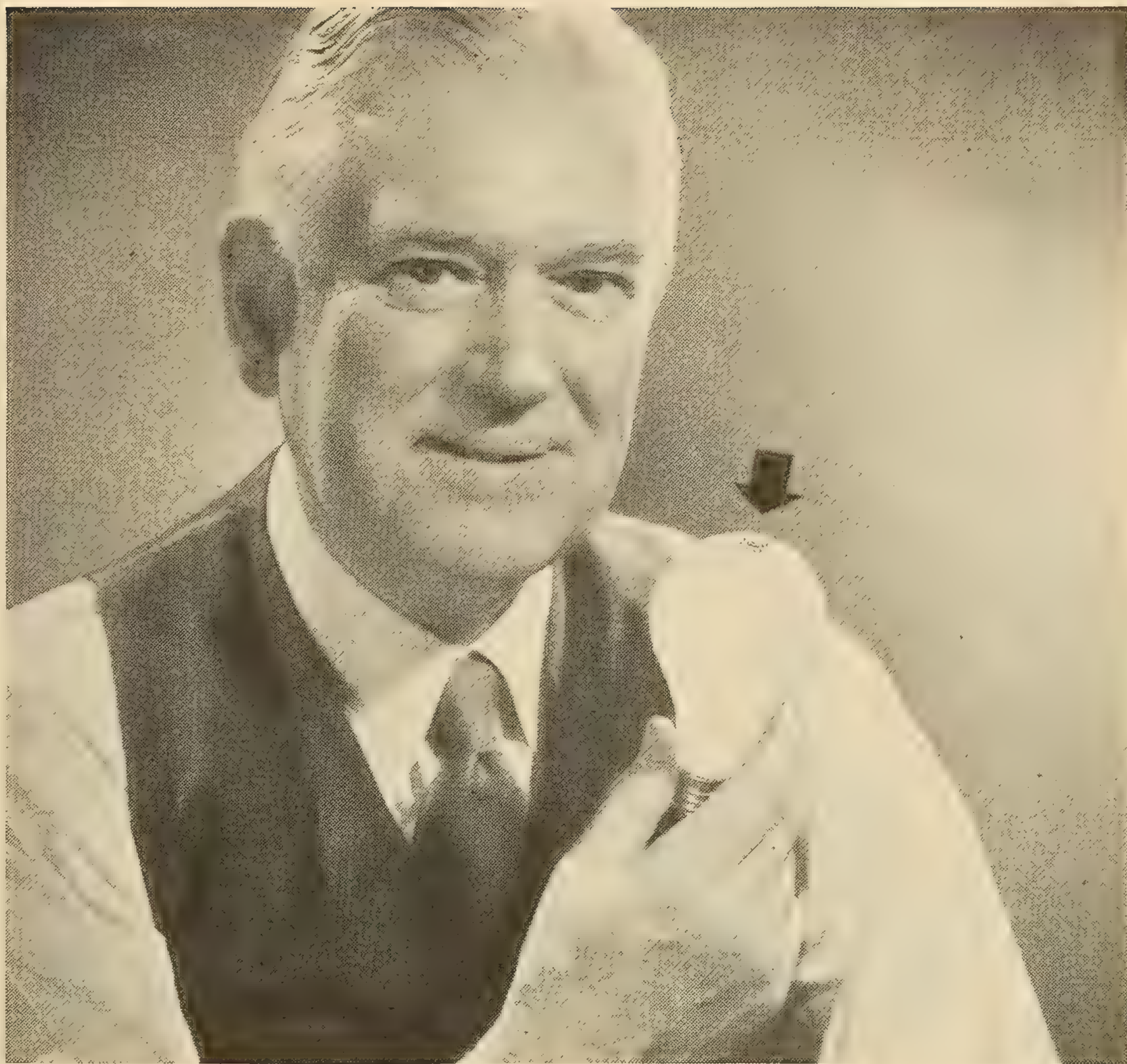
Why they persist in putting this man into hard-boiled parts is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. Paul Kelly is as Irish as the Blarney Stone or a shillelagh, or the Good People who come out of Craig Na Mon when the moon is full—and because the Irish never quite grow up he must make his way through a man's world with a child's heart in him, knowing a child's quick joy in beauty, a child's sudden, inexplicable pain.

"She handles those dolls like a trouper," Paul goes on. "She can make them dance and quarrel and kiss, but she won't be bothered with the tedious business of making them walk—they sail off the stage at the end! When she can make them walk I'm buying her the next set of marionettes with more strings, more movements. She gave a little play with Martin and Mary for some of our friends the other evening, and pulled her punches and waited for her laughs like an old-timer. It's going to be hard to keep that one out of the theatre till she's finished school. . . ."

These two words keep recurring in Paul Kelly's talk. He never "finished school" himself. [Continued on page 54]




"Vitagraph Boy," in a scene from the little girl in the background



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**HERBERT MARSHALL** and **RUTH CHATTERTON**

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introducing the star discovery of 1936  
**SIMONE SIMON**  
(pronounced See-mōn See-mān)

with  
CONSTANCE COLLIER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG  
DIXIE DUNBAR • JOHN QUALLEN  
SHIRLEY DEANE





## *Marian Marsh*

After nearly two years of baffling adversity which threatened to end her screen career, Marian Marsh is again re-established as one of the screen's most important prospects for stardom. She is under long-term contract to Columbia Pictures and is now to be seen with Chester Morris in *Counterfeit*



# Fate-Fame-and

by his  
mother  
Mrs. Ruth Brugh

*Beginning the true life story of the most*

**T**HIS is a story I never expected to tell. I was never warned by "woman's intuition." Being a mother, I always thought that my boy was unusual. But I never dreamed that some day he would be famous—as an actor. If I had, I might have done a few things differently. I might have helped Destiny a little more.

I still am dazed by the suddenness of his fame, the proportions of his popularity. So is he. Such a thing could happen only in a story book—or in Hollywood. And even here it happens to few. He cannot yet believe, quite, that he is one of those few.

However, he has become used to one thing that I probably never will accustom myself to—the name, "Robert Taylor." I try to call him "Robert" or "Bob," because everyone else does. I shall try to remember to call him that in this story. But I still think of him as "Arlington."

Spangler Arlington Brugh is his real name.

When his father and I named him that, relatives asked us if we were "trying to kill the child." And I have heard people marvel that he ever lived to maturity with such a name. He never complained about it, himself.

There probably is a stubborn streak in me; my ancestry is Scotch and English. But I still feel that Arlington Brugh—with the "gh" silent—is as appealing as Robert Taylor, as Hollywood has re-christened him. I suppose that is a natural reaction of a mother. She wishes that her son could have his success under the name that *she* gave him.

Spangler was a traditional name in the Brugh family, handed down from generation to generation. It was the first name of my husband, Dr. S. A. Brugh, who was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. It was also his father's name, and his grandfather's, and his great-grandfather's. As for the "Arlington," I was responsible for that. Or, rather, a book and a play were responsible.

When I was a young girl, and very impressionable, I read a novel the hero of which was named Arlington. I have forgotten now what the book was, but the romantic hero—and his romantic name—made a lasting impression upon me. I decided, young-girl-like, that if I ever had a son, that would be his name.

Then, not long before I was to become a mother, I saw a play in which the heroine's name was "Ruth Arlington." My own name was Ruth, and I, too, was very much in love; I lived and re-lived the story of this heroine—whose romantic last name was such an old favorite of mine. Seeing the play decided me. If I had a son, his middle name *would* be Arlington—and his initials would be the same as my husband's. I was married very young. I was eighteen; my husband was only a few years older. And my own experience makes me believe in young marriages. Starting out in life together, building toward the future together, sharing the struggles as well as the successes, we were inseparable companions, con-



Robert Taylor, born Spangler Arlington Brugh, at six months of age. Above: During his sixth year, his mother took charge of his studies. He did not enter school until after his seventh birthday



stant inspirations to each other through the years. We had a wonderful married life. Never a quarrel, never an unhappy moment—unless we were apart. And it was seldom that we were separated for more than a very few days at a time."

And our own happiness, I think, was reflected in Robert. It made his boyhood an unusually happy one. It helped to make him what he is today.

Robert's father gave me love and happiness such as few women ever know. He even saved my life with his love. And if he had not saved my life, Robert never would have been born.

When Robert's father and I were married, he was not a doctor. He was in partnership with my father in a grain business in Filley, Nebraska, under the firm name of Stanhope and Brugh. He did not start to study medicine until he was about thirty.

All of my life I had been in poor health, with a weak heart. And as time went on, my health did not improve; it became steadily worse. Finally, a doctor said that I would die within a very few years if I did not find a spot somewhere on earth beneficial to my ailing heart. He wanted me to travel. So did my husband. We were not poor, but I knew that we did not have enough money to follow his advice—particularly after the heavy doctor bills over a period of years. And I refused to allow my husband to mortgage his life to save mine.

That was when he decided that he would study medicine—in search of a way to help me to live.

As told to  
James Reid



# Robert Taylor

*spectacular young star in Hollywood*



Robert Taylor and his father, Dr. S. A. Brugh. Much of Bob's boyhood was spent on a farm near Filley, Nebraska, where his maternal grandparents lived. He was about sixteen when the above snapshot was taken

He stepped out of the grain business and enrolled in the medical college at Kirksville, Missouri, for the regular four-year course. I enrolled with him. I wanted to be at his side in this new career, upon which he was embarking for my sake. Arm in arm, day after day, we would go off to classes together; side by side, evening after evening, we would study from the same books—sharing a great new adventure.

At the end of our first year in Kirksville, conditions at home took us back to Filley to care for my father's grain business. We planned to stay only a short time. My health had improved marvelously in Kirksville, but my husband was too interested in medicine now to think of giving up his studies. It was three years before he could return to them. And during the second of those years, Robert was born. On August 5, 1911.

Most of the next winter after Bob's birth, I was in bed, too weak to move. I had to see others take care of the baby I had been dreaming about for years—six years. I had to see my husband tortured with worry about me, unable to do anything to help me, except to call in the old family doctor.

A year later—after spending several months in Muskogee, Oklahoma, looking after farm property that we owned there—we set out for Kirksville once more, taking our baby with us. This time I did not enroll with my husband. I had the baby to care for—when I was not living between a bed and a chair. On my "bad" days, my husband would take Bob to classes with him. He would sit very quietly, taking in everything, and come home with great, long medical terms that he had heard.

When he was about two and a half, I remember his coming home and saying to me,

[Continued on page 82]







*Constance Collier, renowned star of the English stage, tells how she coached the newest "Juliet." She was . . . . .*



# Norma Shearer's *First Romeo*

**A** VOICE speaks vibrantly, eloquently, immortal words of love:

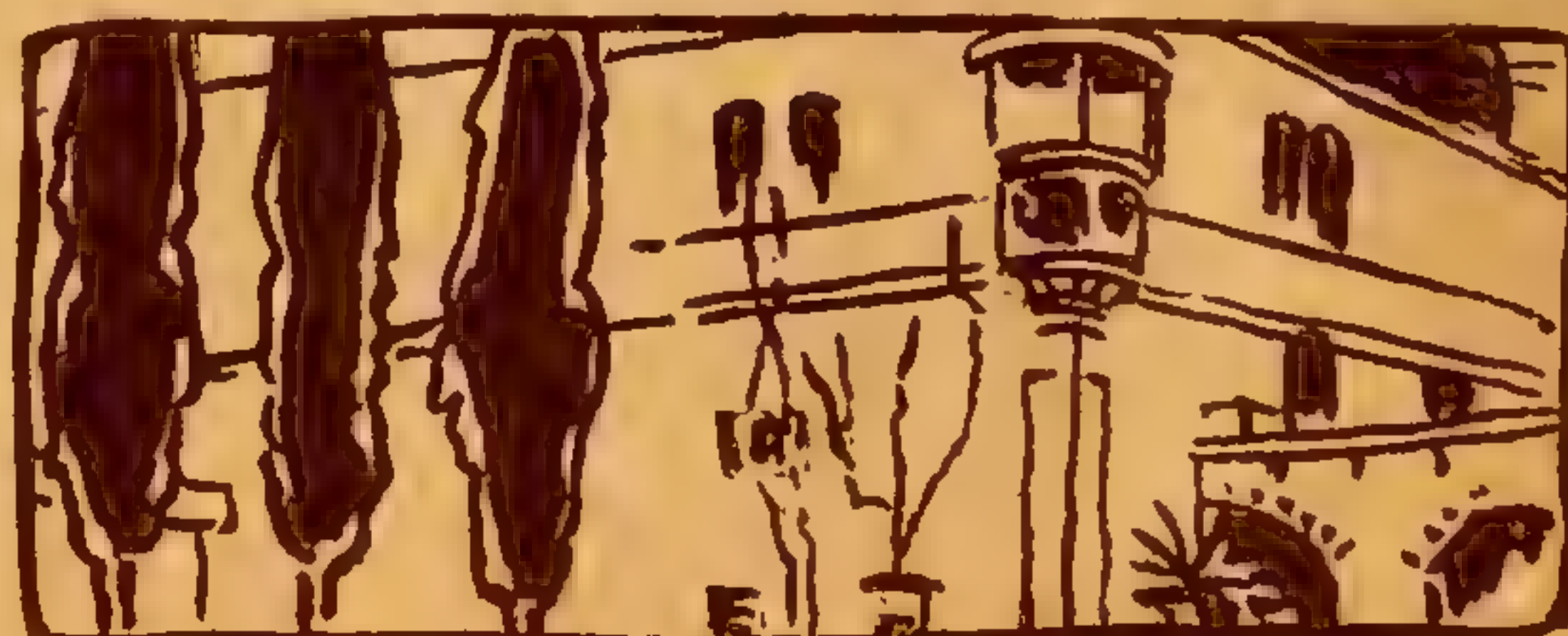
*"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!"*

Strange, it is a woman's voice . . . Is this, then, a garden of the fifteenth century, lush, fragrant, still? Is there a maiden on a moon-drenched balcony? And a young lover pouring out his soul? Is this the ancient city of Verona?

No, it is a modern, green-carpeted, ivory-walled room in a Santa Monica beach home, with wide windows framing the sea to the west. It is early fall in 1935. And Norma Shearer is learning to be "Juliet," with Constance Collier, one of the great Shakespearian actresses of yesterday, playing "Romeo." . . . Norma Shearer, slim, sophisticated, lovely in blue tailored pajamas with her hair curled tight to her head after the latest coiffeur mode.

That was the beginning. That was the day Norma Shearer first turned the pages of Shakespeare's glorious, tragic romance to study for the great M-G-M picture in which she is starring with Leslie Howard. She was still Norma Shearer, then. Now, she is someone else. Constance Collier says this. Con- [Continued on page 81]

By  
Mary  
Revere





*He's made his share of mistakes—mistakes which might have wrecked his career and happiness—but...*

# "I Have No Regrets"

*Says*

## Spencer Tracy

"LOOK," said Spencer Tracy, eating his onion sandwich comfortably as we sat at lunch in the M-G-M commissary, "look, let's make this honest, huh? Let's make it try to say something to the folks who read it. The way I feel about it, most folks say that if they had it to do all over again, they would do different. I wouldn't. And I've made more mistakes, committed more sins, if you like, than the average man ever thought of.

*"But it's because of my sins that I'm happy today."*

"It's because of my mistakes that I now have my wife and home and kids again. It's because of my mistakes that I love and appreciate and value my wife as I do. Seems funny, but I think it's also because of my mistakes that my wife cares for me as she does—and she must, you bet," grinned Spencer, with both pride and humility in his honest smile, "she must or she wouldn't give me house-room.

"Nope, I haven't any regrets. Not one. And the only way to prove what I mean is to build up my case from the beginning, to start at scratch and admit the many mistakes I've made, the many things I've done and had darned good cause to regret—and then prove to you that I don't regret anything—and why.

"Might kinda help the other fellow, too," said Spencer, tugging at his hair in that reminiscent-of-Will Rogers way he has, "I mean if I can be honestly honest about this thing and if you can write it honestly and not even try to make it just a fan story for the sake of publicity—why, we might really help, you know? Because I think it's too bad the way folks go about wasting their vital energy, wasting their precious time regretting mistakes they have made. It would be so darned much healthier and happier for them and for everyone connected with them if they'd use their mistakes as stepping stones instead of stumbling blocks. Your sins should save you, not damn you.

"Well, let's go back to the beginnings: My dad was sales manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company, in Milwaukee, you know. He was as Irish as a potato. All right. Some folks say that I should regret that heritage. I've been told that it's a break for a would-be actor to get born into an actor-family, like the Barrymores or the Dennys. If it's 'in the blood' I've been told, it's just that much easier.

"Well, maybe. But things shouldn't come 'that' [Continued on page 76]

by Gladys Hall



Spencer and Louise Tracy, after several years of unusual happiness, separated for nearly a year. Spencer, with amazing honesty, here tells the story of that mad period



# "Do Modern Women Deserve Chivalry?"

"SO MANY modern women are missing half of life—if they would only realize it," Kay Francis observed sadly. "They seem to believe that to be 'modern' they must not be feminine. It is no longer 'smart' to be tender nor even gracious. Yet tenderness and graciousness have always been woman's rightful heritage.

"The headlines of every newspaper, every day, tell the story of modern woman's success. But it is a material success, generally achieved at the great cost of her charm, her heart, her happiness. There are other headlines in the same newspapers, not very pretty headlines, for they tell of modern woman's failure in nearly all womanly attainments. Courtship is fast becoming a lost art as these moderns pursue what they call 'Freedom' and 'Social Equality.' Such empty solace for an empty heart! I am sorry, grievously sorry, for any young girl who holds herself too efficient, too competent, to want or need the gracious consideration of men. There will come a time in that girl's life—often after it is too late—when she will understand what she has sacrificed in happiness for the false consolation of competency.

"Show me a spinster who has turned bitter in middle age and I'll show you that she is usually a woman who has blasted her own life by repelling normal social contacts with men. No person could be more tragic.

"Primitive instincts, you see, have remained the same. And there is not an intelligent woman today who will not admit that in her heart she longs to be protected and taken care of by the man she loves. Still, despite her intelligence, this same woman frequently repulses the very attentions and courtesies for which she secretly longs.

"You must know that chivalry never depended upon man alone. Woman, by her delicacy and tenderness, contributed her share, too. Throughout the ages, men have *enjoyed* being chivalrous, have taken keen delight in paying lovely ladies little courtesies and attentions that are the mark of gentlemen. Now they resent, whether consciously or subconsciously, being robbed of these age-old rites that always have meant so much in the social contact of the sexes. *Men haven't lost charm and grace. Women have!*"

Kay Francis has long been noted in Hollywood for her

startling frankness. She speaks her mind, this one. Yet she has never spoken more frankly and fearlessly for publication than she did in the statement above.

"Is it your belief, then," Kay was asked, "that modern women have lost the right to chivalrous courtesy? That today they do not deserve seats on—shall we say—Life's street car?"

"That entirely depends upon the individual woman," Kay replied. "If a woman has said farewell to femininity—if she has decided to embark upon a man's career, to fill a man's place in man's world, she must be prepared to meet his terms. In other words, if she has lost charm and subtlety, she has lost privilege.

"If, however, she has managed to remain feminine—even though she be earning her own way in the world—she not only deserves her seat on what you have termed 'Life's street car,' but she will find men anxious to make certain it is offered to her.

"No man cares to indulge in a foot race with a girl for the privilege of opening a door that she seems determined to open



## Kay Francis





# Answers!

*in this frank interview  
with Jack Grant*

for herself. He will not rise at her approach nor offer her the seat he has been occupying if he senses in her attitude a contempt for such 'old-fashioned nonsense.' Poor devil! He doesn't want to be held in derision by being conspicuous in his act of gallantry. It takes a stout-hearted fellow to remain true to his chivalrous customs in the face of the ungraciousness of modern women. Seldom is he even thanked with a smile or a nod.

"Small things, these, you may think—trifling courtesies that are unimportant in the breathless rush of the world we live in today. Yet our lives are made up of the little things that give us happiness or sorrow. It is only when we lose appreciation of the little things that we begin to die. Too many modern girls, blasé as they are in youth, have begun to die before they have learned to live.

"A man's conduct toward a woman rarely is more or less than he has been led to expect that she expects. When he feels she has no appreciation of the niceties of the drawing

room, he does not offer them. And *this is her fault, not his!*"

THAT Kay Francis speaks so strongly upon her subject is because she feels so strongly about it. It is readily apparent that she has given the matter much thought over some period of time.

"Perhaps I am being sentimental," she continued, "but it is my opinion that another generation will see a decided change in the social relationship of men and women. After all, this present state of affairs is a direct reaction to the conditions imposed in 1914 by the World War.

"When men were called to arms, women were called as industrial replacement. Both answered the call magnificently as the human race always has in times of stress.

"Through stringent necessity, women learned that they were capable of performing many of the tasks of men in business. They took a pardonable pride in their [Continued on page 61]



# That Weidler Kid

*A somewhat insane tour through  
the private menagerie of the quaint-  
est little star who ever stole the  
hearts of an audience*

by Marian Rhea

**Y**OU'VE never realized the fullest of life's experiences until you've spent an afternoon with young Virginia Weidler!

Yes, that little pig-tailed half-pint who seems on the screen such a demure mixture of primness and dignity. Prim? Dignified? That's only what *you* think! Me—I know better. Me—I spent an afternoon with Virginia.

The Weidlers (by the way, it's pronounced to rhyme with "side") live in two places in Southern California—over on North Sweetzer avenue in Hollywood, and at their seaside house at Huntington Beach. I visited Virginia on North Sweetzer.

The Weidler house is a far cry from the average movie star's abode. It's just a house, really, with an ineffectual lawn (what lawn could be effectual with six children, two dogs, a chicken, two ducks, three cats and two goats using it as a playground?), some straggling shrubbery and a garage that as often shelters the "Weidler Productions" (the childrens' everlasting local talent shows) as it does the family automobile. The day I was there half a dozen pairs of roller skates cluttered the front stoop, three or four scooters reposed hit or miss on the walk and a bicycle rested nonchalantly in the patio pool which was for the time being sans water.

I rang the bell and a small figure in blue slacks, white sweater and tennis shoes opened the door. Virginia.

"Hello," she said. "Mamma says you've come to see me. Well, that's nice (remembering her manners), but I'm pretty busy and I hope you don't mind if I keep on working?"

I assured her that I wouldn't mind and asked her what she was doing. "Tending your dolls?" I suggested.

That, however, was the wrong thing to say. "Gosh, no," I was told in disgusted tones. "I can't be bothered with dolls. I got to get the fleas off of Laddie. I'm goin' to use the garden hose and car—car-bol-ic acid soap."

We had progressed through the big, rambling, cluttered but not unattractive house by this time and onto the back porch. Mrs. Weidler came hurrying up from the garage, smiling ruefully.

"Virginia shouldn't have brought you out here," she said.

"But she's going to watch me get the fleas off of Laddie," explained Virginia.

[Continued on page 72]





*How Hollywood's wildest pranksters clown their way through the most delirious of pictures*

# On The Cuff

by  
William F. French

**F**OR years there has been much conjecture and wonder as to what would really happen if the famous wits, wags, practical jokers and wild ones of Hollywood were ever locked in a room together. It seems to have been an unwritten law among the producers in the past not to risk studio property, the decorum of the community and the neighbors' peace of mind by letting certain playful players play together.

But finally someone decided to take a long chance, and when the buzzer announced the turning of a camera on a certain production, and the red light blazed over the sound stage door, there they were, Hollywood's very prankiest, all locked in together.

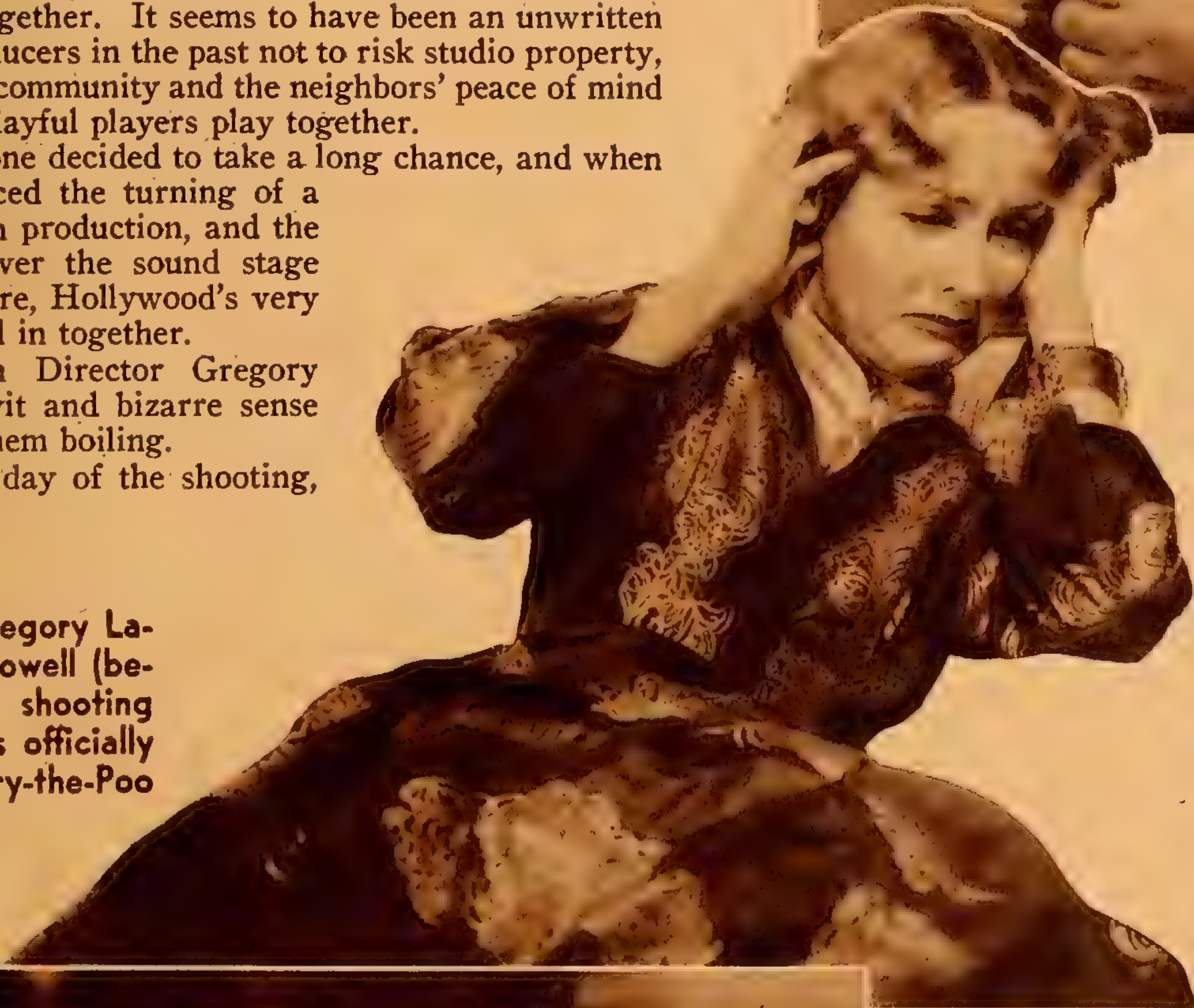
Locked in, with Director Gregory LaCava's nimble wit and bizarre sense of humor to keep them boiling.

During the first day of the shooting,

Gail Patrick, Gregory LaCava and Bill Powell (below) study the shooting script which was officially okayed by Sherry-the-Poo



Those two arch meanies, Mischa Auer and Eugene Pallette, whispered tongue-twisters to Alice Brady just before she spoke her "lines"



No, Carole Lombard hasn't lost her mind—but she almost drove the other players insane with her hilarious practical jokes during the filming of *My Man, Godfrey*



they just sparred, watching each other suspiciously, and walking in cautious circles, each being careful not to turn a back to another. Wits, practical jokers and scene-stealers de luxe, they handled one another like packages of primed dynamite. They trusted each other with all the confidence of strange cats.

Then, suddenly, they broke loose, turning the making of the picture into a spontaneous, hilarious, rip-snorting gag—wherein the story seemed to write itself, literally putting the script "on the cuff." So fast did the amazing developments on that stage change the lines that LaCava's secretary stayed right at his side, changing the story to keep pace with the happenings. Because when Hollywood's cleverest and wittiest players start tossing lines about, a director as keen as LaCava isn't going to let them fall unused.

Meanwhile, things grew hotter and hotter, and pranks crowded [Continued on page 78]



# The Re-Creation



Clark and Mrs. Gable were happy enough together—but their tastes were not compatible



Outdoor man, inveterate wanderer, Clark is again free to pursue his favorite sports where fancy dictates

*How altered circumstances and freedom to "ride his hobbies" have changed a screen favorite*

"FOR the first time in my life I am absolutely content. I can't explain the reason for it, nor give you the underlying cause. I only know that every one of my days is full and everything I do brings me happiness."

It is a new Clark Gable speaking, a man keen and bronzed and trim, with the magnetism which brought him fame intensified because it is no longer dissipated by nervousness and dissatisfaction.

Two or three years ago, Clark, during an interview, would have nervously toyed with a piece of paper or a string, as he talked. And his face and his eyes would have held a harried look—as if he were in turmoil, both mental and physical.

He has never been a temperamental star. Never one to fly into dramatic anger because custom dictated that stars display temperament. Yet he always gave the sense of holding himself in, of visibly keeping himself under control. He was a man with nerves as frayed as a broken radio aerial.

Now, this Clark Gable is a greater star and a greater man than he has ever been before. Certainly, he is more firmly entrenched in the hearts of the public. No one threatens his throne, nor is likely to do so for many moons to come.

"A few short months ago," Gable admits, "trifles on the set bothered me. They upset my whole routine for the day. Perhaps the fact that at that time I wasn't completely well—that I was over-worked and over-weary—may have had something to do with it."

Yet that isn't entirely the explanation. It goes deeper. But before we consider the causes of the re-creation of this man, let's look at Clark Gable as he is today.

Recently, when he was making *San Francisco*, he had to face the dangers of falling walls, of flying debris, in the fire and earthquake sequences. One morning a whole wall toppled. Clark was buried beneath it. And for ten frantic moments as the crew worked to extricate him, there was a prayer in the heart of everyone present that Clark would come through unharmed. When they dug him out, he stood up, shook himself, grinned and without the slightest desire for effect, said, "Okay boys, let's go." It was all in the day's work. Just part of a day which couldn't be set awry by any mischance.

He wouldn't have been so cheerful a year ago under similar circumstances.

There is another story told of Clark today. Recently he and Leo Carrillo, who was resting after completing his last Columbia Picture, went on a hunting trip to Mexico. They encountered more than the average number of discomforts. Clark had

come at a moment's notice. His life is so organized now that he can pack a bag and go wherever he desires. He was free and he was happy. And whatever anyone suggested was okay with Clark.

CARRILLO says: "Clark was a man in a million. He did more than his share of the hard work an outdoor trip always implies. Made camp and cooked and was always the one to hurdle tense situations with a laugh, a quip or an amusing story. Men get to know each other on trips like this."

Leo paused, considered and resumed: "If I had to choose one man out of all the world to be with the rest of my life, I would choose Clark."

One Saturday night, Gable and Carrillo and the others went into a town near their encampment. Word had gone ahead that the famous motion picture actor, Clark Gable, was in a small dance hall. The town señoritas and their mamas flocked there. Accepting the standards of the country, he graciously bowed to the mamas and asked for the privilege of dancing with their daughters. Clark had a marvelous time. It was all in fun.

A very close friend of Clark's—a man who has known him intimately since his early Hollywood beginnings, says: "The Clark of two or three years ago would never have come up unperturbable and smiling from an accident which might have had a serious ending. Clark would not have entered into the fun of dancing with strange exotic girls under the watchful eyes of Spanish mothers. He would not without exception have been a gay companion, without dark moods or long silences. But this is the Clark of today.

"This Clark, who looks forward to a long career on the screen,



# of Clark Gable

who hopes that it will last, who enjoys every instant before the camera, is a changed man. This enjoyment has mirrored itself remarkably in his progress as an actor. Both his released and his unreleased pictures testify to his suddenly increased technique, to his recently acquired ease in handling situations and characters. At last he has mastered the art of acting."

Heretofore Clark Gable has been a personality whose arresting animal magnetism brought him recognition. Now he is recognized as a splendid actor, with a new authority in his screen interpretations.

Clark's friends today agree that he has a newer vision and a newer interest in his career. He no longer has those deep, dark moods which used to cloud his days. No longer does he have mental hazards which were a bar to his complete realization of his abilities and his talents.

What then is the cause of this

new Clark Gable? What has given him poise and a carefree attitude? What has given him content, such as he has never known before?

Again we turn to a man who has had close association with Clark for an explanation. And he says: "Clark Gable is a man of freedom and for freedom. He is a man who will bow to bondage, whether it is self-imposed or imposed by circumstances—and will do it with grace. But he pays the penalty with over-taxed nerves and mental confusion.

"Primarily, he is a man who belongs in the wide spaces and the far places. A man who is happiest when he can live from day to day. Long ago he said, 'I will never recapture the happiness I had when I was broke; when the stock companies in which I played couldn't pay; when I tramped the roads looking for a job, taking whatever was offered me, whether it was as an advertising solicitor or as a husky in a logging camp. I didn't plan. I just hoped for the best and had a lot of fun out of hoping. But I let every day take care of itself and the next week and the week after that didn't bother me a bit.'

[Continued on page 67]



Look for the new Clark Gable at the skeet field, or along some trout stream rather than in the night spots of Hollywood



by  
Sonia Lee



# I'm Hard-



by  
Leon Surmelian

**T**HE Biltmore Bowl is jammed with a galaxy of stars and motion picture celebrities . . . more than a thousand of them . . . stiff, starched shirts and a spectacle of devastating pulchritude in a lavish array of gowns, a whirlpool of mink and ermine and fox wraps of every description . . . with a mob of reporters and photographers swarming around the place. It's the eighth annual Motion Picture Academy award banquet . . .

Shortly before midnight, President Frank Capra takes the rostrum to announce the winners of the various awards, and Bette Davis, a little girl in an inconspicuous dinner dress—white print on a navy-blue background, the belt and the lapels of the coat of white pique—comes through and grabs the coveted gold statuette for the best acting of the year. It's the crowning glory of a long struggle, years of hardship and heartbreaks and obscurity. Five years ago, this same Bette Davis was left fifteen hours in a tank while lending her talents to a new thriller, and she might have caught pneumonia, but nobody cared. The story of this young lady's success is one of the most amazing and instructive chapters in the annals of the screen.

"You have to be ruthless to be a star!" she declared, blowing a ring of smoke into the air, as she sat curled up in an armchair in the living room of her old-time home on Franklin Avenue. The most outspoken, straight-shooting, fearless trooper in the business seemed to be in an especially confidential and volcanic mood.

"I have changed. We all change in this town, whether we are aware of it or not. Everyone who gets to the top does so at a certain sacrifice. I know that I am not always agreeable and accommodating. You can't fight your way to stardom by saying a docile 'yes, thank you,' to everyone who has a part in your career. The trouble with me is I am not ruthless enough! I have not yet achieved that ability to *demand* my rights which real success in any human endeavor demands.

"The principles we were taught as kids don't work in Hollywood. People in this town don't judge you by the qualities we thought were so important—by your kindness, virtue, sincerity, humility. The producers don't give a girl a part because she is

so nice. She can be the most vicious, double-crossing person in the world, and they will still beg her to sign on the dotted line if she can sell more tickets at the box-office. You can't be a meek little angel, as I was a few years ago, and get along in this business. It does strange things to us."

This kind of talk, if delivered by an imperious lady of the screen, with a corps of servants at her command in a luxurious mansion, might well arouse resentment and stamp her as an enemy of society, but Bette is really such a good sport, and so natural, that you can't help but like and admire her more for her frankness. Her explosive, firecracker talk is replete with homely truths, and she is a blonde bundle of luscious femininity, with eager, sparkling blue-gray eyes. She lives in the most unpretentious house occupied by any star or near-star in Hollywood, and she was barelegged and without make-up during this interview. So what can you do with a gal like that?

"We women have to fight harder," she continued. "Take my case, for instance. When I first came out here they took me for just another little girl from Broadway, and the biggest battle I had to wage was to make people take me seriously. I had no theatrical reputation to speak of and I wasn't beautiful. They told me I was too young and innocent looking to play the available rôles convincingly. For over a year I was used as the test gal on the lot. They dressed me up in pretty costumes, and tested hundreds of actors with me, but when the real shooting began, I was left out. My first rôle was a small town wall-flower. For two years I didn't play anything but 'sisters.' Then the producers seemed to wake up, after I moved over to Warners. George Arliss gave me a boost by picking me to play in one of his pictures, but I got my first real break as *Mildred*, the cheap, vicious, cockney waitress in *Of Human Bondage*.

"I'll never, never forget my first year in Hollywood! It was *hell*. When you are new out here, this town is the LONESOMEST place in the world. I can't think of a more terrible, cruel, selfish and indifferent place for the newcomer than Holly-



# Boiled!



Bette Davis couldn't cope with Hollywood until she learned to fight. Her superb characterization in *Of Human Bondage* (right) was the fruit of her first bitterly-won victory

wood. Nobody tells you what you should and shouldn't do, nobody tells you ANYTHING. (She threw up her arms with a gesture of despair.) Nobody will help you, and you have to find your way around by the old method of trial and error. One ought to make a fortune by opening an office in New York to advise people who come to Hollywood; there are so many things they have to be told! One mistake may ruin your whole career.

"And yet, today, I'm afraid I'm just as cold and indifferent to the new girls on our lot as people were to me five years ago. Some of them must have the same difficulties as I had, and be bothered with the same doubts and thoughts, yet I never go out of my way to help them. I just don't think of it. As I said, this business does strange things to us. You are so busy, and so self-centered, that you have no time and no inclination to help others win the fight.

"You become ruthless.



*In which Bette Davis, always an amazing girl, gives some amazing truths about an amazing town*

"THE greatest mistake I made when I first came out here was just being myself. There is a famous story about my arrival in Hollywood—you may have heard it. There was nobody at the station to meet me. I got off the train, looked around for that bouquet of flowers from the studio I had expected, but nobody paid the slightest attention to me. Swallowing my pride, I called a taxi, drove to a hotel and telephoned to the publicity department of the studio to find out why nobody was at the station to meet me.

"I was there," the chief said, "but I didn't see anybody alighting from the train who looked like an actress." "Damn it," I said, "I had a dog with me, and by that alone you should have known that I was an actress!" I was dressed very plainly, to them, I suppose, and therefore there was no aura of theatrical glamour about me.

"I was so self-conscious when I first came out here, that it was pathetic. No photographer could make me smile for a still picture. And my first preview nearly killed me. But we change, as the years go by! Now I am known to be 'courageous,' 'daring,' 'nonchalant!' A girl grows up a lot in five years."

She lighted another cigarette, jumped off from her chair to change her position, and settled down to another barrage of crackling talk:

"I have often wondered where lies the peculiar charm of Hollywood, the secret of its amazing hold on people everywhere. Well, I think what makes Hollywood so fascinating is its shady side.

People are starving for romance. They are bound by conventions and restrictions of all sorts. But out here, people think, there is a certain breezy freedom. And romance, dangerous, thrilling, is lurking at every corner.

"We can talk all we want about the artistic side of motion pictures, but I don't care what the professors say, SEX has always been and will always be at the bottom of this industry. Take sex away from pictures, and our studio lots would revert to their former pasture state and be overrun by dairy herds. Why do girls go to see a picture featuring Clark, Gable, Bob Taylor, Errol Flynn, George Brent, [Continued on page 71]



# Roses for Garbo

by  
Sada  
Cowan



"Come back to me"  
... who was the de-  
parting friend to  
whom Garbo sent  
that cryptic mes-  
sage? For whom did  
she personally seek  
out the most perfect  
roses in Hollywood?

*A famous scenarist tells about her strange  
meeting with the mystery woman of the screen*

**F**LORISTS, like doctors, lawyers and priests, are bound by a code of honor to silence. Otherwise the calendar of the divorce courts might be more crowded than it is.

There is one florist, in particular, whose specialty has been to serve the stars and important people of the motion picture business, for years—a wise, kindly person—who smiles at you when you ask him a question. And never answers you.

He probably knows more about picture people than Mark Hellinger knows about New York. And that's saying all you can say.

Waiting one night not so many weeks ago for the florist to put out the lights and the cat and call it a day—for he had asked me to dinner—I sat on the edge of a table, smoking and trying to be patient. The shop was cold and I was shivering.

When the much touted California sun says "Nighty-night" and takes a look in on China, California can be mighty cold. And usually is. But cold or not, there is never any artificial heat at a florist's. The flowers can't stand it. And humans don't count.

From time to time I reminded my friend that as the hours passed I was growing more and more expensive to

feed. "All right—let's go," he said, reaching for his hat. Then the telephone rang.

"Mr. de Mille is moving into a new office in the morning—a basket of flowers please. Price? Oh, use your own judgment. Only make it nice."

"Certainly." Down went the hat. The order was noted. (The office staff had gone home long ago.)

Over and over this sort of thing happened. Somebody was starting a new picture and his friends were sending him a flower horse-shoe for luck, or a director wanted flowers for his newly-arrived eastern star, or somebody suddenly remembered that it was the wife's birthday—he'd stop and pick up the flowers on his way home from the studio—have a good-looking box ready—oh, he'd leave it to the florist. He knew the wife's taste.

At last, the climax came.

A tall, ungainly, badly-dressed girl slouched into the store. I looked and couldn't believe my eyes. Then I looked again. It was Garbo!

I busied myself with a basket, pretending to be an employee. She paid no attention to me, as I had hoped.

"Have you any roses?" she asked, with a strong foreign accent. "They must be perfect."

The florist went into the back room and brought out some beautiful long-stemmed yellow ones.

"I do not want yellow. I want flowers more . . . what you call it . . . more vital . . . alive."

Her tone spelled just one thing—romance. Romance and red roses.

Unfortunately, the only red roses in the shop at the moment were a day old. Not what one would call "perfect." The outer petals were slightly wilted. The florist did what is always done in such cases, pulled off one or two of the outer petals before taking them to the customer.

Garbo took one look at them. With the eye of an expert she shook her head. "They must be perfect. And fresh. They go tonight on a boat that sails and they must stay alive many days. I am sorry." She turned to go.

"Just a moment," he said, remembering the box of red roses which he had just put up for the director's wife, and which the pur- [Continued on page 74]



# "School Belles"



Off to school—two 20th Century-Fox starlets—Jackie Searl and Jane Withers. Jackie appeared with Jane in *Gentle Julia* while Jane has just completed the star rôle in *Pepper*

Young stars of Hollywood suggest smart collegienne attire for Fall campus wear



## Busy days in the life

SOME may not be smart in the classroom but they certainly look smart on the campus. Among the charming features of modern education are the school belles who answer the school bells in the smartest Fall attire. (1) An ideal dress for campus wear is this two-piece sports frock of light weight powder blue woolen with a Roman stripe ascot worn by Joan Perry. Joan has the lead in the Columbia production, *Shakedown*. (2) Two Paramount players, Ray Milland and Marsha Hunt, show the correct attire for students who indulge in active sports. Ray wears white flannels and a white wool sweater banded in cardinal red for the tennis date while Marsha chooses steel grey flannel culottes, a powder blue short sleeve sweater with a smart turn-over collar under a gray cardigan to match the culottes and a blue scarf at the neck. Ray Milland's sweater from Phelps-Terkel. Outfit worn by Marsha Hunt from Bullock's Westwood. (3) Informal Sunday evenings and the date in town demand such a frock as this one worn by Joan Perry. A pattern of white leaves spot a black background of heavy crêpe. Smartly draped sleeves and a square décolletage give this gown definite fashion interest. Joan's hat is of stitched taffeta with a square crown. Dress from Nina Foley, hat from Molle-O of Hollywood. (4) For wear on and off the campus, Joan Perry selects this coat of gray kidskin from Willard George whose reputation in Hollywood as a furrier is unsurpassed. With the coat Joan wears a frock of powder blue light weight woolen trimmed with white soutache braid and self-fabric bows. Joan's hat is matching blue felt with a banding and bow of black grosgrain. Her accessories are patent to match the dress belt. Dress and hat from Nina Foley. (5) For a stroll on the campus between classes (left to right) Marsha Hunt, Ray Milland and Gail Patrick, Paramount players, show what is what in school apparel. Marsha again sports the culotte, this time in navy blue with small white stars. Belt buckle and buttons match. [Continued on page 60]





of a co-ed on and off the quad





# Betty Furness

## Writes an Open Letter To A Beau

*One of the screen's most "eligible" young ladies tells her requirements for romance*

Hollywood, Calif.

**D**EAR YOU—wherever you are! For I don't know, as yet, *where* you are but I know so perfectly *what* you are that I can write you as though we had really met—and love had happened.

I know I've never met you before. Because I've never been in love in my life. I've never even *thought* I was in love. But I've thought *about* love, and about marriage, as every normal girl has.

I will know you when we meet. Oh, maybe I won't know you the first *instant*. Maybe not the first day. It won't be "love at first sight," I don't suppose. I'm not sentimental. I'm rather practical. I don't believe I could fall in love at first sight. But within a week, I shall know. I'll be sure . . . that you are HE. I'll know because I've gone about with a lot of boys, different kinds of boys, in New York, in Hollywood. I'll know because I haven't played about with love.

I can tell you two things right off—you'd better be an actor. And—I'll never elope with you. I have a streak of New England in me as wide as the state of Maine—both mother and daddy are born New Englanders—and that conservative streak would keep me from one of those off-to-Yuma marriages.

I think you had better be an actor because I couldn't, in my work, marry a man outside of the profession. And I love my work and I want to keep on with it. If anyone had asked me, a year ago, whether I would marry an actor I would have said, "No, certainly *not!*" Now I know that I would. Because understanding is the very basis of love. You've got to have understanding of my problems and you couldn't unless you were in the business, too.

But you'll have to be a very understanding *man* under the grease-paint. And why not? Most of the actors I know are swell human beings. You can't be the jealous type, of course, either personally or professionally. I wouldn't be, I know. I've been in Hollywood for four years now, in the studios, and I know how little cause there is for personal jealousy. We all work too hard, are too intent on our own careers, to be playing about among ourselves. As for professional jealousy—well, why should a man and a woman conflict in that way? I know that if you should get a perfectly swell part and make a tremendous hit I'd be proud of you. I'd be glad. It wouldn't have anything to do with my work, or with my ability.

Things like that are so silly, don't you think? Last year,



" . . . I hope you will be an actor, for you must be able to understand the problems of my work . . . "

when I was in New York, one of those silly things happened. Cary Grant happened to come through New York, on his way to England, a few days after I'd arrived there. Cary and I had seen quite a bit of each other in the months before. We were never in love. We did have a lot of fun together. I was fond of him and he of me. We still do see each other now and then. Anyway, a friend of mine called me and said, "My dear, I have bad news for you—did you know that Cary Grant has made a tremendous hit in *Sylvia Scarlett*?" The poor silly girl really thought I'd be annoyed by Cary's success because we weren't running around together any more!

I told her not to be ridiculous. I was perfectly delighted about it. Cary had read his lines to me time and time again. I got a thrill out of it. I would get the same thrill out of any success you might make . . . you can be sure of that, wherever you are.

I'd want you to have a bit of an edge on me somewhere, in some department of life. Being a man, you would have to feel a certain superiority to me somewhere or you wouldn't be happy. It's biological. Perhaps you would have a little edge on me in our home life. Perhaps intellectually. Perhaps financially—no, certainly financially. For that is the rub. I do think it's bound to create a bad situation if the woman makes more money than the man. Silly, but it does. So you'll have to make more money than I do or I'll have to give up my career—and I would if you wanted me to, very badly. That is, I would if it did not lower my present

[Continued on page 68]





## Anne Shirley

With a spectacular rush, Anne Shirley—once known as Dawn O'Day—is scaling the heights. Starred at sixteen in *Anne of Green Gables*, she has fully justified the confidence of Radio Pictures executives. She is now co-starred with John Beal in *M'liss*, a story of the southern mountain folk



# Stage Struck

*From the Broadway stage comes Owen Davis, Jr., "born" with grease-paint in his veins," to make his bow as a screen star*

by  
Mary Pennington



Son of one of the most famous playwrights of the day, young Owen Davis, already a stage celebrity, scored an instantaneous success in the title rôle of *His Majesty, Bunker Bean*

A HANDSOME young man, wearing faultless dinner clothes, stood in the center of a large sound stage and chatted amiably with a charming young woman wearing the latest in silver evening gowns. A variety of individuals wearing frowns lined up behind a camera and decided they were ready to make a motion picture.

"Quiet!" commanded an assistant sternly.

"Light 'em all," remarked an anonymous bass.

"Action," said the director.

Whereupon the handsome young man picked up the charming young woman, laid her across his knees and administered a sound spanking. No one, with the exception of the spankee, made the slightest objection. In fact they regarded the proceeding with a cool and critical detachment. They didn't, it seemed, approve of the young man's technique. So he spanked the young woman again. In fact, off and on for an entire morning the handsome young man spanked and spanked and spanked.

Thus Owen Davis, Jr., late of the Broadway stage, completed the first scene of his first leading rôle in motion pictures.

"Hollywood," remarked Mr. Davis thoughtfully, "is a little hard on the hand."

But young Mr. Davis didn't know a thing about Hollywood. That afternoon he stood on that same sound stage and kissed a very charming young woman—the same woman. He kissed her while the director had a series of inspirations. He kissed her while other actors "blew" their lines. He kissed her while various people made helpful suggestions. Eventually, he rebelled.

"Who," inquired Mr. Davis a bit fractiously, "is kissing this girl anyway?"

At the end of the scene—and the day—Mr. Davis was beyond making any comment on Hollywood whatever.

However, it will take more than the title rôle of *Bunker Bean* to stop young Owen. In the first place he possesses an exceedingly thorough theatrical training which makes him well able to cope with even the surprising demands of motion pictures. In the second, his is the saga of the Boy-who-wanted-to-go-on-the-stage. He insists that he was born with grease paint in his veins, a script in each hand, and an unshakable ambition to be an actor. Though his father is the noted playwright, Owen Davis, author of such famous successes as the current *Ethan Frome*, *Icebound* (a Pulitzer Prize [Continued on page 80])



# I Raised My Boy To Be A Husband

*Mrs. Evelyn Offield—who has a son called Jack Oakie—tells how she prepared an incurable humorist for matrimony*

by  
Virginia Lane

**H**USBANDS, in the immortal words of the female flag-pole sitter, need a lot of raising.

And the time to begin is when they're in the cradle. While they are still young and pliable, so to speak.

You know—"as the twig is bent, so grows the tree." And if you want a mighty Oak-ie of a husband to lean on, his training can't begin too soon . . .

"Although as an oak, there's probably a good bit of the acorn left in Jack!" chuckled his small, gay mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, whom half of Hollywood has adopted as its own. "Because I *have* pampered him some. Every man ought to have a little pampering—when he least expects it. And from what I've seen, it looks as if Venita is going to carry on."

"Venita" is, of course, Venita Varden, that zestful beauty from the *Ziegfeld Follies* who married Jack Oakie some four months ago. The two of them were broiling in a New Mexican sun on location for *The Texas Ranger* even as mother Offield and I sat in the cool comfort of her Beverly Hills home bent on How-to-bring-up-a-Husband.

"During my experience as a school teacher I've helped more than 15,000 girls to become good wives. But that, compared to raising *one* Husband—well—" Her eyes danced. They're blue and laughing and startingly like Jack's.

"Mr. Offield and I, you see, began when Jack was a small boy back in Sedalia, Mo., by showing him how to share. That's the most important thing the future head of a family has to learn, isn't it? Although I'll admit it was often harder on me than it was on him!"

"For instance, his father would take him downtown and somewhere along the way they'd stop for candy. 'Going to save some for mother?' Dad would ask. 'Sure!' Jack'd say—and carefully clutch those chocolates for me in his hot, grubby little hands all the way home. Can you imagine what that candy looked like by the time I got it? But the spirit behind the offering was good so I had to close my eyes . . . And many a day he'd come bouncing into the house to give me some prize possession—usually a frog or a toad . . ."

It was frogs and toads then. Now it's diamonds and cars Jack lavishes on his mother. When he gave Venita her diamond



When Jack Oakie and Venita Varden said "I do," Jack's mother had ample cause to point to the groom with profound, motherly pride and say, "I Did"

engagement ring and bracelets and wedding ring, he also gave an extra large solitaire to the little woman who brought him up to be an extra choice hubby!

Psychology helped her do that, she says. She majored in the subject at Lewis college—and then named her boy "Lewis" after the school. He got the name "Oakie" when critics dubbed him the "Okay Kid" for his dancing in Schubert revues. The surname came when he was handed a Hollywood contract. "We can't put you down just as 'Oakie,'" said the producer. "What do you want in front of it?"

"Jack—because that's what I need!"

It's what he wanted most. Money. For under all that clowning of his was a terrific sense of responsibility engendered by the promise to his father. He [Continued on page 70]



*Movie-town has undergone some amazing growing pains—and the author of this laugh-fest has witnessed and shared them all*

# UP

by  
Whitney

# GROWING



**A**FTERNOON at Arline Judge's. Around her beautiful swimming pool are cameras and motion picture equipment, mothers with babies, arriving newspaper and magazine photographers, anxious publicity men.

The air is tense. Over at one side, Evelyn Venable is trying to calm her six-month-old infant. Karen Morley tells Michael, her tot, a story. Sally Eilers is romping with small Harry Joe, pride of the Eilers-Brown menage. Arline is dividing her time between her guests and the task of showing three and one-half-year-old Wesley how to tap dance.

One vital question is uppermost in the minds of all present . . . will the babies behave for their pictures? It's an occasion long awaited, when so many star-mothers with their children are to be snapped for the public prints, their likenesses recorded for the screen.

The moment arrives for them to line up. There is horseplay on the part of the young sons, there is a burst of crying, there is interest in everything but the cameras that confront them.

"Make a noise like a sea-lion calling its mate," Charlie Rhodes, MOVIE CLASSIC's demon cameraman, begs me.

I try to comply and instantly, I have undivided attention on the part of all the youngsters. Then . . . wild wailing. But during those few seconds of rapt intentness, cameras have done their work and the object of the visit is accomplished.

As I stand there making a grandstand play for the babies, I reflect . . . Hollywood never changes. Always something out of the ordinary every moment. Such as back in 1927, when my newspaper office phoned as I was dressing for the opening of *Old Ironsides*, at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, that a telegram had arrived for me bearing the news that Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston had

eloped and married that afternoon . . . when they were to have been my guests at the premiere!

**I**N MY many years as a Hollywood writer for Los Angeles' largest newspaper, and for many magazines since leaving the sheet, it has been my lot to share much of the joy and sorrow of the film colony. Hollywood, in the days before the talkies, resembled, to my mind, nothing so much as a college town. Everybody knew everybody else. There were few strangers. Just one big happy family, don't y'know.

Hollywood, today, is a far different hamlet from those other days.

With the importation of actors, writers, directors, technicians,

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, once Hollywood's most-publicized lovers, caused plenty of excitement when their engagement was announced. Alla Nazimova, glimpsed here in a scene from *Salome*, didn't give interviews very readily, to this author's embarrassment





# With HOLLYWOOD

Williams

from the east and from Europe, the village has assumed the aspect of a metropolitan center. In the pre-talkie era a promenade up the Boulevard, from Vine Street to Highland Avenue (approximately three-quarters of a mile), consumed most of an afternoon. One is fortunate now to see a familiar face along this same course.

I recall very vividly my first interview with a star. Nazimova, the Russian tragedienne, then attempting a comeback after several years' absence from the screen, was my subject. The Garden of Allah Apartments, on Sunset Boulevard—now the home of so many stars—occupies the site of her former home.

After being introduced, she swore me to secrecy not to divulge her address in my story. Then, sinking back in a luxurious, red easy chair, she ordered grandly, with an impressive sweep of her hand, "Well, commence." The one question I had managed to conjure immediately left me!

I was reminded of this early experience only recently, when I dropped by Lionel Stander's home for an interview with this quaint young gentleman with a bull-frog's voice.

For an hour or more we played pool on his new table. Whenever I would bring up the object of my visit, he would promptly concentrate on an intricate play. Finally, as I was taking my leave, he told me . . . "Say anything you want about me—just so you don't make me a sap—but be sure to mention my house. Isn't it a pip?" He had designed the furniture and planned the redecorating and was justly proud of his handiwork.

Sometime after Greta Garbo decided to make herself so exclusive that no one might even see her—and the following incident might just as well have transpired yesterday, for all the Swedish star has changed—I took a photographer out to her home for the purpose of taking a picture of the house. As my companion was setting up his camera, two huskies appeared from out of the shrubbery and proclaimed loudly that we couldn't "take no pitchers here." The gentlemen seemed so very much in earnest that we decided to accede to their gentle hint to move on.

Climbing back into our car, we drove off . . . and rounding the block, snapped the picture from the car as we passed. Miss Garbo's young men displayed such irritability and downright annoyance at our discourtesy in returning, especially when they had issued their dictum, that we drove around the block again . . . and shot still another "pitcher."

As Helen Ferguson—now a prominent [Continued on page 64]

Fay Wray, as a bit player, demonstrated her unshakable courage when charged by Rex, the wild horse. Gloria Swanson and her marquis gave a party at the Hotel del Coronado and spent the evening throwing flowers at one another across the length of the banquet table







*Hollywood is on the line! And here's the opportunity of a lifetime to chat personally with the beautiful star of Ramona*

**A**NOTHER month—and with it another chance to win a long distance telephone call from one of Hollywood's most popular girls!

Ask Loretta Young a question!

She will answer your queries in the November issue of *MOVIE CLASSIC*—and, in addition, she will personally answer *via long distance telephone*, the one question which in her judgment is the most interesting.

Ask her the same questions which you would propound if you had the opportunity of lunching with her, *tete-a-tete*, here in Hollywood.

Why did she seek so avidly to play the rôle of "Ramona," the half-breed Indian girl of Helen Hunt Jackson's great love story? . . . Does she feel that being a child star robbed her of a normal childhood? . . . Does she plan to marry in the near future? . . . What opinion did she form of Robert Taylor while they were playing together in *Private Number* . . .

There are, literally, hundreds of extremely interesting questions which you can ask. Loretta Young, a famous actress at

fourteen, a wife at seventeen, a divorcee at eighteen, a great dramatic artist at twenty-two is one of the most interesting personalities in an interesting town.

Address your questions to The Inquiring Reporter, *MOVIE CLASSIC*, 7046 Hollywood

Miraculously changed in appearance and personality by a black wig, Loretta has much of interest to tell about her newest picture, now in production

# Win A Telephone Call From Loretta Young

The Inquiring Reporter,  
Movie Classic Magazine,  
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Loretta Young the following questions, answers to which will appear in the November issue of *Movie Classic*.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Your name .....

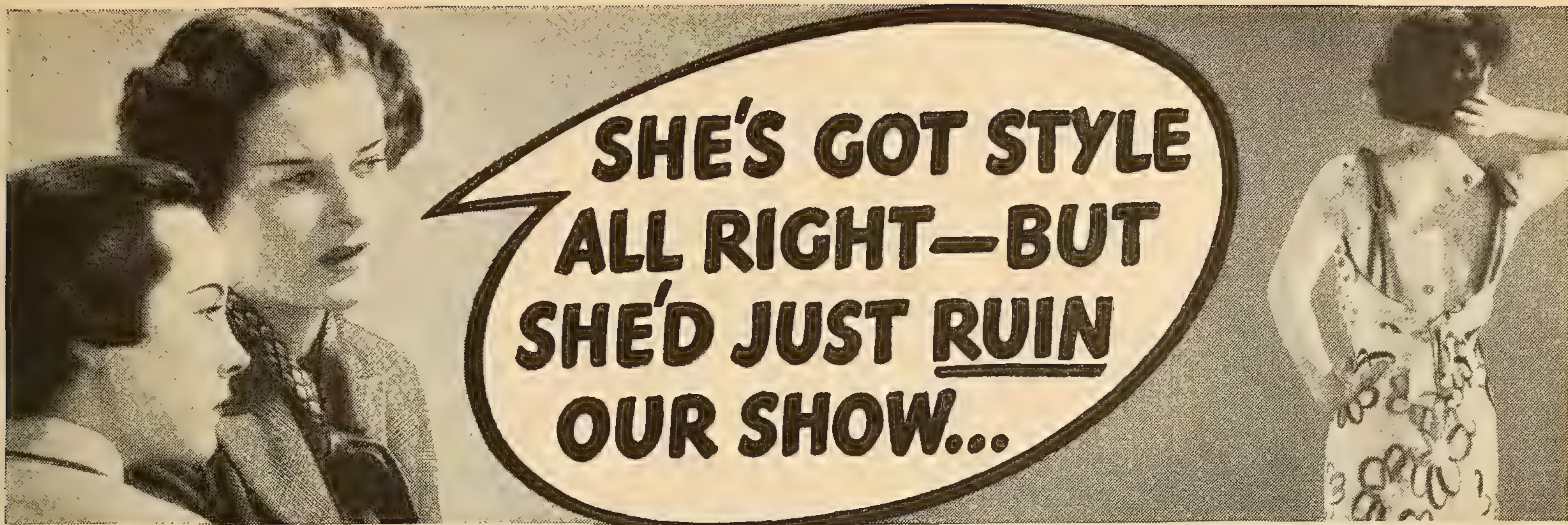
Boulevard, Hollywood, California. And please note: Queries received later than August 20 cannot be honored.

Your questions will be compiled and taken to Loretta Young who will personally dictate the answers which will appear in October *MOVIE CLASSIC*. She will select the most interesting question, and fix the hour and date at which time she will telephone the lucky winner.

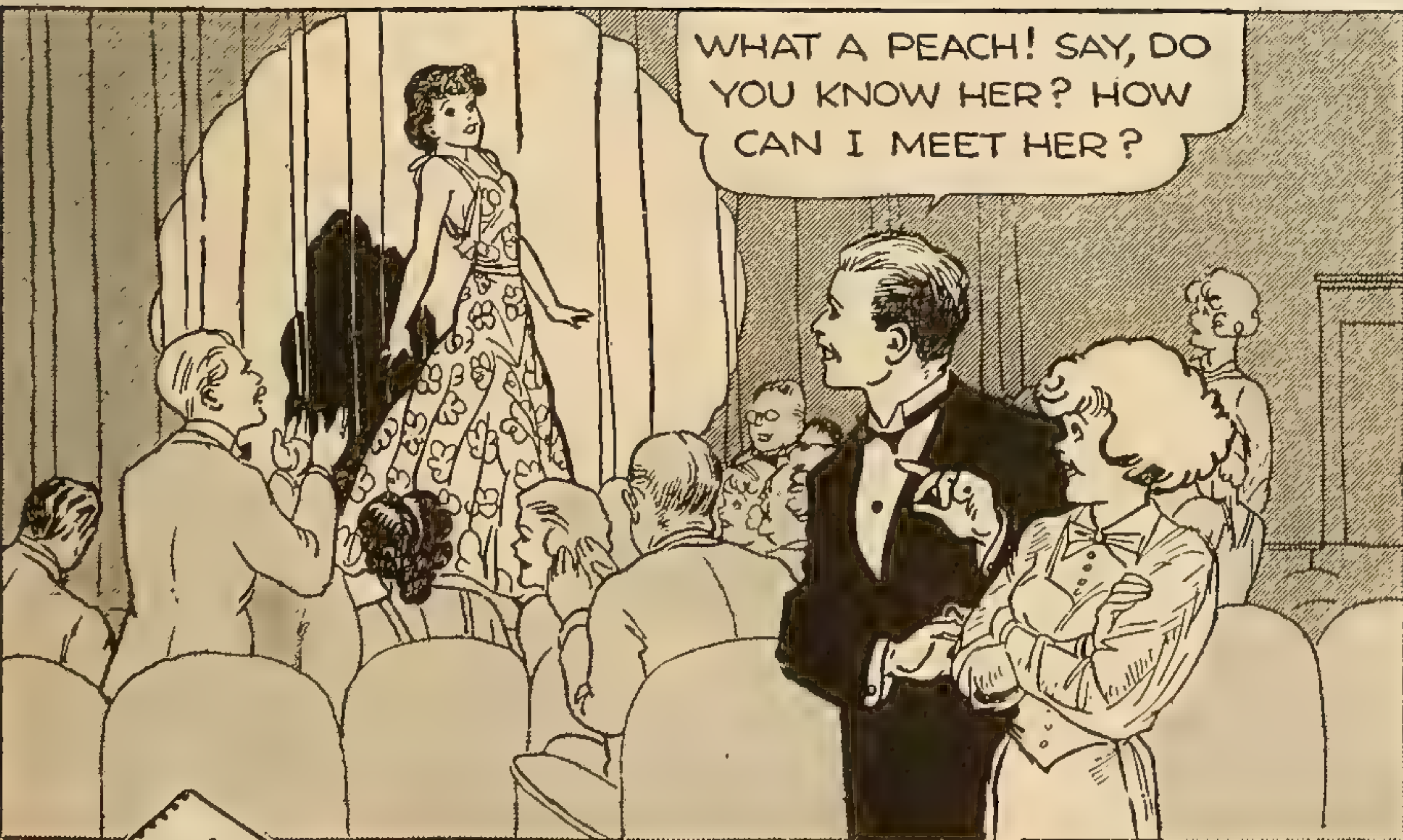
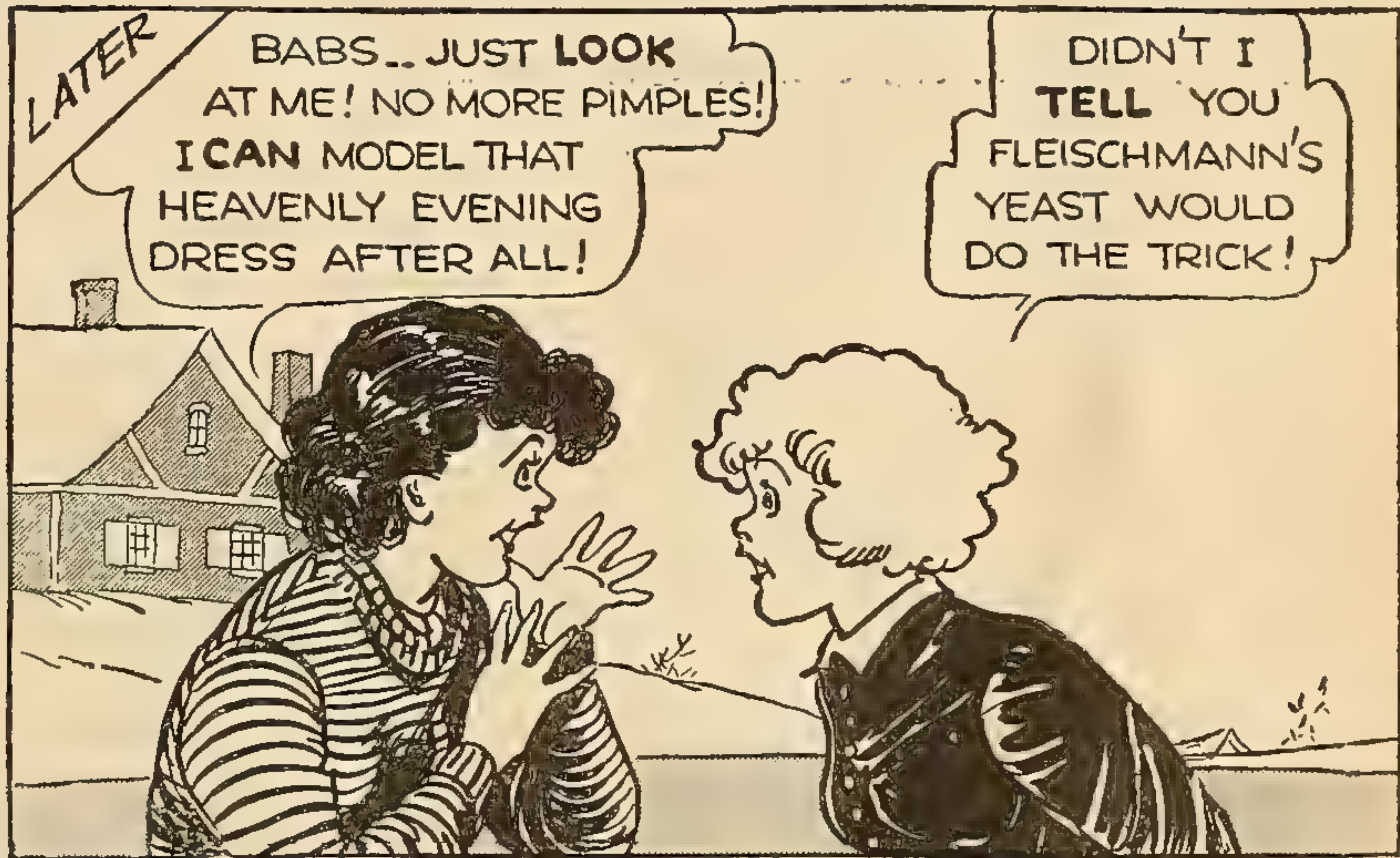
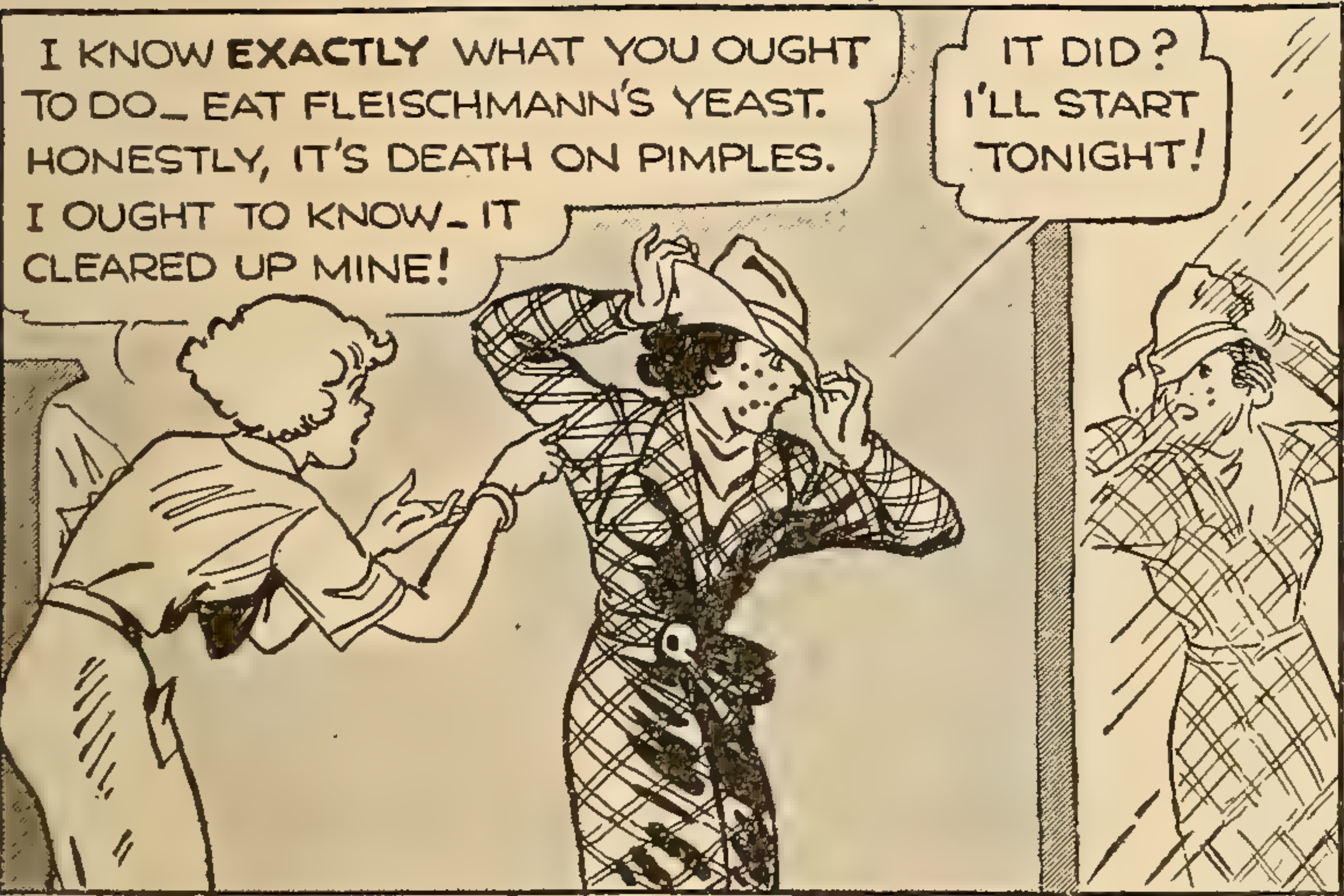
Questions which violate the bounds of good taste will of course be discarded.

Good luck—and send in your queries promptly.





READ HOW  
KAY'S  
PIMPLES  
NEARLY  
KEPT HER  
OUT OF  
THE  
FASHION  
SHOW



*—clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood

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**Don't let adolescent pimples keep  
YOU from being admired**

**U**NSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



# Robert Taylor Answers

[Continued from page 23]

*A. I play opposite her in "The Gorgeous Hussy" which is now completed.*

**Q. Are you superstitious?**

*A. Isn't everyone a little superstitious? My pet superstition is that it's bad luck to talk about the things one wants before they materialize.*

**Q. Do you prefer comedy or dramatic roles?**

*A. I haven't played in a comedy but I would like to try.*

**Q. Why haven't you continued your medical studies?**

*A. Because I had always had the desire to act and I didn't dare pass up opportunity when it came to me unsolicited.*

**Q. What is the one thing you want most in life?**

*A. I suppose you could sum it up by saying I want happiness—and happiness to me implies success, financial security and, eventually, a family and a home.*

**Q. What nationality are you?**

*A. Scotch, English and Pennsylvania Dutch.*

**Q. What are the most important advantages and disadvantages your career has provided?**

*A. The advantages are obvious. I have been given the chance to better myself more rapidly than I could have in any other profession. I have earned money much more rapidly than I could in any other profession and most important of all I have been given the opportunity to contact many interesting and inspiring personalities. If there is a disadvantage it lies in the fact that I have been forced to sacrifice a certain amount of privacy.*

**Q. What are your plans for the immediate future?**

*A. As far as business is concerned I want to go on doing exactly what I am already doing. Right now, though, the plan that I am giving the most thought to is a trip to the North Woods this fall to camp and fish.*

**Q. What is your favorite popular song?**

*A. "Would You."*

**Q. Do you really play the Cello?**

*A. Yes.*

**Q. Do you prefer to be called Bob or Robert?**

*A. Both names still seem strange but I prefer Bob.*

**Q. What is your height, weight, etc.?**

*A. I am six feet tall, weigh 165 lbs. and have dark brown hair and blue eyes.*

**Q. Have you ever loved in vain?**

*A. Yes, plenty of times.*

**Q. Is Hollywood what people on the outside think it—wonderful?**

*A. I still feel enough of an outsider to think it is very wonderful.*

**Q. What is the significance of the ring you wear on your little finger in every picture?**

*(Apparently everyone but your Inquiring Reporter must have noticed that ring for it figured in at least a hundred questions.)*

*A. That ring is one of my few superstitions. It was given to me when I was a kid and I have worn it ever since, and for some reason, I am convinced that it would be bad luck not to wear it.*

**Q. Are you acquainted with Shirley Temple?**

*A. No.*

**Q. What is your favorite dessert?**

*A. Apple pie.*

**Q. Are all the members of your immediate family living?**

*A. My father is dead.*

**Q. What did you find most interesting in New York?**

*A. I was bewildered by the size and the speed and was profoundly impressed by the cosmopolitan atmosphere. I was raised in a town of about ten thousand people and I had never before seen a really big city.*

**Q. What fraternity did you belong to in high school or college?**

*A. I was a Phi Delt at Pomona.*

**Q. Where did you make your screen debut?**

*A. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in a very small part in "A Wicked Woman."*

**Q. What are the titles of the first six pictures you played in?**

*A. "A Wicked Woman," "Westpoint of the Air," "Society Doctor," "Times Square Lady," "Murder in the Fleet," and "Broadway Melody of 1936."*

**Q. Do you plan to attend the Texas Centennial?**

*A. No, I don't think I shall be able to do so.*

**Q. What kind of car do you drive?**

*A. A Cadillac coupé.*

**Q. Do you mind being hounded by autograph hunters?**

*A. Frankly, I like it.*

**Q. What kind of work would you prefer—radio, stage or screen?**

*A. The screen.*

**Q. I understand you like horses. Do you own any horses? If so, what are their names?**

*A. Yes, I am very fond of horses. I have ridden since I was eight years old. I do not own a horse at present.*

**Q. Do you really drive as recklessly as you do on the screen?**

*A. I wouldn't be on the screen or anywhere else above ground very long if I did.*

**Q. Can you tap dance?**

*A. No.*

**Q. Which do you consider most important, a career or marriage?**

*A. A career. It is obviously most important to a man for without a career he could not have the marriage.*

**Q. Would you like to play in a color film?**

*A. Yes.*

**Q. Do you play the piano?**

*A. Yes.*

**Q. What books do you read?**

*A. Fiction.*

**Q. Do you mind having your personal life probed into?**

*A. I suppose everyone desires a certain amount of privacy but I feel that a person in my position is obligated to satisfy the natural curiosity of theatregoers.*

**Q. Did you bet on the Louis-Schmeling fight?**

*A. I couldn't find anyone who would take a bet—I'm glad now that I didn't.*

**Q. Have you been a wealthy person all your life?**

*A. No. My father had a comfortable income but was not wealthy.*

**Q. Do you think a career and marriage can successfully be combined?**

*A. Certainly.*

**Q. Do you have a private secretary?**

*A. No.*

**Q. What do you think of your chances in color films?**

*A. I have never had a color test.*

**Q. Do you live with your family in Hollywood?**

*A. I live with my mother.*

And there you have in his own words Bob Taylor's answers. Next month remember Ginger Rogers takes the witness stand and moreover will call one of her questioners by long-distance telephone and answer that question which she considers the most interesting of those submitted.



Charles Bickford, Mrs. Eddie Mannix and Ketti Gallian were among the motion picture personalities who vacationed over Independence Day at the Playa Ensenada, in Mexico, the most popular of new movie resorts



# THIS HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP...

## What will it do for you?

HOLLYWOOD'S make-up originated by Max Factor will do wonderful things for you...it will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there...it will individualize that beauty, make you interesting, different!

IT IS an extraordinary make-up, because it was created for extraordinary conditions...screen stars, not wanting to look alike, asked Max Factor to create a make-up that would individualize their type. The result was Max Factor's sensational discovery—powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony shades that instantly dramatize the individual charm of every star!

You will find that Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance...the Rouge will add a lifelike color to your cheeks...the Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely! Try Hollywood's make-up secret, and note the amazing difference!



Jane Wyatt

IN COLUMBIA'S

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**A NEW LIP MAKE-UP.** Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. One dollar.

**A POWDER SECRET.** Your skin will look young and lovely when touched by the magic of Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade. One dollar.

**ROUGE MAGIC.** Max Factor's color harmony Rouge imparts a natural looking radiant color to your cheeks...blends smoothly and evenly...does not look "hard" in any light. Fifty cents.

# Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL COUPON.

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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	



# The Man Who Refound His Childhood

[Continued from page 25]

There was always a new show starting or an old show going on the road; and in the summers there was always the movies. Public school, parochial school, private school, private tutors, new faces of classmates, new teachers, different text books. The story of all theatrical children. Better educated than most men, Paul Kelly still says wistfully, "I've always kind of wished that I could have finished school!"

He is going to school again with Mimi, talking her lessons over with her—not like father and daughter so much as like two kids poring over the dark mysteries of compound fractions and hist'ry and the islands of the Mediterranean, glorying in her school triumphs, and trying not to show it. (They elected Mimi not long ago to give the Decoration Day speech about the Constitution, Paul tells me—she got almost all the votes.) "Sure, I'd like her to be on the stage one of these days," Kelly says loyally. "It's a good life—I've no kick coming and I've been in it since I was seven. But not till she's *Finished School*."

**T**ALKING to Paul Kelly makes me feel grey in my hair. We can both of us remember back so far! I have been interviewing movie players longer, I think, than anyone else; still doing it—twenty-four years; but *Paul Kelly has been a motion picture star for twenty-nine years*. He is the only one of those early day players to be still working in what they called "the flickers" back in 1906 when "Chick" Kelly was "The Vitagraph Boy." The Kelly's house down on the Parkway backed on the Vitagraph lot and Paul's mother rented out the parlor set occasionally for use in a scene. In the woods beyond, feathered Redskins stalked shrieking pioneer women—while the cameramen tried to keep the telephone wires out of the picture! When a "country estate" or a "gentleman's home" was needed, they shot the players in the Kelly front yard, and paid for the use of it by taking a photograph of the house—until the place was filled with photographs.

The players whom I first interviewed Paul waves aside as "newcomers." "Anita Stewart and Maurice Costello came several years after I did, and the Talmadge girls. I must have been eleven when Connie began to bring Norma's lunch to the lot. She had yellow curls and a kind of haughty way of switching her starched skirts, and—boy—was I gone on her! But whenever I'd ride my bicycle down to the railroad flats where the Talmadges lived to call on her she was always out. And Natalie was sorry for me and used to say anxiously, 'I'm sure, "Chick," if Connie'd known you were coming she'd have been here.' She was the first girl I ever wanted to kiss, but I never made the grade."

That kiss is only one of the things Life owes Paul Kelly. He has many golden hours of carefree childhood due him—baseball games on the back lot, gang fights between the kids of Avenue M and the toughs from Below the Tracks, excursions down the harbor for a clam-bake while a small boy of eight or nine must remain behind to "work" in a matinee in the old Republic Theatre on Broadway.

"Being a theatrical kid is all right—

when you've got a wise mother like mine who'd smack me down when I began to go 'actory,'" says Paul. "Don't get the idea I was put out because I had to work. The toughest part of it was wearing my hair in a Buster Brown bob till I was eleven, and a wide white collar till I was fourteen! It took a good many fights and black eyes and bloody noses to defend that bob and collar, but I persuaded the gang, at least, to respect them. They were just building the subway to Coney Island then—you know the broken rock the Embankment is made of? Well, the fellows would look up to see a lad in a sickening white sailor suit, with curls under his pretty sailor hat, and a ribbon, and they'd begin yelling—'Hi, fellers, pipe the sissy.' They'd fill their hands with the Embankment rocks for ammunition and then somebody would say—'Aw,



**Gladys Swarthout, returning to Hollywood to star in Paramount's *Champagne Waltz*, disembarks from the train in Pasadena. She will appear in three filmusicals this year, according to present plans**

it's only "Chick" Kelly. Hyar yer, "Chick"? And it would be all right. But every new place we went when the show was on tour I had a fight on my hands."

Paul Kelly was the youngest in a family of ten children. At seven, when most boys are concerned with no weightier matters than shooting marbles and roller skating, he was the main support of that family! The farm on the outskirts of Brooklyn sheltered the suddenly fatherless Kellys, but Paul's thirty-five dollar a week pay check, as one of the children in *The Grand Army Man*, bought food for the hungry brood and their shoes and sodas and street-car fares besides.

**U**NTIL he was twenty-five and a recognized Broadway juvenile, Paul Kelly never saw his pay check—it was made over without question to his mother to spread over the changing and clamor-

ous needs of her big family. As far back as he can remember, money has meant to Paul only a gas bill paid, a new dress for "Tiny" or "Betts," an insurance installment, rent, responsibility met matter-of-factly without complaint or praise. "When I was a kid," he says, "I'd say 'Mom, can you let me have a dime?' When I was sixteen, it was 'Mom, how about a dollar?' And towards the end, I'd be asking, 'Mom, could you spare me ten dollars to take a girl to a dance?' And she always handed it out. A grand woman, my mother was. I'm grateful now for the times I felt the flat of her hand. When she died suddenly inside of two days from an ailment caused by bringing so many children into the world, and my brothers and sisters were married or earning for themselves and didn't need me, I was lost. I'd been head of a family ever since I could remember, and *I didn't know how to spend a pay check . . .*"

"The head of a family"—in those four words is written the life-story of many a man, a story of humble, unsung heroism and anxious sacrifice. They do not make the front pages of newspapers, these tired shabby men who seem always to be doing sums in their heads as they swarm from the 8:45 commuter's special. No one tears up telephone books to sprinkle down on their heads as they ride up Broadway from flying Atlantics or winning Olympics. Yet perhaps their exploits are recorded Somewhere.

Paul Kelly, who was head of a family at seven, does not seem to recognize anything amazing in his case. "It wasn't so bad," he says cheerfully. "The worst I remember about it was the two-hour rides on street-car and subway between 12th Street and the theatre, changing three times. I was the proud one when Mom let me take the trip alone! 'Just let me off at Avenue M,' I'd say to the conductor—and go to sleep on the most comfortable looking person in the car!"

"The times we went on tour weren't so good. Getting up in the cold dark to go to communion or early Mass before catching a train at seven—Mom wouldn't let any of us miss Church. Living in awful lodgings: the landladies didn't allow cooking in the rooms, but I'd go to a ten-cent-store and buy a gadget to screw on a gas jet. Then, while I held the frying-pan filled with lamb chops over it, the comedy woman of the company would burst into a loud 'Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So' to drown the sputtering, and Mom would open the window and stand waving her apron to drive out the smell!"

"It was all right for a tough Irish kid. But I wouldn't want a life like that for Mimi. I guess people always do want things different for their children—easier than they had it themselves" . . .

The charming room in which we talk bears the stamp of Hollywood—where divans are deeper, carpets softer, than anywhere else in the world. Why is it that I see a cheerless chamber with peeling wall paper, chipped furniture, and lamb chops sputtering over a gas ring?

A tall, husky young man, Paul Kelly, with success in the cut of his tweeds, the lift of his head. I wonder why, looking at him, I see a sleep-sodden seven-year-old, fair head bobbing to the lurching of the cold and dirty trolley car as it creeps through midnight streets?



# WINNER!

Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

*"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.*

**F**IRST girl to win the title of MARCHAND BLONDE—OF—THE—MONTH, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop *one* of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair *your* secret of loveliness.

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**BRUNETTES**—Rinse sparkling highlights into your hair, with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can lighten your hair to any lovely blonde shade.

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CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City  
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**A. STEIN & COMPANY**  
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

## Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 21]

### Whatta Schnozzle—

The world's most useless movie prop has cost \$5,000 to date. It's a nose.

It's the nose that was built for Charles Laughton to wear in the projected Alexander Korda production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, to have been made in London. To get the best possible nose for the long-beaked hero of the film, Korda imported one of Hollywood's most famous makeup wizards to come all the way to London, just to create the Cyrano schnozzle. Much expensive research was also done. The total expenditures, just to produce the one false nose, amounted to \$5,000.

And then Korda abandoned production plans—and the nose is for sale, cheap, to whoever wants to be Cyrano.

Maybe it wouldn't be a half bad bargain for a Hollywood columnist? Think of the wear and tear it'd save...

### Hold Everything—

Latest to learn the truth of "anything can happen in Hollywood" is Arline Judge.

Seems Arline was present when a group of friends were discussing the open-heartedness and philanthropies of one George McKay, Columbia's character actor star. "Why," commented Bill Gargan, "He's so big-hearted, he'd give you the shirt off his back."

Two days later, in the crowded Brown Derby at lunchtime, Arline Judge met George McKay. Introduced to him, she blurted out: "Oh, you're the man who's so generous that you'd give the shirt off your back..."

Gravely, unsmiling, McKay took off his coat, untied his tie, tore off his collar—and took off his shirt and gave it to Arline! Then she had to sit down, at his invitation, and finish lunch with him sans shirt!

### Bye, Bye—

Official notice from Paramount: The option on four-year-old Baby Leroy, that super-highly-publicized baby star who was in the W. C. Field pictures, has NOT been taken up.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

### Such Praise—

It happened at the preview of *Anthony Adverse*:

Spellbound, the previewers sat through reel after reel of the unfoldment of the yarn. Hours passed. Finally, the end. Filing out of the auditorium after the nearly three-hour-long show, a critic was asked what he thought of it.

"I nominate it," he replied, "the Ten Best Films of the Year."

### In the Mood—

You know that silly old wheeze about being able to tell what a feller had for dinner by the spots on his vest?—well, it's something like that with Joan Crawford, only with Joan, the gag is that you can tell what picture she's making by looking at her offscreen costumes and her house...

Recently, for instance, her clothes in everyday life were replicas of the costumes she wore in *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Joan makes a few changes to adapt the costumes to ordinary wear—like wearing only two petticoats instead of seven, and so on. And in her home, Joan has a lot of new bits of furnishing—pieces and items bought after they'd been used on the sets of the picture!

It's a habit with Joan—this wearing

picture costumes and using home decorations from her current production.

### Poor Adolphe—

'Dolphe Menjou doesn't know whether it's so hot to be in perfect health at last, after all...

You see, for the past many months, Menjou has been ailing, often hospitalized. He thinned down until he was just one pound or so this side of the Human Skeleton. However, keeping up his reputation as the screen's best-dressed actor, 'Dolphe bought clothes to fit.

Now he's out of his ill-health streak—and he's gained fifteen pounds and the doctors want him to keep it. BUT—it means that Menjou's entire wardrobe is unusable. In his closet hang 160—count 'em!—160 suits that he can't wear. They cost him an average of \$165 apiece, and he's been selling them for \$25 each to grips and workmen at 20th-Fox, where he's working in *Sing, Baby, Sing*. His spare time is spent "sitting" for fittings for twenty-seven new suits he's ordered to fit his new architectural outlines. And to make it tough—

### An Opportunity—

Dear Maxie Reinhardt:—don't you cry. Don't you cry over the fact that Mr. Hitler's Nazi Germany doesn't like you any more. And don't you cry, even, because your *Midsummer Night's Dream* didn't knock 'em silly at the box office. Because even if Germany and Hollywood don't appreciate you, Italy does. King Emanuel has just conferred the order of Commendatore on you, for your contributions to the stage. So now, maybe, you can produce *Othello* and make the big black boy an Ethiopian 'stead of a Moor, eh?

### It's the Vogue—

And now even Marion Talley, the beautifully-reduced opera star, is going garbo-hepburnish...

It seems that out at Republic, where Marion is singing in *Follow Your Heart*, after shedding so many of those very-extra pounds that she can even pose in swimming suits without too much work for the retouchers, they've got a new rule: after the electricians have spotted the lights and the grips have placed the scenery and props correctly, they all have to scoot behind canvas screens and not watch while Marion sings and emotes! It "disturbs" Marion if they look on, it is explained.

Reminds me of Hepburn's recent stunt—insisting that all the grips, electricians and other set workers, except the director and cameraman, turn their backs while she hepburned-up a scene in *Mary of Scotland*, her new picture.

### Irony—

Exquisite commentary on Hollywood's marital uncertainties:

Making *The Gorgeous Hussy*, Franchot Tone playing opposite Wife Joan Crawford, spoke to her thus, while cameras ground: "I'm very much in love with you."

It was a serious scene—and yet, from the watching cast, technical crew, et al, came a titter that swelled to a roar, and spoiled the take! Chided Director Clarence Brown:

"Let's get used to the idea of a husband and wife loving each other, and do this scene, over, now!"

Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood...



## Alison Alden Recommends— [Continued from page 17]

will find *Pond's Liquefying Cream* delightful either for your night-time thorough cleansing or to remove make-up during the day. It melts at skin temperature and gets down into the pores quickly. After removing the cream with tissue or towel, your face will be clean and smooth, all ready for a new application of powder foundation, powder and rouge.

If you don't use a powder brush to clear the lines at your eyes, nose and mouth after making up, by all means get one immediately. No matter how hastily your make-up is applied, a final whisk with a powder brush will assure you of that smooth, velvety appearance which makes one's skin really flower-like. Max Factor, manufacturer of the famous Max Factor cosmetics, has a marvelously soft haired powder brush with

a curved handle that fits expertly into the palm of your hand. It is attractively priced at one dollar

and you will find it on sale at most department and drug stores.

Another effective time-saver about which I am enthusiastic is

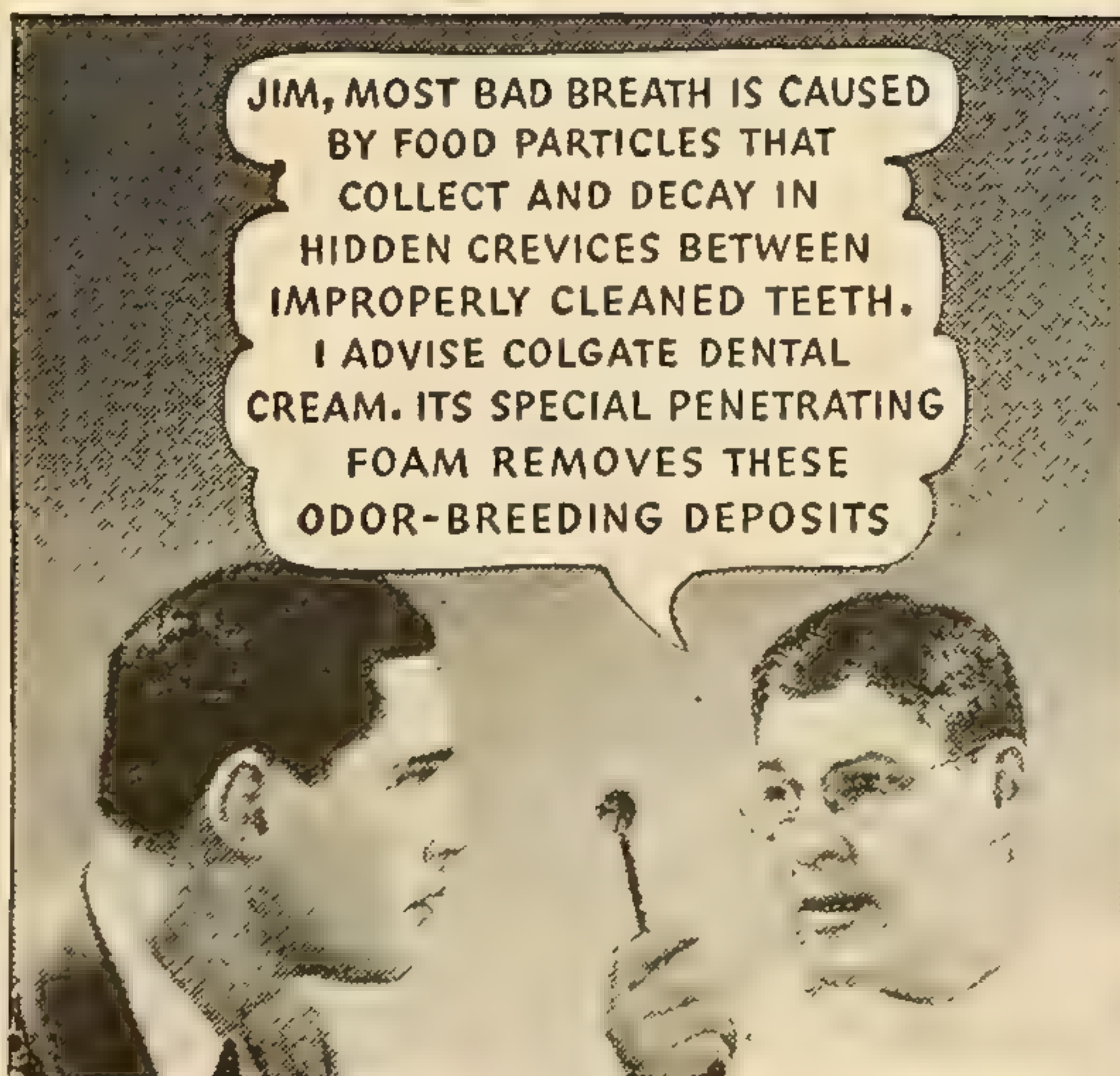
*Dreskin*, a crystal clear liquid that will give you a refreshing facial pick-up at any time of the day. It is applied with a bit of cotton and performs the double duty of cleansing and toning the skin. It comes in two sizes, one at a dollar and the other at fifty cents.

Even in our pell-mell existence, the prosaic business of keeping dainty must be attended to faithfully—summer and winter. So, an antiperspirant that does its work quickly and thoroughly is in order. The manufacturers of *Odorono* have introduced a new cream antiperspirant that has both these qualifications. This product is instantly absorbed by the skin without leaving a trace of grease to stain your loveliest frocks, even when used on the back, a danger spot with many girls. The name is *Odorono Ice* and the price is thirty-five cents.

Don't let haste make waste of your beauty—it is so unnecessary with the many splendid new beauty aids on the market. If you want advice on your problems, please feel free to write me in care of this magazine, enclosing stamped envelope for reply. I shall be pleased to help you in every way I can.

### FREE SERVICE TO OUR READERS

Consult Alison Alden regarding your beauty problems. She will advise you personally concerning any problems of hair, skin or figure. If you want to know trade names, do not hesitate to ask her to recommend specific products for your needs. Address Miss Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter. This is the only requirement for a prompt, personal reply.



## Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE MAKES TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT!  
Movie Classic for September, 1936





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**WAVE POWDER**

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This new marvelous SHEILA Egg Shampoo makes your hair light, fluffy. SHEILA Color Rinse (not a dye or bleach) gives it a beautiful natural lustre, 12 shades. SHEILA Wave Powder makes those curls stay just right. Try this new wonder combination. On sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Mail this coupon and enclose for EACH prepaid **10c**

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**Artificial Ear Drum**  
**THE WAY COMPANY**  
 774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

## Party Line in Hollywood

[Continued from page 10]

### Boyer vs. Garbo

At last a momentous question is settled and official announcement now can be made that Charles Boyer will play opposite the great Garbo in *Beloved*. And, before you say that you never heard of such a picture, let me note that *Beloved* is merely the new title for the long proposed story of Marie Walewska. Garbo has always wanted to play that tragic Polish lady who gave her all to Napoleon in the effort to benefit her native land. With Boyer in the male lead, it should be a grand picture. And it needs to be a grand picture for Garbo's star has waned.

### She Wants to Solo

From Radio Pictures comes the announcement that Robert Young—who seems to be the white-haired lad at Radio these days—has been borrowed to play opposite Ginger Rogers in *Mother Carey's Chickens*. Did you know that one of the stipulations in Ginger's contract is that for every picture in which she co-stars with Fred Astaire she must be allowed to star by her lonesome in another *without dancing*? She doesn't want to be typed as a dancing star.

### Get Out the Tux

Beatrice Lille, the international stage favorite, has again heeded the lure of Hollywood and will shortly arrive in Flickerville to play one of the leading rôles in *Count Pete*, which will also feature Gene Raymond, Ann Sothorn and Henry Stephenson. "Bee" Lille, by the way, is almost as famous a bon vivant and hostess as she is a comedienne. Her rare visits to Hollywood invariably are the signal for a round of unusually swank parties.

### False Alarm

Imagine the astonishment of Louise Fazenda, when she returned recently from a trip to Chicago and New York, to find her home piled high with gifts for "the new baby." It seems that while in Chicago, curiosity led her to pay a visit to the famous orphanage, "The Cradle," from which several of her friends had adopted children. Her visit to the foundling home being duly reported by the press and amplified by the gossips, Hollywood jumped to the conclusion that she had adopted a baby. As you probably know, she is the wife of Hal Wallis, production czar of Warner Brothers-First National.

### Very Clever, Mr. Brent

Credit George Brent with a new wrinkle in artistic thrift. For months he's been carrying home the huge electric light bulbs which were burned out during the production of his pictures. And now it develops that he manages to cut off their necks and convert them into somewhat fragile but very ornamental quart decanters. Try it on your own light bulbs sometime but don't blame me if the first results are disappointing. There's a knack to it, George claims.

### Double-barrelled Plan

George O'Brien is combining business and pleasure. Having signed a brand new contract with Radio Pictures to play in a series of westerns, he is now importing a string of five pedigreed race horses from Maryland. He plans to use them all fall

in his pictures and then enter them in the Santa Anita races next spring.

### Wedding Bells

Not only is that one-time romance between Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor a thing of the past, but it is now an apparent certainty that Irene will marry Allan Jones, the singing star, on or about the first of September. According to their intimate friends, they plan to honeymoon in the South Seas. Meanwhile Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck look more like romancers than the "good friends" they profess to be.

### Myrna's Romance

And, speaking of matrimony, romance and such, it's almost a leadpipe cinch that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow will be married before another season rolls around. They've been in love for some time but had to wait until Hornblow's divorce became final. Incidentally, this is the first time that Myrna has ever been rumored to be engaged. As you probably know, Arthur Hornblow is a producer for Paramount.

### Vacation Time

Fred Astaire had no sooner acquired a new home in Hollywood, bought furniture and moved in than he decided to take the wife and kiddie to London for a visit with his sister, Lady Cavandish. He plans to be gone about two months.

### The Fighting's Over

The return of Sidney Fox to the screen, to play the rôle of "Lotus" in *The Good Earth*, recalls the hectic status of her marriage to Charles Beahan at the time of her departure two years ago. She filed suit for divorce once, was reconciled, filed a second suit and for the second time decided to call it off. Beahan was with her when she arrived a few days ago and they are obviously happy.

### Casting Office Jottings

Larry Tibbett, originally scheduled to star in a musical version of *The Mark of Zorro*, is now slated to make *Love Flight* for Twentieth Century-Fox... Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow and James Stewart are to co-star in a comedy-drama entitled *Love on the Run*... Radio Pictures is considering the production of *Taming of the Shrew* with Katharine Hepburn in the title rôle and John Barrymore as "Petruchio"... Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes and Jean Dixen will have the leading rôles in a torrid little comedy-drama yclept *A Fool For Blondes*, soon to be produced by Universal... Edmund Lowe has been chosen for the stellar rôle in David Lamson's sensational story of death row, *We Who Are About to Die*, which has been purchased and scheduled for production by Radio Pictures... Frances Farmer, who has been going great guns in Paramount and Samuel Goldwyn pictures and is generally conceded to have the best chance of any newcomer in Hollywood to become a really outstanding star, will play her first starring rôle in Paramount's *Hideaway Girl*...

### Tarzan Trouble

Maybe you've been wondering whatever happened to the new (?) Johnny Weissmuller opus, *Tarzan Escapes*, which was





Hollywood, always on the *qui vive* for anything different in the way of sport, has taken up bowling on the green as its latest fad. Margaret Lindsey, climbing to stardom at Warner Brothers, is one of the most confirmed addicts

started in production just about two years ago this month. Well, it's a long, sad story. Completed nearly a year ago, it was previewed and found wanting. For months they have been shooting retakes and added scenes and now, with better than a million dollars already invested, a new director has been assigned to the production and a new treatment demanding several months additional work has been devised. By the time the picture is released—if ever it is—it will represent a cash investment of at least one and one-half millions. And what a financial jungle *that* will be to get out of.

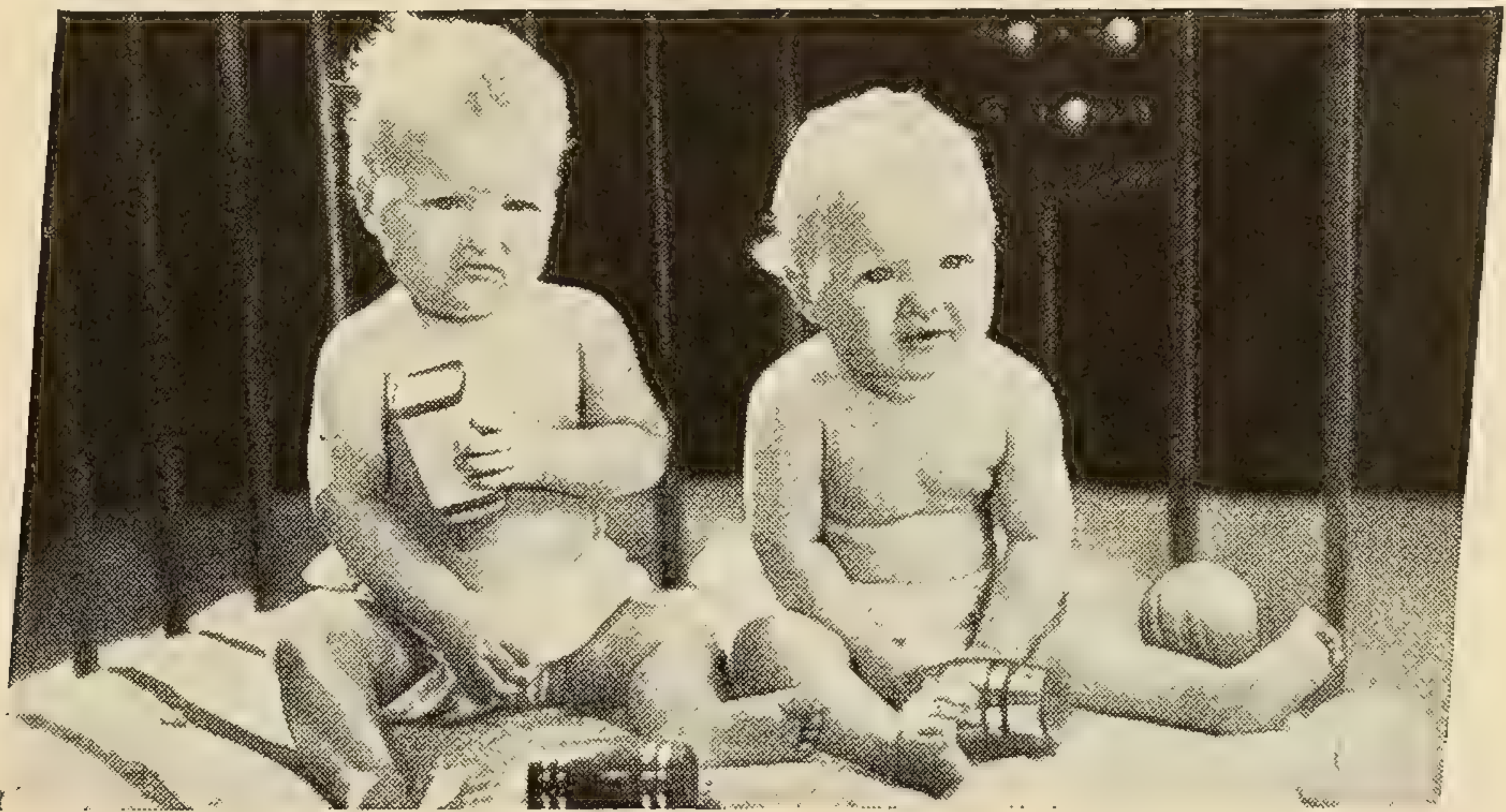
#### Tit for Tat

They're telling an amusing story over on the RKO lot these days. It appears that Sam Briskin, the beeg production boss, summoned Patricia Wilder, one of their new contractees, to his office and was informed that she would not be able to come until she had finished a wardrobe fitting. He sent her a note which read... "and who do you think you are, Garbo?"

On the following day, Patricia Wilder entered Briskin's office, asked to see him, and was told that she would have to wait until he finished a conference. Forthwith, she sent in a note, reading... "and who do you think you are, Darryl Zanuck?"



● *"Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother's just found... a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody!... I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!..."*



● *"Empty!... We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."*



● *"Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!... the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"*



● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root... Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"*

Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY





# GRAY HAIR GONE

(TEST BOTTLE)  
FREE

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it **FREE**—We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

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City ..... State .....

Color of your hair? .....



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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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**JANES ART STUDIOS, Inc.** You 50¢  
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## School Belles

[Continued from page 42]

the dress motive. A white sleeveless sweater under a plaid sports coat is Ray's choice for the college boy while Gail suggests a brown crepe two-piece dress as being appropriate for the well-dressed girl. Small white horses trim the patch pocket and side closing. Dresses courtesy Bullock's Westwood, Ray's sweater and coat from Phelps-Terkel. 6) For an informal date in town Marsha Hunt boasts a mustard yellow coat tailored after the coachman's, buttoning high with wide collar. Ensemble from Bullock's Westwood. 7) For the school girl, a romantic frock in the modern manner, is this flax blue starched soufflé worn by Loretta Young, 20th Century-Fox star. Double ruching has been effectively employed to edge the double cape and mark the three tiered skirt. American beauty velvet fastens the cape. 8) This pajama suit worn by Jane Wyatt is ideal for the college girl during her hours of study and relaxation. Designed by Dryden for Jane to wear in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon* they bring in the Chinese influence with mandarin



neck, side closing of tiny frogs and loose hanging tunic. 9) Joan Perry frolicking with her English pointer shows another smart outfit for the school miss. Her grey woolen skirt is topped by a brief bolera bound in navy and white polka dot crepe. The same polka dot makes a youthful blouse and trims the navy blue wool hat. 10) Petite Simone Simon appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production *Girl's Dormitory* shows what is worn in the classroom. Navy blue serge with pleated front and tailored skirt makes an ideal frock. White pique collar and cuffs, so easily laundered, are neat and trim. 11) Bold plaids will predominate in Hollywood's early Fall fashion parade. In *Spendthrift*, a Walter Wanger production, Mary Brian wears a striking cape coat of brown, beige and green woolen. 12) Versatile jackets are favored by Hollywood's younger set for riding and should prove ideal for the wardrobe of a girl going away to school. Pat Paterson, appearing in the Walter Wanger production *Spendthrift*, wears tan jodphurs, a tailored white crepe shirt and a "lucky" horseshoe brooch. A jacket like Pat's of brown and white tweed may be worn with equal smartness over a one piece sports frock or with odd skirts.



## Do Modern Women Deserve Chivalry?

[Continued from page 33]

achievements and their freedom.

"Then the men returned from war and found women loath to give up their occupations in favor of homes and firesides. The ladies insisted upon first showing off their newly-discovered ability in business—flaunting it in the faces of men.

"Had the women stopped to think, they would have recognized the danger of this brazen affront to masculine ego. But they didn't stop to think. They were flushed with the heady wine of accomplishment. They were heedless of consequences. They felt they *had* to prove their equality beyond any doubt. And in proving it, femininity was sacrificed . . . and forgotten.

"Men were confronted by a problem for which history had no parallel. All the standards of living had been altered and America was in the hands of a race of modern Amazons. Even so, I find evidence that gentlemanly instincts prevailed and that the men took their rules of conduct from the attitude of the women. I am sure women struck the first blow.

"Today, the ranks of militant ladies appear to me to be thinning. They seem to be tiring of the fray and returning to the charms and graces of the more chivalrous era of pre-war days. Now we have few counterparts of the war-time 'flapper.' And moreover children are being reared according to the creeds of their grandmothers rather than their mothers. That is why I believe that another generation will see a marked readjustment in social conditions.

"Any change will be welcome. *I regard myself as being as modern as any woman. Yet I can find no patience for those who have been incapable of remaining feminine.*

"Frankly, I enjoy and am pleased to have a man hold my chair when I am seated at the dinner table. Or rise to his feet when I enter a room. Or remove his hat and remain uncovered while we talk on the street. Or open a door for me. Or show me any other of a hundred small courtesies he knows how to offer so flatteringly. I am flattered and gladly admit it.

"The inconsistency of unwomanly moderns is laughable, even though women have never been particularly consistent. The modern pretends to despise the attentions of men. Still she makes use of the wealth of prepared beauty aids available today, has her hair waved regularly and paints her nails just as her sisters in India have done for ten thousand years. Why does she go to such trouble unless it is to attract the attention of men?

"Charm can be developed by any intelligent woman. I urge all womanhood to cultivate it. It has nothing to do with beauty of face or figure. In fact, the beauties of this world are often so lost in self-admiration that they do not trouble themselves to cultivate charm. Yet it has been my observation that the girls men marry are more frequently the charming ones who are physically plain. And these are the marriages that usually endure.

"In Europe, where I spent my last vacation, I found a more marked chivalry than America has practiced since before the war. This is mainly because European women encourage chivalrous conduct in men. Graciousness and femininity have never been lost over there.

"American women must find a way to regain feminine charm. And it is high time they did. They are missing too much of life."



*Women ask me:*

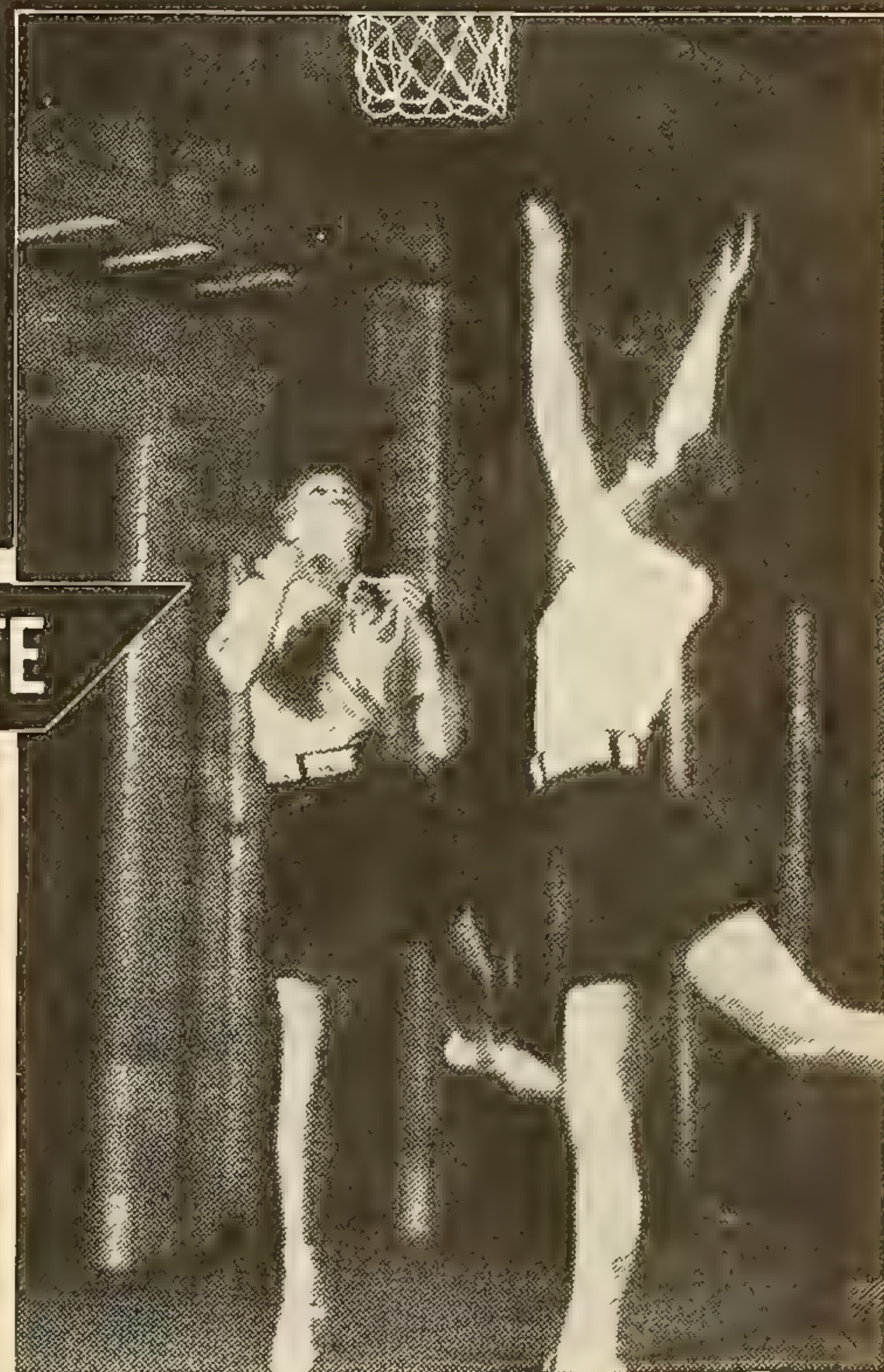
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The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

*Mary Pauline Callender*  
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

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Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.



### KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

#### 3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
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Movie Classic for September, 1936

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made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



# Milk...the quick, easy way to win soft, smooth, youthful skin!



TOBY WING, vivacious, and fair-skinned, Hal Roach comedy star, says, "Summer sun, dust and wind will never give you a dry, aged looking skin if you nourish and protect it with Creme of Milk."

MARION TALLEY, former Metropolitan Opera Star, now a Hollywood & Radio celebrity says, "The milk-oils in Creme of Milk are so fine and penetrating you can fairly feel your skin drink them in."

ROSINA LAWRENCE, blond, piquant, youthful Hal Roach star in "Mister Cinderella" says, "Creme of Milk is the fastest and most thorough skin cleanser we Hollywood stars have ever seen. It is truly an all-purpose creme."

## ★ MILK in a beauty creme at last!

MILK contains natural glandular oils that possess superior power to penetrate, cleanse and nourish the tissues of the skin. No creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to equal their marvelous results. And now scientists have discovered a way to extract and condense these precious milk-oils to make Creme of Milk the first really new face creme offered in modern times.

Creme of Milk, is a complete, all-purpose creme. It cleanses, nourishes and clarifies the skin with amazing speed. Dryness goes almost at once. The penetrating milk-oils make short work of blackheads, clogged pores and other blemishes, leaving the skin soft, smooth, fresh and youthful in appearance. Creme of Milk does more and lasts longer than any creme you know of. Every jar is guaranteed to stay sweet and fresh and it will not grow hair. Try Creme of Milk and you will discover the one beauty creme you have always hoped for.

Use the coupon to order a special one-week trial jar for 10 cents or better still, order a full 2-oz jar for 50 cents or the large 5-oz jar for \$1.



### DUART'S creme of milk ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it — every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

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3 - 50-cent jars and counter display shipped prepaid for \$1. Simply attach your store label to this coupon and mail to us with \$1.

Creme of Milk is on sale at All Drug and Department Stores in California, Oregon and Washington.

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City.....State.....9

CREME OF MILK POSITIVELY AND PLEASANTLY PREVENTS SUNBURN

## A League of Nations Dinner

[Continued from page 8]

land. Some evening, for a nice change, try these English Mutton Chops.

### ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS

1 thick chop for each serving  
2 tbs. olive oil  
2 tsp. lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  clove garlic  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. sugar  
1 tsp. dry mustard  
Large fresh mushroom for each chop  
1 tbs. Lea and Perrins Worcestershire sauce  
1 cup hot water  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Flour

Cut slit in each chop large enough to insert mushroom. Make a sauce of oil, lemon juice, mustard, garlic, and sugar. Brush each chop in sauce and then dip in flour. Fry in half butter and half lard until well browned. Season while browning. Add water and Worcestershire sauce, then reduce heat to simmering point, cover with lid, and cook until tender. Slightly thicken sauce with a little flour and water before serving.

France was represented by Charles Boyer. These Cotelettes will be ideal if you wish a bit of Paris on your menu.

### COTELETTES

6 slices of veal cut from neck  
1 green pepper  
1 $\frac{1}{2}$  onions  
1 cup sour cream  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. Kitchen Bouquet  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic  
Salt and pepper to taste  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. paprika  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water

Dip veal cutlets in flour and brown in butter quickly. Remove from frying pan and add chopped onion, garlic and green pepper to pan. Fry them a delicate brown and place meat in pan once more with onions, garlic, and green pepper. Add seasonings, combine cream and water and pour over meat. Reduce heat to simmering and cook until veal is tender. Serve hot with baked potatoes.

Joseph Schildkraut did his bit for Austria. This country has a delicious cinnamon bread called Buchta that is just right for breakfast.

### BUCHTA

8 cups flour  
2 cakes Fleischmann's Yeast  
1 cup sugar  
2 cups milk  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter  
2 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast in 4 tbs. lukewarm water. Scald milk, add butter, sugar, salt and cool the mixture. Beat in all other ingredients and knead until smooth. Roll at once  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, sprinkle heavily with cinnamon, brown sugar and spread lightly with a little melted butter. Roll as for jelly roll, tucking edges under and sealing well at ends. Place in greased bread tins and allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush top with melted butter and bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees for about forty-five minutes. Brush while hot with powdered sugar frosting and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Director Richard Boleslawski remembered his favorite Polish recipe. Poland has a pound cake that we Americans should adopt.



## POLISH POUND CAKE

1 pound butter  
1 pound sugar (2 cups)  
10 eggs  
1 pound flour (4 cups)  
½ tsp. mace  
2 tbs. brandy  
1½ tsp. Royal baking powder

Sift all dry ingredients together several times. Cream sugar, butter and well beaten egg yolks until light and fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, add sifted dry ingredients gradually and beat vigorously for several minutes. Bake in loaf pans, fitted with wax paper at 300 degrees until firm in center. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar when cool.

## Hollywood's Favorite Recipes

It's Yours! A Complete Cook Book of Film Stars' Favorite Recipes!

Now you can have this splendid collection of favorite recipes—autographed by the stars—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cookbook cover, this collection of 120 kitchen-tested dishes, selected by noted stars, is just what you've long wanted.

MOVIE CLASSIC has made this possible through the efforts of its home economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Here are the stars represented and their recipes.

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Pudding  
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes  
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes

Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers  
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney

Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes  
Heather Angel's Salads

Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes  
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes

Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks  
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes

Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.

Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads

Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, MOVIE CLASSIC Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.



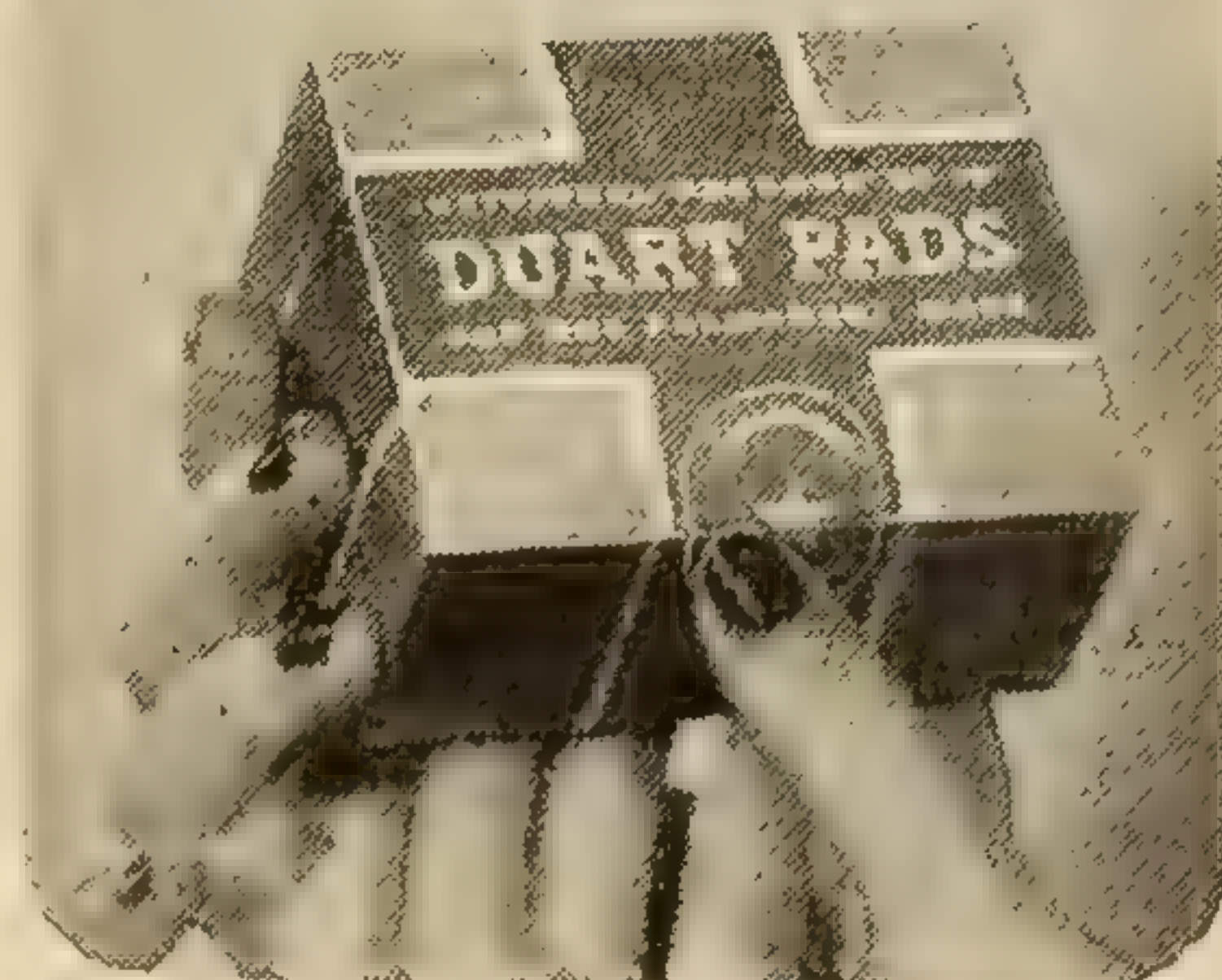
*June Lang*

## OFFERS YOU HER FAVORITE HAIRSTYLE



JUNE LANG, feminine lead in "THE ROAD TO GLORY" starring Fredric March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore. 20th Century-Fox.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE



DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and a copy of your new booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures, 1936."

"NATURAL BEAUTY," says June Lang, "is the most important thing to demand when you have your hair permanent waved." And isn't she right! What magic charm there is in a shimmering halo of soft wavy hair. Because of its natural beauty, the Duart wave has long been the choice of the Hollywood stars and is featured in more than 100 Hollywood beauty salons. The Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild, the stars' personal hairdressers, endorse the Duart wave exclusively, because Duart is the *only* method providing *automatic heat control* for each separate curl. Duart takes out the guesswork — no possibility of frizzy ends, kinky waves or dried out hair when you say to your hairdresser, "Give me a genuine Duart permanent wave."

**FREE BOOKLET** enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle. Page after page showing all types of smart modern hairdress. Book sent **FREE** with a 2-Rinse package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse, 10 cents. 12 correct shades listed in coupon below. Not a dye — not a bleach.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown       | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown          | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray Platinum | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde             | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

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# REDUCE Controllable FAT

"I LOST  
55 lbs.  
of FAT"

writes Michigan  
Lady

● Is fat making your life miserable? Many other women who used to sit back ashamed and uncomfortable because people laughed and called them "Fatty" have now found a new joy in living after freeing themselves from the burden and embarrassment of overweight. Don't let controllable FAT rob you of happiness!

Look-  
Feel-  
like a  
NEW  
PERSON!



## READ WHAT THESE WOMEN WRITE:

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 lbs., with RE-DUCE-OIDS."

Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: "Lost 47 lbs., though I did not diet."

Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: "Lost 34 lbs. RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take."

Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, writes: "I took RE-DUCE-OIDS according to directions and was soon delighted to find my weight steadily decreasing until I lost 27 lbs. I worked every day and felt fine all the time. I can recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS."

RE-DUCE-OIDS are not a new experiment—they have been used by thousands of fat people. Sold for 22 years. Pleasant, easy to take.

**IMPORTANT**—RE-DUCE-OIDS positively **DO NOT** contain dinitrophenol.

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Your money back in full if you are not delighted with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS. You are the judge. Sold by leading drug or department stores everywhere, or if your dealer is out, send \$2 for 1 package; or \$5 for 3 packages, direct to us.

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FRENCH LABORATORIES  
Box B, New Fair Station, Detroit, Mich.

## Growing Up with Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

Hollywood press agent but then a well-known leading lady—and myself stood beside the curbing of the old Famous-Players studio, conversing, shortly after Rudolph Valentino had sky-rocketed to fame, we heard a terrific clatter approaching. The noise sounded more like the end of the world than that event can ever sound.

Suddenly, from behind the wheel of a battleship-gray-colored car of exceedingly ancient vintage, a hand waved at us excitedly and we heard the shout, from Valentino's powerful lungs, "It is mine . . . it is all mine . . . I made it myself!" Rudy, who always had wanted a big foreign car, someplace had found the skeleton of such a machine, painted it himself, purchased an old engine which he installed under the hood, and *voila*, he had his foreign car!

CHARLIE FARRELL, the Robert Taylor of his day, and I brought about the introduction of Richard Arlen to Jobyna Ralston. Charlie and Dick roomed together at the Hollywood Athletic Club, in the famous old No. 401, and the three of us toured the town together.

Jobyna in those days appeared as leading lady in Harold Lloyd comedies and on the occasion in question was sitting one night for photographs when Charlie, Dick and myself dropped by to keep her company. Virginia Brown Faire also arrived, and before we knew it a party was in progress on the set where Jobyna and the photographer had been working.

Dick took one look at the future Mrs. Arlen. The future Mrs. Arlen took one look at her spouse-to-be. The elopement mentioned earlier tells the story of their romance and ultimate marriage. Although Mr. Farrell and Mr. Williams attended the premiere of *Old Ironsides*, in the line of duty, in spirit they were standing up with the newlyweds as the words making them man and wife were uttered.

On this night, too, Farrell became the favorite of Hollywood. *Old Ironsides* was his first big picture, and the audience applauded his work vociferously. When he appeared after the performance with the rest of the cast on the stage, he grinned and announced, "This is a great night for a growing boy." He endeared himself to the film colony with that one naive phrase.

This picture, by the way, nearly ended in tragedy for one hundred and twenty-five persons. Most of the outdoor scenes were filmed at Catalina Island, and the boat shots were taken a few miles out from the island.

The company had been waiting for a stormy sea for nearly three weeks. Easter Day dawned bright and clear, with a breeze that promised to develop into a gale. James Cruze, the director, gave orders for the company and cast to board the Esther, the three-masted schooner that figured prominently in the earlier sequences of the film. A good-sized tug towed us out to sea, where, sails being set, the tug detached itself and kept out of camera range.

Toward noon, the breeze stiffened, and word passed that we were heading out to sea, for storm scenes. Cruze considered this weather perfect for the action in which the Esther was caught in the throes of a terrific hurricane and battered unmercifully by the heavy seas. This desire on his part for realism led to the danger in which we found ourselves later in the day.

The gale gradually raged to near-hurricane proportions, and the Norwegian captain ordered the sails hauled down. The tug attempted to throw us a line, but so mountainous were the waves that we had difficulty in catching the cable. For some reason or other, however, immediately after we made fast to the tug, that vessel's steam supply became exhausted. Instead, then, of it pulling us back to Catalina, we were drawing it after us, both of us wallowing in the worst storm on this portion of the Pacific in ten years.

One look down into the hold and the pumps were started. The boat was leaking badly, and the pumps could barely stay even with the intruding tide. Men went below for bailing purposes, and formed a bucket line.

Shooting scenes, of course, was out of the question, so those not working indulged in trying to keep out of the rain, which poured down in torrents. Esther Ralston, the leading lady, and the only two other women on board, huddled in the captain's cabin, a miniature affair, and nearly suffocated. The remainder squatted miserably under canvas or lounged drearily in the forecabin and under a shed that leaked like a sieve. Naturally, with my customary versatility for doing the wrong thing, I found myself under that shelter, very much the worse for mal de mer, stretched out on a pile of unusually hard and exceedingly damp life preservers.

All night long we drifted with the currents, bashed about by a turbulent sea. About 2:00 a.m., there loomed through the downpour the huge prow of a large tramp steamer. We missed it by a scant fifteen feet!

About this time, too—of all things—the aroma of pancakes rose from below, directly under where I lay. Farrell was whipping up a bit of chow for those few who craved nourishment!

After a ghastly night of wondering if we would ever see home again, we drifted into the harbor at San Pedro. Three heavy sea-going tugs reached us just before, as it seemed certain we would crash on Dead Man's Isle.

Having weathered that ordeal, scarcely a week later, while I was wandering about the old Mack Sennett lot, a large bear tore loose from its trainer and raised havoc with the comics. Harry Langdon, a first-rate comedy star then but today completely out of the picture, and I performed miracles of speed by dashing around corners in nothing flat, and the other performers reached points of safety by dint of much dodging and great agility.

EACH year, my former sheet stages a big hullabaloo for its sick fund. This great to-do assumes different forms annually, but on the occasion of which I am reminded a circus was the order of the day.

Various motion picture celebrities, including the late Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Billie Dove, John Boles, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Estelle Taylor, June Collyer, Dolores del Rio, John Gilbert and others, made personal appearances. It remained, however, for Clara Bow to take over the reins and make the affair one of the events of the season, just as Carole Lombard would be apt to do today.

Her flaming red hair waving wildly,



Clara played barker, croupier, auctioneer and dancer. She went into a tent and became "the spider girl." She answered personal questions, as a seer who looked into a crystal ball. Whatever she did, the crowd followed her and cheered . . . and she was responsible for more money taken in than most of the regular barkers combined. As she departed, she thanked me for asking her to "my party" . . . and declared she hadn't had such a grand time in years!

Pola Negri, who taught Anna Sten and Marlene Dietrich a few tricks of the trade and was first of the outstanding foreign stars, always will remain a memory of verve and fire. Gracious as any hostess could be one moment, she could turn the next and bark out commands that bespoke her gypsy blood. As I interviewed her one afternoon, between scenes of *Forbidden Paradise*, she spat out, "When I love, I LOVE . . . and when I hate, HOW I HATE!" As she completed this assertion, she snapped off the handle of the tea cup she held, in the passion of the utterance. Thereafter, I made it a point to respect any and all of Madam's wishes.

One of the most exciting days of anybody's life in Hollywood occurred when the Circus Maximus shots were filmed for "Ben Hur." Not even the battle scenes in the as-yet unreleased *Charge of the Light Brigade* can equal in interest the action photographed that day. In a huge amphitheatre constructed specially for the purpose, the chariot races that were the feature of the film held every spectator spellbound, and there must have been at least five thousand extras on the scene.

All day long the horses and chariots charged around the arena, with Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman neck to neck for supremacy. As you will recall, they played rivals in the picture. Time after time, they missed death by a hair.

To me, however, the highlight of the day centered, not in the thundering horses or picturesque crowds and settings . . . but in watching young Mr. Novarro eat watermelon! Sitting across the table from him at noon, I gazed in envious amazement as he consumed a quarter of a melon with a rapidity I had not imagined possible in mere man . . . and not a single seed entered his mouth! I tell you, I'll never forget that stirring spectacle.

Probably the largest and most impressive funeral ever held in the film colony was on the occasion of William Russell's death. Even Will Rogers' services did not bear the same note of sorrow. Bill had known and been loved by men and women in all walks of life, and these, hundreds of them, barbers, bankers, gamblers, stars, gangsters, authors, adventurers, society leaders mingling together paid their last homage to him as he lay in state.

One man, ragged, unkempt, crept to the flower-blanketed coffin and laid a single rose beside a small fortune of blossoms. On the stem was pinned this note—I can vouch for it, for I saw it myself—"I'm broke. But my heart is sad because I've lost a friend."

Old-timers in Hollywood will never forget the parties for which Bess Meredith, the writer, was famous. Bess really started the party habit in Hollywood and was the forerunner of such present-day hostesses as the Countess di Frasso, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis.

At one of her cheery fetes, Buster Collier, then a popular leading man and man-about-town, arrived with an attractive brunette. Later, Constance Talmadge, accompanied by an escort, dropped in.

When the guests began to take their leave, Constance and Buster couldn't be found by their respective partners. They

[Continued on page 66]

# No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

**If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress . . .**

**I**F you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

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It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

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## Growing Up With Hollywood

[Continued from page 65]

had skipped out together, to renew a romance of two or three years' standing. A month before, they had quarreled violently . . . but seeing each other that night for the first time since their battle, patched up their differences . . . and left their companions in the lurch!

Gloria Swanson and her then-new husband, the marquis—now sometimes-wed to Constance Bennett—gave a dinner party at the Hotel Coronado one evening, while Gloria was locationing at that beautiful California resort for her picture, *The Coast of Folly*. I was fortunate enough to sit on the hostess' right.

The long table decked so high with flowers, Gloria and her spouse had difficulty seeing one another, at opposite ends of the board. So, all evening long, the star and the marquis, who begged everyone to call him Hank, tossed flowers at each other, the length of the table!

Mary Brian descended upon Hollywood like a fresh breeze in summer. She made her screen debut, you may recall, as Wendy in *Peter Pan*. At a party held for the press, after the completion of that picture, she took the newspaper boys by storm, and her popularity and appeal for the so-called "stronger sex" may be said to date from that luncheon. All of us departed singing her praises to the high heavens. Our ranks have been augmented considerably since that day.

When Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were first engaged—that seems so many years ago, now—I interviewed the younger Fairbanks one evening between scenes of a picture being filmed on location. Joan, that same day, had purchased a beautiful Lincoln limousine, and while waiting for her sonny-boy . . . occupied herself by sewing on kitchen curtains for her new house! How's that for the gorgeous Joan? Can you imagine her doing that now?

I MET Fay Wray while visiting on the Hal Roach lot. Fay worked "extra" occasionally in the comedies and the publicity man who introduced us took us out to see Rex, the wild horse. "Don't point at him," the press agent cautioned us. "If you do and he sees the motion he'll charge. He's killed three men already."

Fay looked so pretty in a white linen riding habit that I rather thought I *would* point at Rex, just for the pleasurable sensation of saving her life. When we reached the huge paddock, however, and went inside where the horse was acting up, I changed my mind . . . and Fay and I—not to mention the publicity man—devoted most of our time to holding our breath and praying that Rex wouldn't look our way. Once, he did charge us . . . and Fay didn't bat an eye. The gal had courage, plenty of it—and still has it. Most women would have fainted, for Rex owned the reputation of a killer. Only by a miracle did he miss us.

When Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, her director-husband, were still married, the rumor persisted that a marital rift had developed, one which could not be mended. Leonard, when I queried him for the paper, poo-pooed the idea vociferously, and invited me to lunch. Scarcely had we dipped into our borsch than a cablegram was handed him, from Paris. It read: "I divorced you today, darling. Love and kisses. Mae."

The blonde and beauteous Helen Twelve-

trees and myself returned from an evening of dancing at the Roosevelt Hotel. As we entered the door of Helen's Whitley Heights home, we saw before us a negro maid nearly white with fright, two detectives and a uniformed officer. The maid had summoned the police when a voice purporting to be the Blackhand over the phone had threatened to kill everybody in the house within an hour! Although the Blackhand does not figure, Helen today employs a bodyguard for her small son.

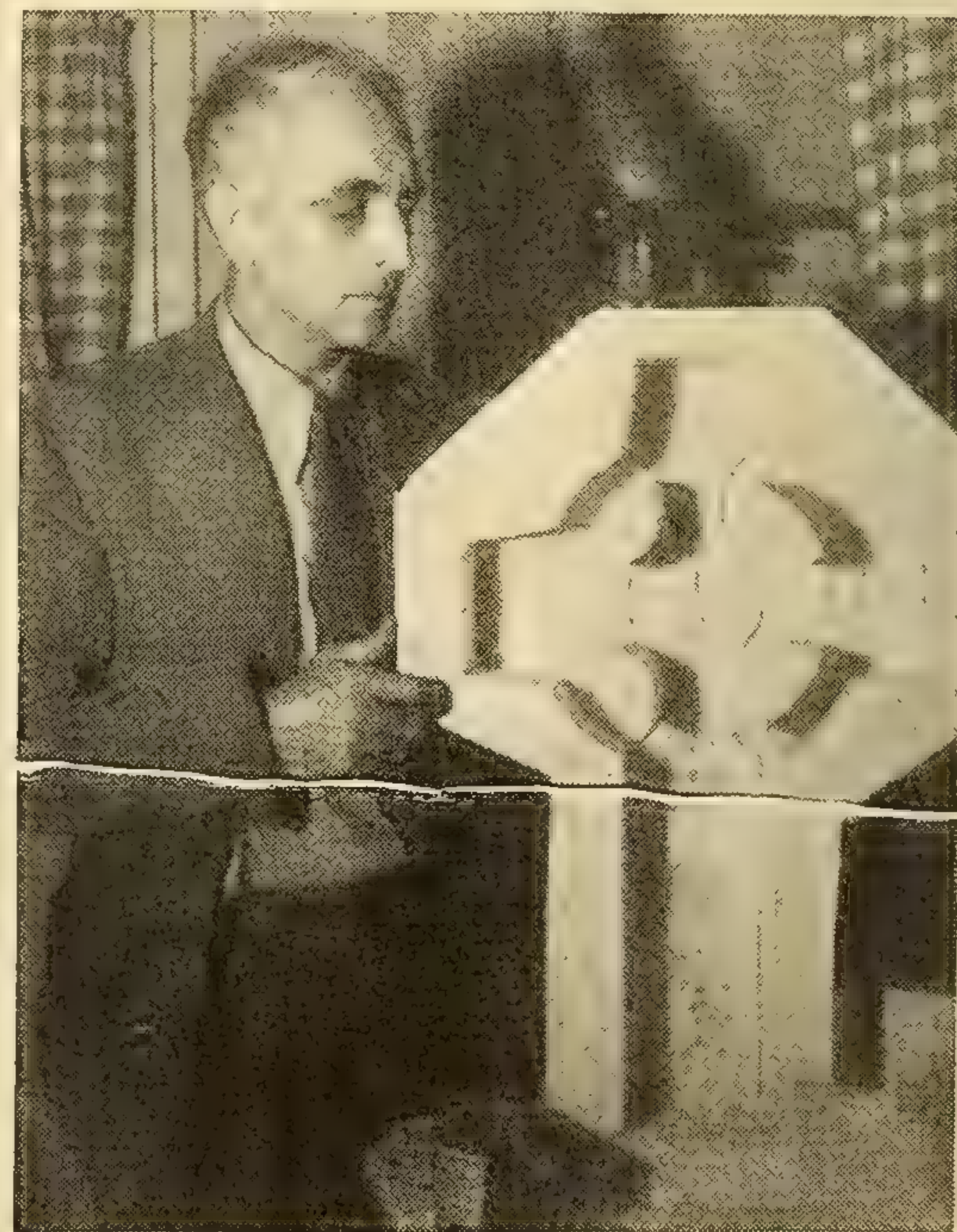
On another evening, Thelma Todd—whose mysterious death last year is still talked about—and I attended a preview of a picture she had just completed. Directly behind us, a woman was raving about Thelma's appearance in the film, for the blonde player did show to particular advantage.

Immediately she heard the woman praise her to the skies, Thelma, in rather a loud tone, asked me if I didn't think that Todd dame on the screen was a pretty rotten actress. I agreed thoroughly, my voice also raised so that the party in back of us could hear, and ventured a still more radical criticism, to which the Todd replied with withering scorn.

Suddenly, the lady who was being framed, able to stand our jibes at her favorite no longer, leaned forward and in a shrill whisper, sneered, "What do you two know about acting, anyway?"

At the office late in the afternoon, Jetta Goudal phoned me. She started off the conversation with one of the worst puns on record, and continued with them . . . Jetta, whom I had always known as one of the stateliest of all actresses. I couldn't quite figure it out.

Then, a giggle came over the wires, a giggle that belonged to only one person on this earth. Louise Fazenda was impersonating the exotic actress of mystery . . . and her take-off registered so perfectly that I had been fooled for fully five minutes!



Fritz Leiber, famous Shakespearean star and screen notable, is an accomplished sculptor. He is glimpsed above inspecting a mold preparatory to casting a cross for an Episcopal church in Glendora, California



## The Re-Creation of Clark Gable

[Continued from page 37]

"In a measure, Clark has recaptured his attitudes of long ago. He has no worries or responsibilities or obligations to fetter him. He is the sort of man who wants to be free to follow his fancies—to go hunting, to go fishing, to let his beard grow, to wear a grubby leather jacket and to live in a world of men.

"Which brings us to his marriage, which Clark has never discussed. But certainly marriage for Clark meant a division in his personality. He has never been a ladies' man—a man could dance attendance according to a definite set of rules. He is a man for gay friendship and steady comforting companionship—but a man who must of necessity occasionally put aside those friendships, put aside those companionships, and live with himself.

"In many respects Clark Gable is a little boy—as all men of creative ability are. To be content, Clark must never be made to feel inefficient or insufficient. He must never have the sense of hurting anyone or of shirking his responsibilities.

"He must always have the approval of his wife and of his friends. And never for one moment feel that he is subtracting from the happiness of anyone.

"Definitely in his marriage to Ria, he felt that his masculine interests interfered with the routine of marriage. He considered that a wife was entitled to the undeviating companionship of her husband. So when Clark went on a hunting trip or a camping trip or a fishing trip, his pleasure was always diluted by the sense that he was unfair to Ria.

"His horizons are broad. His playground is the world. But he must never have any tugging at his loyalties or those loyalties in themselves—feel betrayed. Now, with the separation between Clark and Ria, he has come into his own estate again. A man who has recaptured a sound philosophy, responsible only to himself and to the fine code of living, which is his. A man who says—I think living is swell and fun."

There has been considerable gossip in Hollywood that Clark and Ria will come together again. They have remained friends. They have had certain problems which inevitably arise when a man and a woman married to each other, separate. Certainly, there has been no rancor publicly aired. Which is decent and honest and civilized. Perhaps the old habits of marriage will reassert themselves.

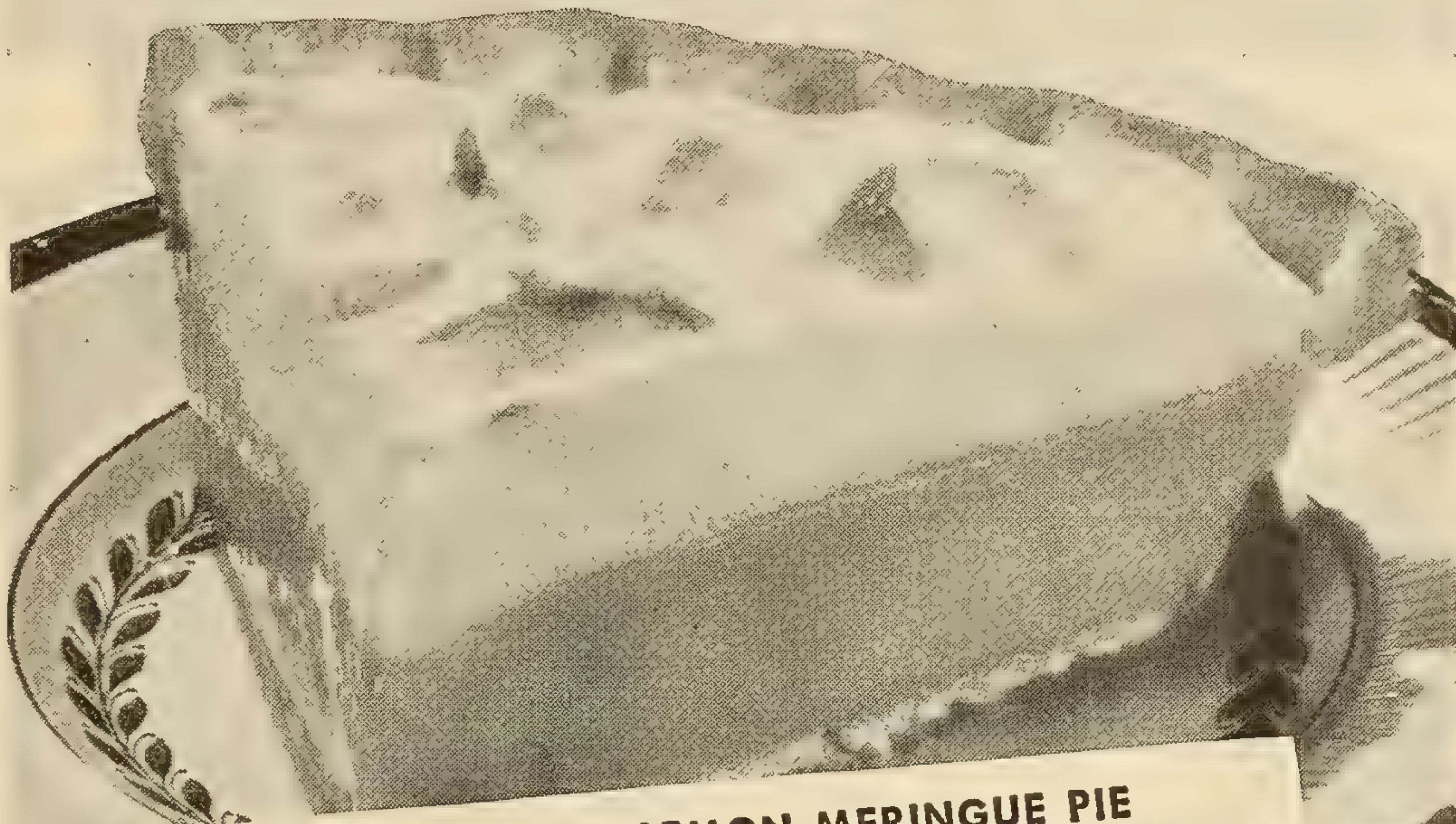
Certainly, if this marriage ends in divorce, Clark Gable will marry again. Perhaps a woman who as fiercely wants to defend her freedom as Clark is defending his. Perhaps a woman who can make him feel that no matter what he does, is right. There have been rumors, of late, that he is romantically interested in Carole Lombard. They have been seen together—happily together—on many gay occasions in Hollywood's popular resorts.

Inevitably, of course, Clark will have seen all the places of which he has only dreamed in the past. He will cross the Pacific by Clipper Ship to China. He will cross the Atlantic by air. He will have seen north and south and east and west. And having seen and having been, he may become satiated with freedom, satiated even with belonging to himself completely.

And when that time comes, Clark will draw up a chair to the fire, hunt for his slippers, and become the complete family man.

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### EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand  
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¼ teaspoon lemon extract  
2 eggs  
2 tablespoons granulated  
sugar  
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

• Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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## Betty Furness Writes an Open Letter to a Beau

[Continued from page 44]

standard of living too much. I wouldn't give up what I have, what I earn, in exchange for worrying about the rent and washing dishes—and I wouldn't want You to be the sort of man who would expect me to.

I can tell you this, lest I sound "expensive" . . . I'm not. I never spend much money on clothes. Of course, if you should turn out to be a millionaire, even *multi*, no-one would enjoy going to town with clothes more than I. But it isn't necessary to me, that sort of thing. I don't have to have them in order to be happy. I never have had them. I've got along without them all my life and I can continue to get along without them.

I have a dress here now. It's very chic, very smart and very charming. It belongs to the studio. I have another dress, also very chic, very charming. It's my own. The difference between the two dresses is just one hundred dollars. I'm just as happy in one as I am in the other.

I'd want You to like good clothes, though, and admire them and notice them. Because I am MAD about clothes. I adore to shop. I mean shop. I'm a bargain hunter of the most rabid sort. It's not the price tags that intrigue me. I can't wear price tags, you know. It's the taste back of them. I bought three hats for \$25.00 each when I was in New York the last time. Something I have never done in my life before. And then I bought another, to wear to a football game, and paid \$1.95 for it. And that is my favorite hat. So don't be afraid of me if You haven't a lot of money. I don't need it.

I hope you'll be the tweedy type. The kind of a man who wears casual, heathery tweeds—and yet doesn't object to dressing for the evening now and then.

Let me see whether I can help you by thinking of a man who comes somewhere near to the mental picture I have of you. Let's see . . . yes, I know . . . Bob Montgomery! I've always been crazy about Bob's type on the screen. I don't know him very well, just well enough to say "How d'ye do" to him. But he's the nearest I can come to describing You to yourself.

You will have to be a little bit mad. Just a tech mad, you know. I could never stand the type of man who lives by unalterable routine. The kind who breakfasts at seven-thirty and dines at eight, come hell or high weather, I'd want you to say to me, now and again, "There's a magnificent sunset tonight—let's drive right smash into it—never mind about dinner—we'll dine on the moon!" I'd want you to have a nostalgia for far-off places and far-off things. And yet I'll want you to be sound and substantial and competent, too. The kind of a man with one hand firmly on the steering wheel while the other hand plucks stars out of the sky and hurls them in my face.

You are, I trust, ten years older than I. Because I am old for my years. And I couldn't endure having to watch a boy grow up.

I hope you will not be too considerate of me. I mean, I am pretty independent and I like to be independent. I've been around older people a lot and think like older people!

I can't stand the type of woman who gazes vaguely about any room with a man in it and murmurs weakly, "I *would* like a glass of wa-ter . . . !" I am the kind who would get up and *get* a glass of water for myself—and why not? I hope You are not the kind of man who thinks a woman's legs are not to be used for walking, a woman's hands not to be used for working, a woman's brain not to be taken out and exercised. Because I am not that kind of a girl and I couldn't stand it if You were that kind of a man.

I got perfectly furious a few days ago when a boy I knew happened to see me coming out of a neighborhood movie one night. I was waiting to cross the street when I felt a hand clamped protectingly around my arm and heard a too-solicitous voice saying, "Let me take you across, Betty!" I was very rude, I'm afraid. I snatched my arm away. I said, "I was born and brought up in New York City. I went about the city, doing my own shopping, finding my own way ever since I was *eight years old*—and I think I can manage to get across this *alley* without help!" Not very courteous of me, perhaps. But there was something so kind of soft and sticky about it.

If I had a date with You I wouldn't want to know, in advance, just where we were going or what we were going to do. I love to go dancing but I don't want to go dancing on *every* date. I'd want you to want to do silly, on-the-spur-of-the-moment things . . . just a long, wild ride along the beach . . . a picnic on top of a hill . . . a suggestion that we stay at home and play monopoly or backgammon . . . different things each time . . .

I like the little attentions. Of course I do. I don't want to feel like the Forgotten Woman even for a moment. I don't want You to get the idea, from the way I've been thinking out loud in this letter, that I want you to be rude to me, that I would love you all the more the less you do for me.

But I like the "little attentions" to have the element of the unexpected. I *never* want You to place a "standing order" with a florist calling for five dozen red roses to be delivered to me every Saturday afternoon at five-thirty. I loathe standing orders—of any kind. I'd rather have you hand me a sun-flower or a bunch of hand picked dandelions from the front lawn than *that*.

When I was in New York the last time a boy I'd gone out with a few times met me for tea one afternoon. As we were leaving he said "Say, I happened to be at Hattie Carnegie's this afternoon and found this . . ." And he slipped a ridiculous little coin watch into my purse. I loved it. Not because it was expensive but because it was unexpected—and novel—and unnecessary.

You wouldn't have to be athletic, good Sir, I'm not. I play neither golf nor tennis nor polo nor yet croquet. I'd want you to be *able* to play tennis or golf—nothing of the languorous-poetic, please—but you wouldn't have to be an outdoor fiend.

You won't have to be musical, either. I'm not. I like dance music and I like to hear a baritone sing—Nelson Eddy, fr





Joan Bennett, en route to New York and from there to Europe tells husband Gene Markey and her two daughters, Diane and Melinda, goodbye before boarding TWA air liner in Los Angeles

instance—but I don't go for symphonies and I've never heard an opera in my life.

I do hope You'll like books. I do. I have very little time for reading and there have been whole patches of time, two and three months at a stretch, when I've never opened a book. But I do enjoy reading and I like people who enjoy reading.

You'll have to like New York. You'll have to be awfully keen about New York. Because New York is my passion. Its more than that, its my home. And always will be, really, no matter where I live. Even if we couldn't have our home there I'd want You to want to go there, often.

Of course, I'll want You to want a home, when we're married. But not here in Hollywood. I wouldn't buy a house out here. If we could have a home in New England somewhere—fine. Just so long as it is near enough for us to be in New York often. Because, I had better make this very clear to You right now, *I am a city girl*. I love cities. All of them. I couldn't live in the country for very long at a time. I'd like to see You in the country. I'd like You to be the kind of a man who cares a bit about gardening. There's something very satisfying about the sight of a man's hand working the earth. But I'd want to *watch* . . .

I suppose You would be called a Sophisticate. Certainly I do not care for the loutish country lad nor for the Tarzans and cave-men. A sophisticate, I think, takes everything in his stride . . . has a balanced brain and a devil or a dream in his blood . . .

And I do hope You'll be an actor. I hope You'll want to keep on with your work and will want me to keep on with mine. I hope we'll walk hand in hand as well as heart to heart . . .

And now, do You recognize yourself from my description?

Your

Betty Furness.

*"Another glass!"*

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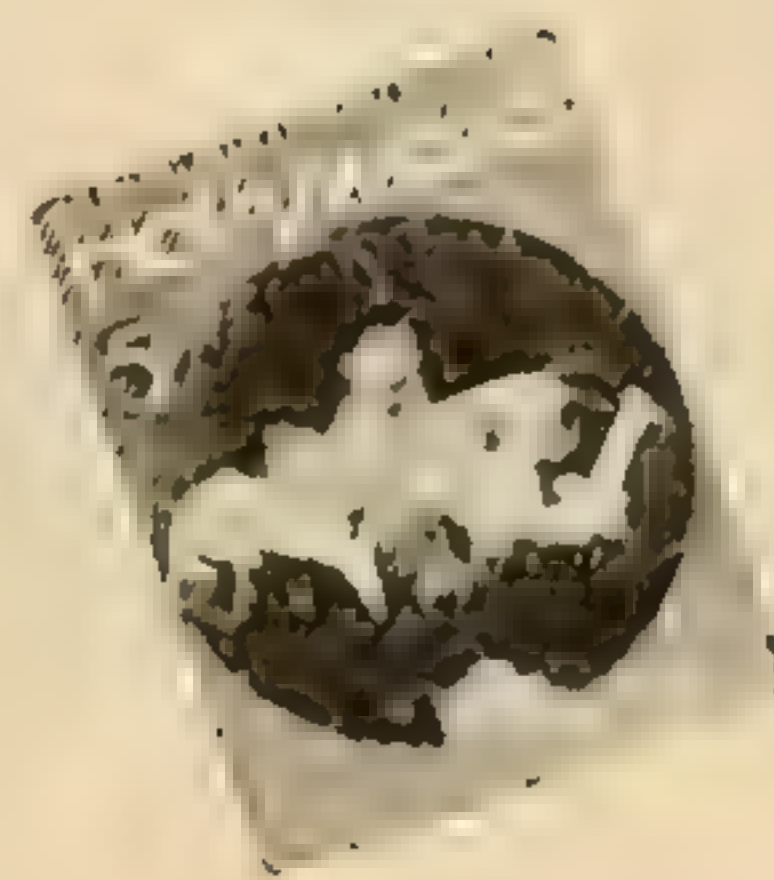
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# I Raised My Boy to be a Husband

[Continued from page 47]

had been thirteen when the elder Offield died. A year or so before his death the family had moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma, and he had lost a fortune in the oil fields. His health broke under the strain. Just before the end came he called the boy to him. "I had expected to leave you a lot of earthly goods, son. That's impossible now. But I am leaving you the best thing on earth—a good mother. Take care of her."

Taking care of a mother is pretty fair training for taking care of a wife! Not that his mother needed it particularly—as head of the Scudder School for girls in New York she earned considerably more than his salary as a young stock broker. But it's never hurt a man yet, to her way of thinking, to feel a woman is leaning on him a little . . .

"Even as a small boy," confided Mrs. Offield, "he gave me half of everything he earned. Of course, it went right into a 'nest egg' fund for him but he never knew that."

"And then—after the Shubert's scout saw him dance in that charity affair with Gloria Gould and offered him such a nice fat sum of money to go in their show—he came to me. 'Moms, how about me being a hooper instead of a Wall street hijacker?'"

And I said, "Go ahead!" Women should stay out of a man's career. Jack has eight generations of Methodist ministers behind him but I figured if he wanted to work in front of the footlights instead of the pulpit or the ticker-tape—that was his business. He went into a show with Joan Crawford called *Innocent Eyes*. I think he liked Joan a lot . . .

Altogether twenty-two sweethearts have woven in—and out—of Jack Oakie's life. Most of them famous beauties.

"What a lucky devil!" say the world.

"What a friend!" says every one of the twenty-two. He's never ceased to be that to any of them. And one and all, they swear by Jack, which in a town where most once romantic couples swear at one another, is something unusual, to say the least.

"Love doesn't mean much," his mother reasoned, "if it isn't founded on compatibility. Unless your wife is your best friend, she won't be your sweetheart long! So I tried to teach Jack to be a real friend to a girl first. To have self-respect and respect for women . . ."

THAT made me think somehow of an incident that I saw occur at Mae West's last premiere. They were taking a photograph of some of the crowd and the boys from the publicity department asked Mae about the people she wanted on the right of her. For a moment she glanced around. Then she spotted Jack and his mother. "Aw, give me those two respectable people! Nobody can say anything against them!"

"When we first came out here nine years ago," Mrs. Offield was saying, "he went with Clara Bow. And after that there was Dorothy and Ann and Jeanette and Mary and Peggy—Heavens, I can't recall half of them. But I thought for sure Jack was going to marry each one of those twenty-two girls! Look—"

She showed us his den beyond the liv-

ing room where a couple of dozen charmers smiled down—was it wistfully?—out of neat little frames.

"I was certain for a while that Mary Brian was going to be my daughter-in-law. Then Jack brought Peggy Hopkins Joyce home to dinner. He did that for almost two years... Oh, yes, he always brought them home. He told *them* it saved on the cover charge! But he knew how happy it made me... Then, just as I began to think I'd raised a Perfect Old Bachelor instead of a husband—he met Venita."

HE'D been to the Cocoanut Grove that night. It was 3 A.M. He came into his mother's room on tiptoe, listened. Then—"You're awake! Aw gee, honey, I certainly did find me a great dancing partner tonight!"

His mother, remembering all the other 3 A.M.'s and all the other dancing partners, smiled resignedly. "What's she like this time, Jack?"

"Baby, she's the neatest number New Jersey ever put out! Brought here to play in *The Great Ziegfeld*. A brunette, honey—with everything a blonde's supposed to have. Anyway, you'll see her tomorrow because I'm bringing her to dinner!"

So came the twenty-third...

Now young Miss Varden had been courted at one time by that handsome baton-wielder, Eddie Duchin, and she'd been rumored engaged to Charles Leischner of the three F's—Fame, Fortune, and the Four Hundred. But this was distinctly different. She was getting a close-up of a comedian—and loving that close-up.

A husband ought to be thoughtful. But everything Jack did was thoughtful. One evening she saw the script of the new play he was in laying on his mother's desk. "Do you go over them together?" she queried.

"Always have," he admitted. "Lady, how d'you suppose they'd have let me play in sixty-five pictures if she hadn't given me the cue on each of 'em? Why, she's my teacher in expression..!"

"She's taught you a great many more wonderful things than that," said Venita gently.

It was that night Jack proposed. And it was that night Venita autographed the large picture to him that now has the place of honor in the ex-Bachelor's bedroom. On it she wrote in a round, firm hand—"I've fallen in love with an angel..."

They were married by a justice of the peace on a fast train during a specially arranged hold-over stop in Yuma. Mrs. Offield didn't like that so well. "It should have been in church with a minister," she said. "Besides it was more or less tied up with advertising *The Florida Special*, the picture that Jack had just completed. That worried me. But he said the public would think Yuma was the biggest Methodist church in Hollywood and that Justice Freeman was really Dr. Robert Freeman, clergyman from Pasadena. That's how he teases me into not worrying!"

And then there are the telegrams he sent her. And the small duplicate of the bride's bouquet that arrived at her door the same hour of the wedding.

But nicest of all were Venita's words when she came back from the honeymoon. "You," she told mamma Offield, "Have raised the Perfect Husband!"



## I'm Hardboiled

[Continued from page 39]

or any of our other handsome leading men? Because they think maybe they can have a date with him, some day, somehow, and at any rate, enjoy his courtship vicariously. If sex has inspired the best in the other arts, if drama, fiction, music, painting, etc., derive their vitality and esthetic appeal from sex, why shouldn't motion pictures?

"But, of course, anybody who has lived in Hollywood long enough knows that no matter how much the picture crowd splashes sex and romance on the screen, this is one of the most moral towns in the country, far more moral than New York. People here are so busy and so preoccupied with their careers, they cannot afford the time to get into mischief. I have always believed that girls who complain of being pestered in Hollywood, do 75% of the pestering themselves. I myself was never bothered that way. But then, as I said, they took me for a wallflower."

"I realized I had to depend on my acting to get ahead. I was just a plain New England girl, belonging to an average family. I had waited on tables to work my way through Cushing Academy in Boston, and there was nothing colorful and glamorous about me.

"I had to be meek. But then I realized meekness would get me nowhere, and I learned to talk back. Not that I got to be short-tempered with my co-workers. I have no patience with people who fling their temperament around, yell at others. I am temperamental. I am moody. This is a nerve-wracking, excitable, crazy kind of work. What I mean is I fought like a wildcat for some real parts! I wanted to be neither a gum-chewing, wise-cracking soda jerker, nor a goody-goody wallflower, the innocent, unmarriageable sister! I wanted to do real psychological studies of women, and I am grateful to my studio for letting me play in such pictures as *Of Human Bondage*, *Bordertown*, *The Petrified Forest*, and *Dangerous*.

When I firmly and sincerely believed I should play my rôle in a certain way, I wasn't afraid to argue about it with my superiors. I put up a terrific fight to play Marie in *Bordertown* the way I finally did. They wanted me to be a raving lunatic at the end. (She pulled her hair, screamed.) But people don't go crazy that way, not as a rule, anyhow. Insanity creeps on you gradually. And Paul Muni agreed with me. Oh, I loved that picture!"

And well she might, for that picture and *Of Human Bondage* took her out of the obscurity of collective billing, and definitely established her as a dramatic actress of the first calibre. But, in spite of the other successes that followed her memorable *Mildred*, in spite of the great tribute paid her by the industry as the outstanding actress of 1935, she does not consider herself a star yet, and remains, to this day, the most unspoiled girl and the smartest little blond in Movie-town.

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Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald and Mary Brian were among those present at the recent junior polo matches. Gene and Jeanette are rumored to be very decidedly "that way" about one another and Hollywood wonders if wedding bells are in the offing

## That Weidler Kid

[Continued from page 34]

Mrs. Weidler, however, thought differently about that. "Later, dear," she said in that quiet, deep voice of hers.

"Well, all right," Virginia agreed, "I'll show you my pets instead."

So we went back into the living room and for the next hour I watched a strange parade—something like a circus parade without the clowns and acrobats.

First came Laddie, fleas and all, with Virginia herself acting as ring master. Laddie is a St. Bernard about the size of a Shetland pony ... A friendly monster who put a paw on each of my shoulders with such gusto that I was seated with disconcerting suddenness on the davenport. Then Laddie thought it would be a good idea to lick my face.

"He's—he's a very big dog," I managed to say, between licks.

"She isn't a he. She's a she," Virginia informed me. "She's got a he name because we didn't know she was a she until after we'd named her ..."

Laddie finally made her exit and Peter Ibbetson was presented. Peter Ibbetson is also a dog—a Newfoundland a little larger, if anything, than Laddie. Peter Ibbetson shook hands, gravely. Then Virginia, not wanting me to miss anything, rode him around the living room.

"That's one reason why I wear slacks all the time," she confided. "I never know when I'm going to want to take a ride, and you can't ride properly in girls' clothes."

With Peter Ibbetson's exit accomplished—not without mishap; he knocked over a floor lamp—W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts

were next introduced. Virginia brought them in on her shoulder. W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts are love birds.

"Love birds are birds that kiss each other," she explained.

Next came Laurel and Hardy. Laurel and Hardy are ducks. They wore harnesses and quacked conversationally. The day I met them, they were out of sorts, Virginia said, because there was no water in the patio pool.

The cats came next en trio. They are Blacky, Snowball and Jean Harlow. Snowball is a platinum blonde as well as Jean Harlow. Jean Harlow has the best disposition and will eat anything. Also—

"Jean Harlow might have kittens someday," Virginia told me. "Cats often have kittens," she added.

Following the cats, Banty made her entrance on a paper pie-plate carried aloft by Virginia as a waiter might a roasted chicken. Banty is a chicken, too, but she's alive. She's one of Virginia's special pets.

"I like her best because I feel sorry for her. She's down-trodden," Virginia confided.

"What do you mean 'down-trodden'?"

"That means the ducks pick on her."

After a few friendly clucks, Banty made exit on the paper plate (incidentally I'll leave it to your own common sense as to why she was carried on and remained on the paper plate, although Virginia explained this reason to me—fully).

"And now," Virginia said in climactic manner of the true showman, "I'll show you something really wonderful! I'll show you Brownie and Kid!"



But this was not to be. Mrs. Weidler, who usually believes in allowing her six children to follow their own inclinations as long as they aren't detrimental to health or the polite manners she insists upon, took a hand.

"Virginia," she said gently but firmly, "You are NOT going to bring those goats into the house!"

VIRGINIA looked crestfallen, but she accepted the situation resignedly. "Oh, all right," she retorted, "but last time, they didn't eat anything but the corner out of one sofa pillow . . ."

And so, I wasn't introduced to Brownie and Kid, after all, and the show was over. Virginia climbed into a chair, there to sit with small feet stuck straight out in front of her. She listened politely while Mrs. Weidler and I talked, and answered my questions, also politely:

"Yes, I have lots of playmates, my three brothers only a little older than me, and sometimes my two big sisters. They're getting pretty grown-up, though, to play with me . . ."

"No, I don't play with dolls. Dolls are for girls who don't have brothers to play with," pityingly. "I play with my brothers. We give shows. We make things up and act them out. We charge for 'em, too. Ten cents for grown-ups and five cents for kids . . ."

"For children," corrected Mrs. Weidler. "—for children," amended Virginia, obediently.

"Where would you rather live—here or the beach?" I inquired.

"At the beach," was the instant answer. "You see, we can't keep my animals here anymore."

"You can't? Why not?"

"The neighbors don't like 'em. The neighbors say they make too much noise. They 'specially didn't like the goats. So we're taking them all away."

There was more of this. Conversation with small Virginia, round-faced, pig-tailed, brown eyes serious, being as courteous and grown-up as you please. But she was getting restive. You could see it. There were too many projects outside, for her to be interested in a mere interviewer. After we had exhausted the subjects of Pop Eye, Mickey Mouse, Little Orphan Annie, her new roller skates and the new sail boat which she and her brothers "only helped a little by Daddy" made at the beach, she began to wriggle openly. I helped her out.

"Why don't you go ahead, Virginia, and give Laddie his—her bath?" I suggested.

She obeyed with alacrity, not forgetting, however, to shake hands. "Goodbye," she said quaintly, "I'm pleased to meet—I am pleased to have met you . . ."

Mrs. Weidler had been smiling, but as she turned to me, her eyes were serious.

"Such a little mite to be—supporting the family," she said, quietly, frankly. "Such small shoulders, supporting a burden . . ."

"But her brothers—aren't they in pictures, too?" I asked her.

"Yes at intervals. The three boys are in Shirley Temple's new picture, but it is Virginia who really carries the load . . ."

"And is it sometimes heavy for her?"

She answered slowly . . . "Sometimes, I am afraid it is. But she never complains. She just says to me once in a while on some set or other, 'Mamma, must I do this?'"

"But she likes it, doesn't she?" I persisted. "Most children in pictures do."

"Yes, I think she does, perhaps, but I think, too, she'd rather play in the sand at the beach, or help her brothers build their boats or wagons or whatever they're work-

ing on at the time; or mother her pets . . ." She sighed. "It is a *great* responsibility to put a child in the movies. Sometimes I—we wonder, my husband and I, if we should. And yet the money she earns will buy her more advantages than we might otherwise be able to give her . . ."

"YOU see, before she became well known in pictures, we had a hard time . . . When we first came to America and then to Hollywood, from Germany, things were all right. My husband is a builder of miniatures for architects. He is marvelous at his craft and made plenty of money. But then the depression came, not long after Virginia was born, and there was no work. I tried to help—I am a musician—but there was little I could do . . . Yes, we had a very hard time."

"But," she went on, "I guess every cloud has its silver lining. Because those long, lean years, kept us very close together and, moreover, it taught the children a great lesson, I think. It taught them to be self reliant and to be pleased with little things. They had no toys. They had to make their own. They made dolls out of spools, boats out of bits of kindling, and wagons out of boxes. They made scrap books from old magazines the neighbors would give them, and stick-horses from broom sticks. There was no money for entertainment, so they learned to make their own."

"And so now, even though there is more money, they are still content with simple things. They would rather build their own sail boat, and did build one, not long ago, even though it won't sail properly, than buy a new one. They would still rather put on their own shows than go to most that you pay for. They are still the happy, healthy, *real* little things they always were . . ."

Virginia among them. I had seen that long before her mother mentioned it.

And beside self-reliance, she also has a very decided sense of fitness, I learned from her mother that day. I am referring to a certain episode which occurred a few years ago and almost cut off Virginia's career in pictures before it had really begun. That episode is known in the Weidler family as the *pants* episode.

It seems that Virginia, then aged three, was to play the part of a poor little girl in a picture—a little girl so poor that she lacked even a proper assortment of clothing, including *panties*.

Well, they were all ready to shoot the scene, when its "star" balked. Virginia refused to doff her panties.

When the director and her mother insisted, she burst into tears. "I don't want to," she sobbed. "I'm too big a girl now!" And that was that. No amount of persuasion or even bribing could change her. And Mrs. Weidler, wise mother that she is, didn't insist.

"Such a proceeding apparently outraged some deep-seated sense of propriety, in the child," she explained. "I felt I should respect it."

"What finally happened?" I asked.

"She lost the part." The answer was quiet, matter-of-fact. That is the kind of mother Virginia Weidler has.

Before I left that day, Mrs. Weidler took me out to the backyard to see the children's new swing. We found Virginia currying Laddie, using what her mother recognized as her sister's hair brush.

"Heavens, what will Sylvia say?" Mrs. Weidler exclaimed.

Virginia was matter-of-fact. "Well, she won't say anything less'n you tell her," she remarked.

And kept on brushing.

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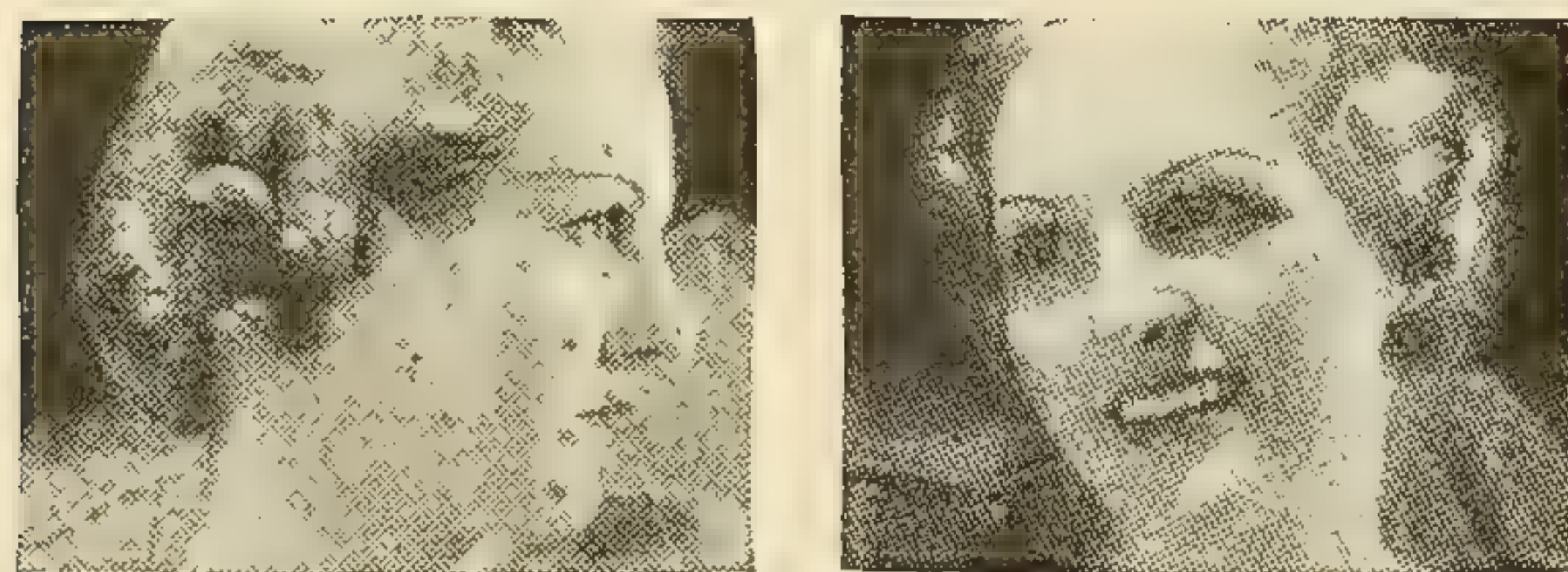
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## Roses for Garbo

[Continued from page 40]

chaser was to pick up on his way home from the studio. "I have just one dozen more and they are perfect."

He brought out the box, beautifully arranged upon a soft bed of maidenhair.

"Ah! They are lovely. Yes, they will do. May I write a card?"

She sat at a small desk in the corner, while he went back to put the not-quite-so-perfect-roses into the box to be called for.

While she sat at the desk, her back was to me. I did not think she was even conscious of my presence. Apparently she was. Speaking, without even turning her head, the words flung casually over her shoulder, she said addressing me:

"How do you spell ZURUCK? *Kehre zuruck zu mir?*"

"Z-u-r-u-c-k" I answered, then paused dumbfounded. How did she know I spoke German? She had never seen me before, and distinctly I do not look Teutonic. It must have been her experience that most Americans were wholly deficient in languages. Was the woman psychic?

I HAD no time for further speculation. The Florist returned, note book in hand. "Name and address please."

"Oh no, I take them," she answered quickly, and, as if reading her mind, her chauffeur entered, was given the box and went out with it under his arm.

The greatest Lady of the Screen paid her bill and left us. But my mind followed her. There was something distinctly personal about the purchase, the sort of thing that comes only from the depth of a woman's heart. The careful selection of the flowers, the loving, minute examination of each petal. She cared enough to come herself, not to 'phone or to send. She cared enough to carry the same flowers—red, vital, vibrant with passion, to someone on a departing steamer. To leave those roses, and possibly her heart (who knows?) with some foreigner leaving for far-off shores. A Russian, having only the language of German between them? A German?

*Kehre zuruck zu mir*—Come back to me!

My normally uncurious mind burned with a desire to know. Hurriedly I snatched up the evening newspaper and hunted for steamers departing.

It was while I was thus engaged that the florist returned, after seeing Garbo to her car, and found me. "It's not done" he said, taking the paper out of my hand. "And now, how about dinner?"

His rebuke for my curiosity was deeper than casual words implied. "Good" I said.

Now it is going to be difficult to make you believe what happened. It sounds like fiction and none too good fiction, at that!

For Garbo had no more than left the little shop when the 'phone rang and a well known voice said: "I want five dozen tiger lilies—WHITE—for Greta Garbo to be delivered tonight."

Five dozen! Great Scott! There probably weren't that many in all Los Angeles.

Florists are expected to shake things out of their sleeves. And an order for Garbo was like an Imperial Edict: a command, not a request. Those five dozen white Tigers must be had if the shop had to grow them.

My friend apologized, still smiling, and reached for my coat.

"Dinner?" I asked. "Then where are we going?"

"To the end of the world if need be, to

wake up some sleepy Jap gardeners and see if they have anything that even resembles white tiger lilies."

He hurried me into my coat and out to the waiting car. It was raining. Pouring, to be accurate. I was in a bad mood. Garbo was, to my mind, a magnificent artist and I was delighted that somebody wanted to send her tiger lilies. But why did it have to be just tonight? My friend, as intuitional as a woman, sensed my mood.

"Some awfully amusing and interesting things have happened in that little shop . . ." he said. "Some sad things too. Funny business this! You get to know people so well, know such intimate things . . . their quarrels—when they make up they always come back to me—their courtships . . . ! There was one actress, a while back, you'd know her name if I could think of it, was expecting a baby. I made a little twelve inch cradle of pink flowers the day it was born." He paused. When he continued a new note crept into his voice. "But a few months later I made a little cross of white rosebuds—when it died."

BUT it's not often that sad things happen in a florist's career. They're usually gay—engagements, birthdays, parties . . . the prettiest job I ever did was when I decorated Louis B. Mayer's Santa Monica beach house for the party he gave when Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg announced their engagement. And the funniest was on Mary Pickford's birthday. Bebe Daniels sent her a beautiful basket. For some reason she wanted it filled with GREEN chrysanthemums. Since God didn't grow them and Luther Burbank hadn't evolved them she wondered if I couldn't do some thing about it. I did. But I'm afraid after those 'mums had been in water



Jane Wyatt, one of the most promising young actresses in Hollywood, makes her debut opposite Ronald Colman in *The Lost Horizon*, James Hilton's strange and imaginative tale of a Tibetan paradise



a while the paint ran OUT of their stems just as I had run it IN.

"Such a lot of wonderful friends as I've had, such interesting people. When little Mabel Norman was ill and dying Lew Cody used to buy out almost a whole shop every day for her. Mrs. Leslie Carter did too. Dear me! It makes me sad when I think how many of them have gone! Paul Bern, who always wanted yellow roses for his friends. Ernest Torrence—one of the finest men who ever lived—Lillian Tashman—and that young girl—Dorothy Dell—who was killed in the auto accident. She used to send flowers to a lot of people who were ill and poor, and always managed to tuck a check into the corner of the box.

"Do you know what I did once? I played Cupid. A scenario writer—a nice lad—used to send Lila Lee a gardenia each day. They were awfully in love with each other. Then they quarreled. Each wanted to make up. But they were both proud. Do you know what I did?"

"Sure. You started sending gardenias again."

By this time we had gone through the city of Los Angeles and were in the outskirts where the Japanese farmers live. It certainly WAS country! Long stretches of cultivated land, while here and there, separated by great distance, a tiny light flickered in a small house. After a few feet the paved road stopped. From here on was dirt. Dirt? No. MUD. Squidgy, slushy mud, lying in thick furrows a foot high. The car hit one of these furrows and did something that makes a corkscrew look straight. I gulped and closed my eyes.

"You're making a noble effort," he commented. "And that reminds me of a little office boy at Metro Goldwyn's who made a noble effort, too. He was crazy about Joan Crawford.

"One day he came into the shop with five dollars. All he owned in the world and with it he wanted to buy her an orchid. Now isn't THAT devotion? But he swore me to secrecy first that his Father would never find out."

"People never find out anything from us," he went on. "But how they DO try. A Director's wife tried hard once. Her husband wasn't what you would call 'a model husband.' But since I've met the wife I withhold criticism. He was a nice likeable chap but fickle. It used to amuse me that I could always tell from his orders the exact status of his love affairs. New girl—big order. Conquest—huge order.

"Then after a bit, a new name and address and the circle would begin all over again. Let's say his name was John Smith (It wasn't). One day he brought in a puppy, a cute little son-of-a-gun, that he wanted placed in a basket of flowers to go to a—let us call her Miss Brown. Evidently Smith's wife was suspicious of this girl for the next day a lady came into the shop:

"I'm Miss Brown," she said (I had a hunch that she was lying!). I just received some flowers from your store but there was no card in them. Were they by any chance from Mr. Smith?" I told her that the gentleman who had sent the flowers had left no name—and we knew our cash customers by sight only. So she went away none the wiser. It was poor old Smith's wife."

He paused, expecting me to make a comment. But I couldn't. I was growing numb.

Seeing my dejection, he tried to cheer me on.

"My honor is at stake," he said mockingly. "I am a florist, remember. So, *allons mon enfante* . . . for the great Garbo!"

The magic name did the work! And the weary ride continued. But it ended in victory and five dozen white tiger lilies for Garbo!

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## I Have No Regrets

[Continued from page 31]

much easier.' I'm glad my Dad was an honest-to-God business man, with his head in the evening paper and his feet on the ground, in carpet slippers. I'm glad he thought that actors were something ordinary folks go to see like you go to see the animals at the Zoo. I'm glad I wasn't taken to see Isadora Duncan dance or taught to recite 'Hamlet' on a mound of daisies. Imagine," grunted Spence, "me as one of the Meglin Kiddies!

"For I really believe that it's the Irish, motor-truck heritage of mine that gives me whatever stability I have. I believe it's that brash, plain-folks background of mine that yanked me off the dizzy merry-go-round I climbed onto here a year or so ago—yanked me off just in the nick of time, too. Yes ma'am, whatever success I may have achieved and whatever success I may continue to achieve will be five per cent ability and ninety-five per cent good, down-to-earth background.

"**MY FOLKS** kept their feet on the ground. My mother is of American-Colonial descent. She has innate honesty and a swell sense of humor. It wouldn't have occurred to either my mother or my dad to slacken on their job—their job of being married and being parents. They worked hard and they paid their bills and they went to church and they brought their children up in the way that children should go—and whenever I've lost that way," said Spence, his blue eyes level under his brows, "whenever I've lost that way, I've found it again because they blazed the straight trail for me. It was their early training that took me by the nape of my neck and licked me into shape again as my Dad licked me into shape for my misdemeanors when I was a kid. Old-fashioned, they'd be called. Yeah, well let me tell you and you tell the world for me that the old-fashioned way is best.

"I'm glad I went to a common school. It didn't give me any higherflutin' ideas. People have said to me, 'Too bad you didn't go to one of the swanky prep schools, you would have made the 'right contacts' earlier—you would have met the sons of influential men. They could have helped you. Yeah, but I did make the right contacts. For me. I play rugged, down-to-the-earth men on the screen. I play 'em honestly, anyway, because I know these men. I was raised with 'em and with their sons. Kids who had to work for a living, cutting peoples' lawns, shovelling snow and selling magazine subscriptions to get money enough for lunch and shows.

"I don't even regret playing hooky the way I often did. So I could sneak off and play with the kids on the wrong side of the tracks. They taught me, early in life, that it's what a fellow is that counts—not what he has nor where he lives nor what his old man does for a living. I take men as I find them, not where I find them—and my life's been a damn sight richer for it.

"I didn't want to go to high school. That was the stage when I wanted to become a business man and no time lost. Later, I wanted to be a doctor. Well, I went to high school and to college, too, for two years and I don't regret that, either. For I learned two things—one that I didn't want to be a business man and two, that I couldn't be a doctor. Too dumb," laughed Spence, "those Latin prescriptions and four-syllable words would have got me down.

"But, because I wanted to become a doctor and couldn't," Spence said gravely, "I realized how vitally important the old medicine men really are. I got to thinking about it, you see, and about them and about all they do for suffering people—"

I saw. And I knew that Spence hadn't only "thought about it." For right now there is a clever lad going through medical school at McGill University and when he is graduated with an M.D. in front of his name it will be Spence's money, if not Spence's hand, back of the knife and writing the Latin prescriptions.

"I don't even regret my Irish map," grinned Spence, rubbing the stubble on his chin unconcernedly, "sometimes, of course, when I get a look in the mirror, Clark Gable's good looking mug or Bob Montgomery's slick pan rise up and stand beside me and—well, the comparison is such that I wonder where the fairies were at my christening! And then I squelch that regret, too. I realize that if I had been born with a handsome frontpiece I might have got bit with the stage bug too early in life. I might have been successful too early and then I'd have been on the merry-go-round for fair—and I might have stayed on until I was pushed off.

"**IT'S** just as well the way it is. For I never thought of becoming an actor when I was a kid. What I saw in the mirror even then didn't put any ideas like that in my head. I didn't exactly figure myself as a matinee idol fighting my way out of a lot of mash notes. And then, when the early movies began and Wally Reid and Francis X. Bushman and Valentino were the raves—well, how d'you think I felt then?

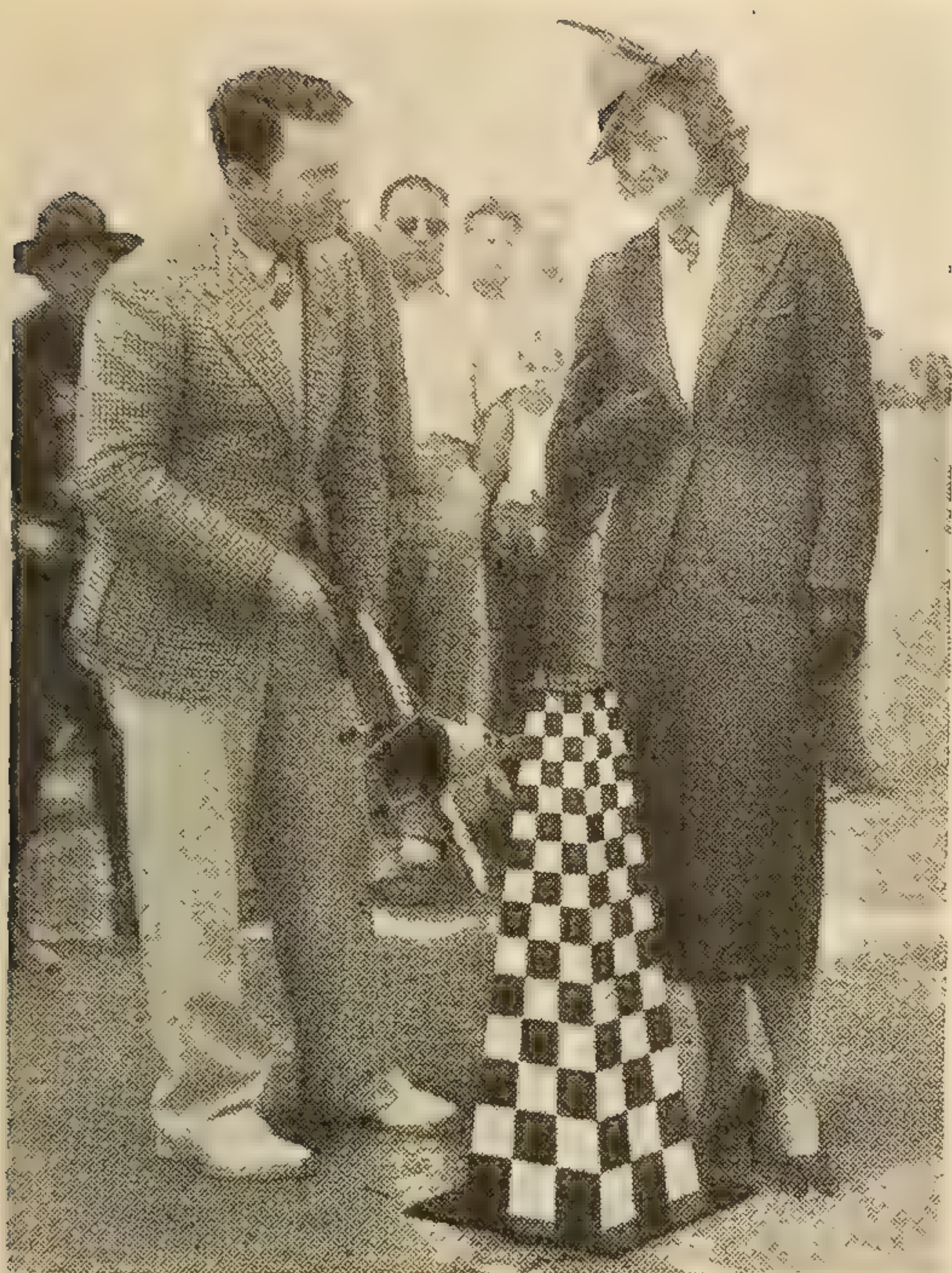
"So," said Spence, going into the pistachio ice-cream which, horridly, followed the onion sandwich on the Tracy menu, "so, I went to high school for three years and then the World War came along and beckoned to me. I tried to join the Marines and see the world but was rejected because I was under eighteen. And I couldn't tell the recruiting officer a lie. I've made a lot of bad mistakes and have many a black mark against my name but telling lies is not among 'em. Anyway, the United States Navy accepted me and I fought the war at Norfolk, Virginia . . .

"After the war and with a pension of \$30.00 a month in my jeans I finished school at Marquette Academy and then attended the Northwestern Military Academy where I learned that I *certainly* had no regrets about not joining the Infantry! Then two years at Ripon College at Ripon, Wisconsin, and that's where I joined the debating team. That's where I laid heavy hands on the school dramatics and got infected with the thespian tic and never recovered.

"Regret being an actor? I should say not! Where else, in what other line of work could I give my son the advantages I've been able to give him, thanks to acting? The doctors I've taken him to, the schools, the ranch life, the swimming pool, the polo ponies . . . why, say, all I have to do is take a look at that happy, healthy kid to squash any regret ever likely to sprout.

"I don't regret starvation days back in New York, either. I feel sorry for those actors who were born with silver spoons in their mouths. I'm glad I did some starving on park benches—think what it has given me to talk about! Made me 'good copy' for years—that's what. See, I'd talked my Dad





Cliff Henderson, director of the National Air Races to be held in Los Angeles in September, explains to Marian Marsh, one of the movie colony's newest pilots, how the races will be conducted

out of tuition fees for the American Academy of Dramatic Art and then I figured I could eat and sleep on my \$30.00 a month. Well I usually ate pretzels and rice and drank water for the last two weeks of every month. And once I missed eight meals in a row and then I decided that something would have to be done about it and I got a \$15.00 a week job with the Theatre Guild production of R.U.R.

"I don't regret anything about those lean, early days. The days when Louise and I were first married and had to stretch ends to make them meet. I didn't realize it then—but I know now that stretching those ends and making them meet made our hearts and souls meet, too, with the kind of coming together that there is no severing, not really, not for long . . .

"Then came Johnny—and naturally, my most profound pride, my deepest happiness in life, is in the hands of my son Johnny. You might easily suppose that he would be my deepest sorrow, my one great regret—because he doesn't hear. We could make a regret of it, of course, Johnny and Louise and I. *But we don't.* For the grief and regret of the first discovery of his great handicap has turned into pride. Pride because he is such a man, such a *sport* in spite of it, or perhaps because of it.

"Why, *regret . . .*" and Spencer's voice was roughly, deeply tender as it always is when he mentions, however casually, his beloved only son, "*regret—nothing!* Why, I wouldn't know what things are all about if it were not for Johnny. He's taught me the most poignant lessons in my whole life. That year—that year when I was away from home, on the merry-go-round—it was Johnny who brought me home. It was Johnny who made me realize the great things I was losing, the little I was gaining. By saying to me one morning when I had gone in to see them . . . 'Dad, I want you to take me to school this morning. You see, a girl belongs with her mother *but a boy belongs with his Dad.*' . . . Sure, sure a boy belongs with his Dad, you bet . . ." and Spencer laughed, a little shakily, and passed his big hand over his darkened eyes . . . "you bet," he said.

"AND I wouldn't really have understood and valued Louise as I do if it had not been for Johnny. He was the unconscious means of revealing his mother to his father, unforgettably, in such a true and tender light that the image was etched with acid into my brain and heart . . . so ineradicably that it could never be effaced by any other image—not for very long. You see, Louise knew that Johnny didn't hear when he was a tiny baby. I didn't know anything was the matter with him. Man-like, I didn't know anything about babies at all. But she knew it—and she didn't tell me for six months. She didn't tell me because I was having a tough struggle and she didn't want to add to my worries. That's sportsmanship, that is," said Spencer.

"And I think, too, that Johnny may be a surgeon when he grows up. His sense of touch, his sense of sight are so keen, so alert that he could well qualify as a surgeon—the surgeon his Dad once wanted to be.

"See what I mean?" asked Spencer, "see what I'm getting at? How, out of things that might be bitter regrets, you can build things to be grateful for?"

"And then, after awhile"—and Spencer's eyes held the shamed look of the small boy in the jam closet—"a year or so ago I went on the merry-go-round I've mentioned. I stayed away from home for a year. I did things most wives would never forgive their husbands for, or, if they did forgive them, would never let them forget for one nagging moment that they had been forgiven. Louise could have made havoc of my whole life, personal, professional, children, career, everything . . . She could have shot the ground from under my feet—and how! *But she didn't.* She knew, I guess, that I had lost my perspective. She knew, she must have known that I was doing the crazy things most men do at one time or another in their all-too-human lives. She must have realized, bless her, that only those who lose their lives find them.

"I don't know for a fact what she thought in those mad days. I don't know what she realized or did not realize. *Because she has never mentioned that year to me.* If she has forgiven me, and of course she has or I wouldn't be home again, she hasn't worn that forgiveness, as a virtue around her neck. She hasn't been 'noble' about it. She hasn't taken advantage of the situation by making little references to that year, giving me sly little digs. Never by word or inference has anything been said or done or implied.

"So, I can't even regret that mistaken year. Because if it were not for that I wouldn't have had my blind eyes opened as they are open now. By teaching me what I *don't* want in life, my mistakes have taught me what I do want. Because I so nearly lost my wife and my children and my home I now love them and appreciate them as I would never have done without that lesson.

"I'm more than in love with them all now—I'm *grateful.*

"Well," said Spencer, "I've got to go home now and ride with the kids. I've tried to be completely honest. I hope, and no fooling, that what I've said will mean something to the people who may read it. We all have things to regret. We've all done those things which we ought not to have done. But don't sit around whining and moping and regretting—If a fellow breaks his back or strains his heart he takes a stiff dose of medicine of some kind and tries to build the injuries to something stronger and sounder than ever before. Well, mistakes, sins, call 'em what you will, are injuries, too. Mend 'em. Make 'em work for you. Climb up on top of them and use them for props. Quit regretting and repining and start living—it can be done."

Movie Classic for September, 1936



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## On the Cuff

[Continued from page 35]

gags for a chance to happen. "They're the screwiest gang I ever saw," laughed Carole Lombard, who, as though Fate wanted to share in the joke, is co-starred in *My Man Godfrey* with her ex-husband, William Powell.

"They're wild, crazy, deliciously insane," she continued. "It's the maddest picture I ever worked in, and I love it! Everybody here is a specialist in his or her type of madness—and with the guiding genius of Gregory LaCava for inspiration, they're out-doing themselves. Any time they let down, the keen finger of his wit stirs them up again. And here's once Hollywood's famous goofiness is going to pay dividends.

Of course, Greg doesn't always know just what is coming next: because from Bill Powell's straight-faced, sharp edged kidding; Alan Mowbray's insidious wit; Gene Pallette's playfulness; Alice Brady's Alice-Bradyishness; and Mischa Auer's clowning and imitations anything is liable to happen. And, knowing that, you realize you have to keep on your toes.

Add to that the wild practical jokes of the Queen Bee of Comedy, Carole Lombard, and anything is liable to happen.

"Look!" suddenly cried Carole gleefully, "there's a sample of what we have here from morning till night. Just watch them."

Eugene Pallette and Alan Mowbray were moving toward the group in front of the camera. Everyone in the scene was in his place; lights were blazing and the camera was in focus. Yet Mowbray edged toward the group in a sort of shoe-sliding glide, while Pallette waddled in from a different angle.

"All right," called Director LaCava from the canvas chair in which he was comfortably sprawled, "let's try it."

But Pallette had reached the group, in the center of which stood Alice Brady. Quickly he leaned over and whispered into her ear.

"NO!" she cried violently, jerking away. "Get out, or you'll make me say it!" She clapped her hands over her ears. She had dodged away from her plump annoyer. But Mowbray's cupid-bow lips were now whispering over her shoulder.

"No—No—Go Away! That's plain mean! You know I'll say it—" and as Mischa Auer added his insidious mutterings, she gave a shriek and dashed away from the camera, headed for the far end of the stage.

"Every time she gets a difficult line to read," laughed Carole, "they whisper tongue-twisters at her. 'She sells sea shells by the sea shore.' They've made her say the wildest things. Heavens knows the lines are crazy enough anyhow, without those imps twisting them around.

"You know the story of the picture, of course: how two sisters find an ex-man-about-town in a hobo camp and bring him home to the screwiest family in the world, making him their butler. The whole thing is wild and crazy in itself, but with these nuts adding their bit, and LaCava re-writing script to suit their goofiness, it's a riot."

The players in this picture claim the parts fit them like gloves, and never was there a wilder, more hilarious troupe cast to a movie. Every instant something wild was going on—and the stage rang with their laughter. It sounded more like a

Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, or a chorus girls' dressing room, or the left wing of an insane asylum, than a respectable movie production.

And LaCava egged them on; for he was filming the screwiest family on earth, and he couldn't do better than jot down the re-actions of the irresponsible group before him and then turn their antics into sequences of his story.

Each morning the day's dialogue was re-written, inspired by the players who were literally living their parts. They had to "live" those parts to keep pace with one another.

IN order to get the "feel" of his part, Bill Powell studied his own butler for days. So closely did he watch him, and so persistently did he dog him about the house, that Bill's butler began to have serious doubts regarding his boss. But with each passing day, though his man became increasingly suspicious, Bill grew more and more butler-like.

"It's true I'm living the part of 'Godfrey' off the screen as well as on," said Bill Powell, "and that my butler has grown to be a new man to me since I've been studying him to learn butlerage—for although 'Godfrey' in the picture was a gentleman, he could buttle as buttling should be buttled. He was a much smarter fellow than I, and didn't have to follow his butler around the house watching him, until the poor fellow felt that his employer was out to steal his job. Godfrey was an observing lad, and had unconsciously assimilated the needed knowledge. He knew his man better than his man knew himself.

"Although my butler has been serving me for years, I realize now that I never saw him clearly before; never noticed how he did things or his manner of service.

"But now," and Bill waved his hand airily, "I could qualify in the most exacting family."

However, Bill Powell was not one up on his ex-mate, Carole Lombard, in the matter of living the part he plays in this picture. For Carole has gone to even greater lengths, and, according to Fieldsie, her secretary and pal, she had apparently decided she *was* the somewhat goofy younger Bullock sister, Irene.

All the while she was away from the studio she continually put herself in Irene's place, trying to think as Irene would think, and do as Irene would do. If she happened to be shopping, she would imagine she was Irene and was likely to come back with the same sort of wild purchases Irene would make.

At home, she was constantly asking Fieldsie if she thought Irene would do this, or if Irene would like that—and how Irene would re-act to such and such a thing. She was as delighted as a child with a new toy when she discovered how she could make Irene do something she felt the flesh and blood daughter of the Bullock family would do, and when she found some "business" that could go "on the cuff" and come out in the final picture.

Every member of this amazing cast was struggling to hold up his or her end, and not be submerged by the performance of the others. So, while every player combed his brains and his memory for ways to bring deviltry and fun on the set, each



had his own worrying and plugging to do the instant he was alone—and each daily brought to Director LaCava his ideas and his quota of dialogue.

Each noon each member of the cast gave up half his luncheon period so that he might attend the "rushes" of the preceding day's "take"—and offer his suggestions for the "cuff".

So thoroughly was it known throughout Hollywood that this picture was being shot "from the cuff"—that it was being rewritten, day by day, according to the reactions of the Bullock family there on the sound stage, that the original authors sent a shirt cuff to Director LaCava, on which was inscribed:

Picture No. 778

MY MAN GODFREY

Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind, Eric

Hatch, Gregory LaCava.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

4/30/36

O.K.'d by Sherry-The-Poo.

For two days it remained tacked on the top of Lombard's dressing table mirror on the set. Then it disappeared, for it could not long hold attention in this madhouse.

But in spite of the wild things being done there daily, everyone felt that the climax of this hilarious gagfest would come when Bill Powell put Carole Lombard under the shower, as the script demanded. For two weeks preceding the shooting of this scene the entire cast, and

every worker on the set, was looking forward to it. For this, they all admitted, would be something.

"I think you need a bath, Carole dear," gently murmured Bill to her the day they learned this scene was to come.

"And you're going to give it to me, eh?" challenged Carole, her head thrown back, and a wild light in her eyes.

"As your man Godfrey, that seems to be one of my more pleasant duties. A bath in a nice cold shower, with all those pretty clothes on."

Suddenly Carole's eyes sparkled. "Uh huh," she agreed, "That will be nice—our taking a bath *together*. And with all your nice clothes on, too. Oh, I'll ruffle your dignity, baby."

This bath, in which most of the players, Gregory LaCava and even some of the grips managed to participate due to the pranks of the various members of the cast, was a fitting climax to a wild picture of a mad family. The set absolutely took on the appearance of one of those old Keystone slapstick comedies, even to the last day when Carole gave a party to the entire assembly.

But how was a picture ever filmed under such circumstances?

**MOOD** was what LaCava was striving for. The mood of that strange, screwy family, and even the mad imitation of a gorilla that Mischa Auer put on, and the wild stories of Eugene Pallette, were grist to his mill. His picture is of a family off balance—off center, as he calls it. He wanted his cast to throw off all restraint, just as the Bullock family did.

So, though a pianist was kept on the set to play whenever actual shooting or rehearsing was not in progress, another piano was kept close by so that anyone who felt in the mood could sit down and strum on that, and when anybody felt like singing, he could sing.

In fact, LaCava encouraged anything that anyone wanted to do. That is, anything but being late.

One morning Alice Brady was late. In her naïve way, she sent an enormous box of pansies to LaCava, to be delivered before her arrival on the stage. She had phoned her florist and told him she wanted five dollars worth of pansies.

"Will five dollars worth be a lot of pansies?" she asked. "Because I want an awful lot."

When the pansies arrived, instead of being delivered to LaCava as a gift to him, they were delivered in such a way he thought they were for Alice, merely in his care.

So he very carefully penned a little note to the box and sent it on into her dressing room.

"Alice, dear," he wrote, "the next time you're late you'll be wearing these on your chest."

When Alice arrived she explained they were for the dear director. In another ten minutes every player, every grip, every cameraman, every maid and every laborer on the set had bunches of pansies pinned to their breasts, for there were about forty dozen pansies to go around.

Eugene Pallette formed the habit of bringing hot tamalies on the set and passing them around. So every afternoon, they would go up to him for their tamalies. One day when Gene wasn't working, Alice Brady raised such a cry that he actually had to come out to the studio and bring her tamalies.

That really didn't make any difference, however, as it was extremely difficult for any of the players to stay away from the fun, even when not working.



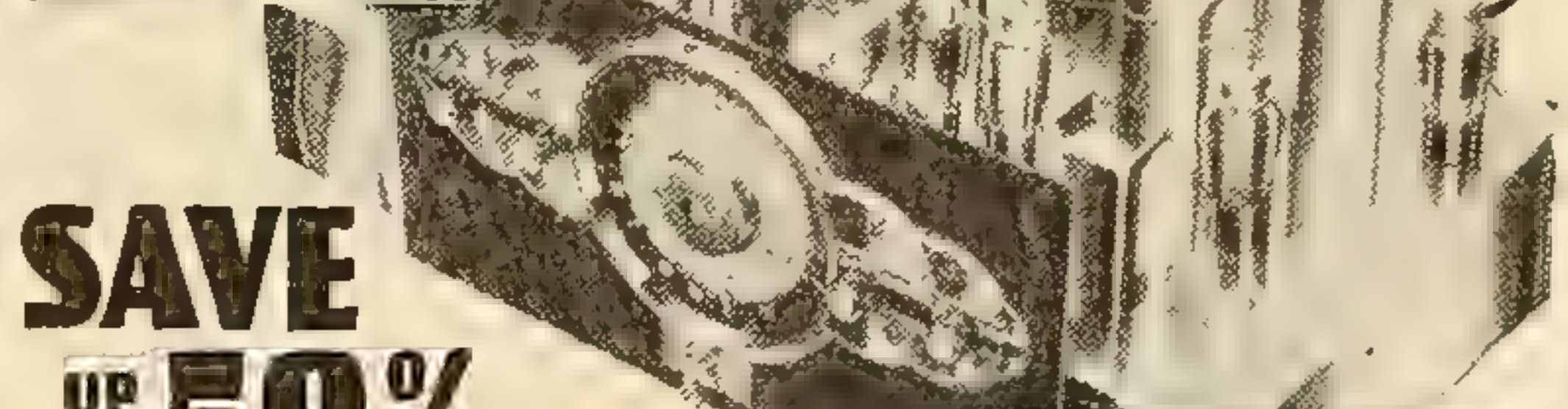
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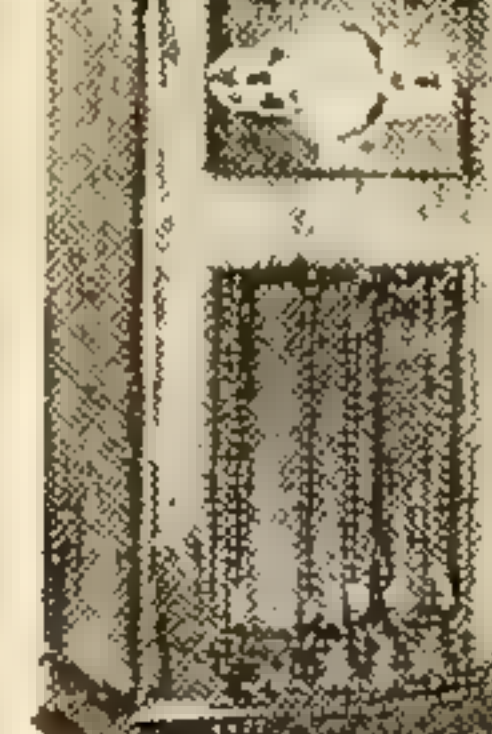
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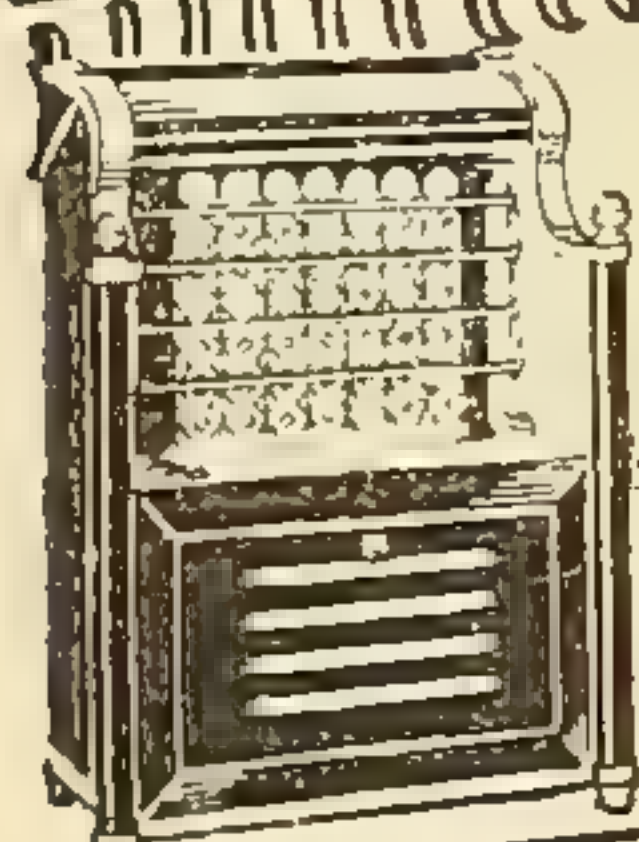
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## Stage Struck

[Continued from page 46]

winner, *The Nervous Wreck* and *The Great Gatsby*, young Davis refuses to blame his ambitions on his theatrical background. According to his story, even had Davis, Sr. been "doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief," Davis, Jr. would still have wanted to go on the stage.

The youngster made his "debut" in the complicated rôle of actor-producer-playwright at the advanced age of seven. The production must have been, in the Hollywood phrase, colossal.

"I called it, for no particular reason, *Vive la France*," Owen said with a grin. "I played the heroic part of a wounded soldier, elaborate bandages decorating my right arm. Too late I remembered that I must salute when the national anthem (the grand finale) was played. With a stage presence I have yet to re-achieve, I slipped the bandages onto my left arm, executing a salute that—well, it had enthusiasm."

A year later, the boy joined his first professional company, though he had nothing to do with the production and never appeared before the footlights. "I was mascot," he admits cheerfully. "My family had to be abroad that season, so I was temporarily adopted by Alice Brady. She was traveling with the company, playing *Forever After*, one of father's plays, and I went along. Every night of that tour Miss Brady would make me up as though I had a part in the production. The call boy summoned me with the rest of the company and I took my place in the wings where I stayed until the final curtain. I knew every line and move in that play—a sort of pint-sized understudy who could have played any part without notice!"

The only person who expressed doubt about Owen's theatrical ambitions was his mother. From the time he could walk the youngster was always backstage at his father's productions. And when Father had nothing running on Broadway—practically an unheard-of occurrence—Owen knew someone who had. So Mrs. Davis voiced the opinion that he should learn something beside Theater—with a capital T. But Davis, Sr., who knew what it meant to be stage-struck, thought his offspring should see it all while still a kid. Then, when (not if, please note) he entered the profession, he would know what he was doing.

AT ANY rate, possibly because of Mrs. Davis' mild objections, Owen entered the Choate School in Connecticut when he was eleven, remaining there until he was old enough to enter Yale. But it took more than Choate to derail a single-tracked mind like Owen's. He became the Academy's Public Enemy No. 1 when it came to discovering excuses, legitimate and otherwise, for trips to New York. For in New York there were *Plays*, and these plays he had to see.

"I soon discovered that breaking things got me off to go to the... er... doctor," he explained. "Breaking a nose was best, for broken noses, real or otherwise, are only a slight inconvenience. They leave you able to travel, but they do have to be set. As our family physician was in New York... "he finished that sentence with a gesture. "They caught up with me eventually," he added sadly.

One year of Yale was enough "straight" education for young Davis. At the end

of his freshman year he transferred to the George Pierce Baker school of dramatic art at the same institution. About this time he also became interested in boxing and was elected captain of the university team. And here, ironically enough, the broken nose gag of his younger school days caught up with him. It seems that boxers at Yale don't "pull their punches" and Owen's nose was broken repeatedly. Eventually his instructors in the drama informed him that, unless he was deliberately developing a face enabling him to play smashed-in gangsters and ex-pugilists, he'd better take up a milder sport.

AFTER Yale came the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Because of his work there he earned his first professional rôle—juvenile lead in the Chicago company of *The Barker*. His life-long ambition had been achieved. Owen Davis, Jr., was on the professional stage! Other engagements followed rapidly and in 1930 he decided to try Hollywood. His first film was *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Two other screen rôles followed; but the lure of the footlights was too strong. Back he went to play both on Broadway and in summer stock. Among other things he played 100 rôles in five summers at the famous Lakewood Theater in Skowhegan, Maine. His great performances there were too much for RKO. They coaxed him into making tests, waved a contract under his nose and brought him back to Hollywood.

The Powers-That-Be feel that his five-feet-ten of attractive personality and ability should prove quite useful at the box office. Neither are they overlooking the mop of dark, curly hair, grey eyes, cheerful grin and the suggestion of dimples when he laughs. But even the Powers-That-Be have learned never, never to mention those dimples. They want Owen to keep right on wanting to "go on the stage"—sound stages at RKO.

Only once in his entire career has the junior Davis devoutly wished that, instead of acting, he had taken up ditch digging or asylum keeping or even paper-doll-cutting. This was on the occasion of his return, as the juvenile in a professional company, to New Haven where both Choate and Yale are located. Unfortunately for him the play was *The Barker*, a vivid, unexpurgated story of the side-show life.

One of his former teachers, famous for his strict ideas, asked Owen to reserve seats for himself and wife. Young Davis, with an eye to a certain love scene he played with the star, did a beautiful piece of stalling. According to his story the play was sold out for weeks.

"So what happened? So on the opening night there they were in the center of the front row!" Owen related. "I explained the situation to the lead and begged her to play that scene 'easy'. But I must have missed a wicked twinkle in her eye," he said ruefully, "for when that scene came around—well, I'll leave it to your imagination! So, as I expected, those two came backstage that night—but what they wanted was an introduction to the star! Very much the chastened schoolboy I did the honors."

The name of the star? Oh... Claudette Colbert. You see, she's always had an active sense of humor.



# Norma Shearer's First Romeo

[Continued from page 30]

stance Collier saw it happen.

They chose Miss Collier to help Norma Shearer with the Juliet rôle because of her own success as Juliet, on the stage, long before talking pictures aspired to such an achievement.

She told me about that first afternoon. "I remember," she said, "that a fire burned on the hearth. I sat waiting on one of the yellow satin divans before it, listening to a radio, somewhere, playing a modern tune. Then Norma welcomed me. Yes, she wore pajamas, trim, svelte, ultra-chic."

They began to read, or Miss Collier did, impersonating first one character and then the other in the early scenes of the play. Then came Juliet's "entrance." Hesitatingly, afraid, Norma voiced her first lines.

"Do you think I shall EVER be able to play Juliet?" she cried. "She seems so different; so stilted to me!"

But Constance Collier, to whom the lines of Shakespeare also had seemed difficult once upon a time, reassured her.

"Yes, my dear, you will," she said, quietly. "You are an ideal Juliet."

"And I meant it," Miss Collier said to me later. "The very first time I heard that Norma Shearer was to play Juliet, I experienced a strange and unusual sense of satisfaction."

"It was almost as if some hitherto incomplete situation in my own consciousness had at last been finished . . ."

So, thus reassured, Norma read on that fall afternoon until darkness had come like a thick pall from the sea, and the servants had drawn the shades and turned on the lights. They didn't study. They didn't think of gestures nor intonations. They didn't try to memorize lines. They just read them and discussed their meaning. They groped for the *feel* of this most beautiful of love stories . . .

"I remember Norma standing in the doorway as I left," she said, "a slim, pajama-ed figure, her hair in smart curls—a very, very modern Juliet—then . . ."

The next afternoon, Miss Collier went again to the Thalberg home on the Santa Monica beach. And the next . . . And the next. For four or five days a week, for more than two months before even rehearsals began at M-G-M this went on.

**B**UT throughout that time, she didn't study, mind you. Constance Collier was very positive in telling me that. They just read the play and talked about it . . . And slowly, but surely, Norma Shearer changed into another being.

"At first, this change was scarcely perceptible," Miss Collier told me. "But as time went on, it became more and more apparent. It began with Norma's new coiffeur. She suddenly parted her hair in the middle, and let it fall softly around her shoulders."

"A 'Juliet bob,' you ask? Perhaps, but somehow, we didn't call it that. 'Bob' is a twentieth century word. But call it what you will, it is symbolical of the metamorphosis that was taking place."

"After a few days, she discarded her pajamas—those smart, modern pajamas—and began to wear long, flowing things."

"We were contemplating the great balcony scene, by then. I would read Romeo's lines, of course, but I am sure neither of us was conscious of an incongruity. We weren't in the Thalberg beach house, then. We were in that walled garden of the Capulets, speaking immortal words of love—

*"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"*

*It is the East, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she . . ."*

And Juliet's voice, when Romeo finishes: "O Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

*Deny thy father and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet."*

"Her—Juliet's—eyes were beautiful. Yes, I long since had given up calling her 'Miss Shearer.' To me, she *was* Juliet. As she sat there on the yellow divan, even though she was speaking without background or gesture, I saw her only as that girl who lived, loved and died five centuries ago."

"She wasn't sitting curled up, with her feet under her, as she had that first day. Young ladies of Verona must have been more decorous and precise, you see. Her chiffon gown—a hostess gown, true, but one which Juliet surely would have worn—gave her at once extreme youth and grave dignity."

And so the passing days took Romeo and Juliet to the heights of lovers' ecstasy; to the depths of lovers' despair; to the death that united them, at last. The blue-bound manuscripts were discarded, now. Character analysis was no longer technical. The play moved on for Norma Shearer and Constance Collier as if it were life, itself.

But at last came the end of their work together. Studio rehearsals were to begin the next morning. Where Constance Collier—the tutor who never once "taught" in the literal sense of the word, but whose sympathetic suggesting had accomplished much, much more—left off, Director George Cukor and cameras were to begin.

"I was sorry to have those weeks of close association end," Miss Collier said. "To have come to know intimately and to work with an actress of such fine intelligence and such charm was a privilege."

"And yet, it wasn't only my regret that marked that day as outstanding in my memory. It was something else . . . Something which may seem strange to you and yet to me, was perfectly natural . . . You see I know the power and the significance of self-hypnotism, and that an actor or an actress deeply interested in a rôle of a play can, sometimes, *does*, sometimes transcend self and actually become the character portrayed." She paused, her eyes contemplative. She seemed to be forgetting me.

"You were telling me something about Miss Shearer on that last day you visited her" I prompted.

She smiled. "So I was. I was saying this: That when Norma Shearer told me goodbye, that day, she didn't actually say 'goodbye,' at all. She said: 'Farewell, Constance. I am grateful to thee.' And I am positive she never for an instant realized she had said it—that way. She was too full of the drama of *Romeo and Juliet*. She had spoken too often words couched in the quaint, formal phraseology of another time and another world. Day by day, week by week, she had studied, contemplated, Juliet; had put herself in Juliet's place; had experienced Juliet's emotions; had suffered Juliet's heartbreak that, at last, the metamorphosis was complete. She no longer was Norma Shearer. *She was Juliet!*"

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# Fate, Fame and Robert Taylor

[Continued from page 29]

"Dr. Ashmore was telling Daddy about neur-as-then-ia today."

It was not long after this that we noticed that he was stammering. It would take him a half-minute to say "Mother." We were panicky. We moved out into the country, a mile and a half from town, and let him roam outdoors, where he would forget the big words. The farm couple we lived with had a little boy about Bob's age. The two of them were outdoors all day long; Bob even ate all of his meals on the porch. And in three weeks he was over his stammering. We lived there the rest of the time that my husband was in medical college—and Bob acquired a love of outdoor life that he never has outgrown.

**M**Y HUSBAND studied hard, taking special work besides the regular courses, and finished in three years. He was a doctor at last . . . and started practicing in Fremont, Nebraska, where we moved when Bob was about five. We were there about a year and a half when Dr. Brugh went into partnership with Dr. P. Y. Gass of Beatrice, Nebraska, who had a very large practice. After a time Dr. Gass moved to San Bernardino, California, but we stayed in Beatrice—a town of about 12,000—and Dr. Brugh took care of the practice alone. Bob grew up in Beatrice and got his education there. And that was where he first showed signs of becoming an actor, though we did not recognize the symptoms then.

He was naturally a high-strung child. If we had not known how to handle him, he could easily have become a problem. He was very sensitive. If anyone spoke harshly to him about some little thing that he had done, he would not be able to eat or sleep. He still hates harsh criticism. He comes by that naturally; both his father and I were that way.

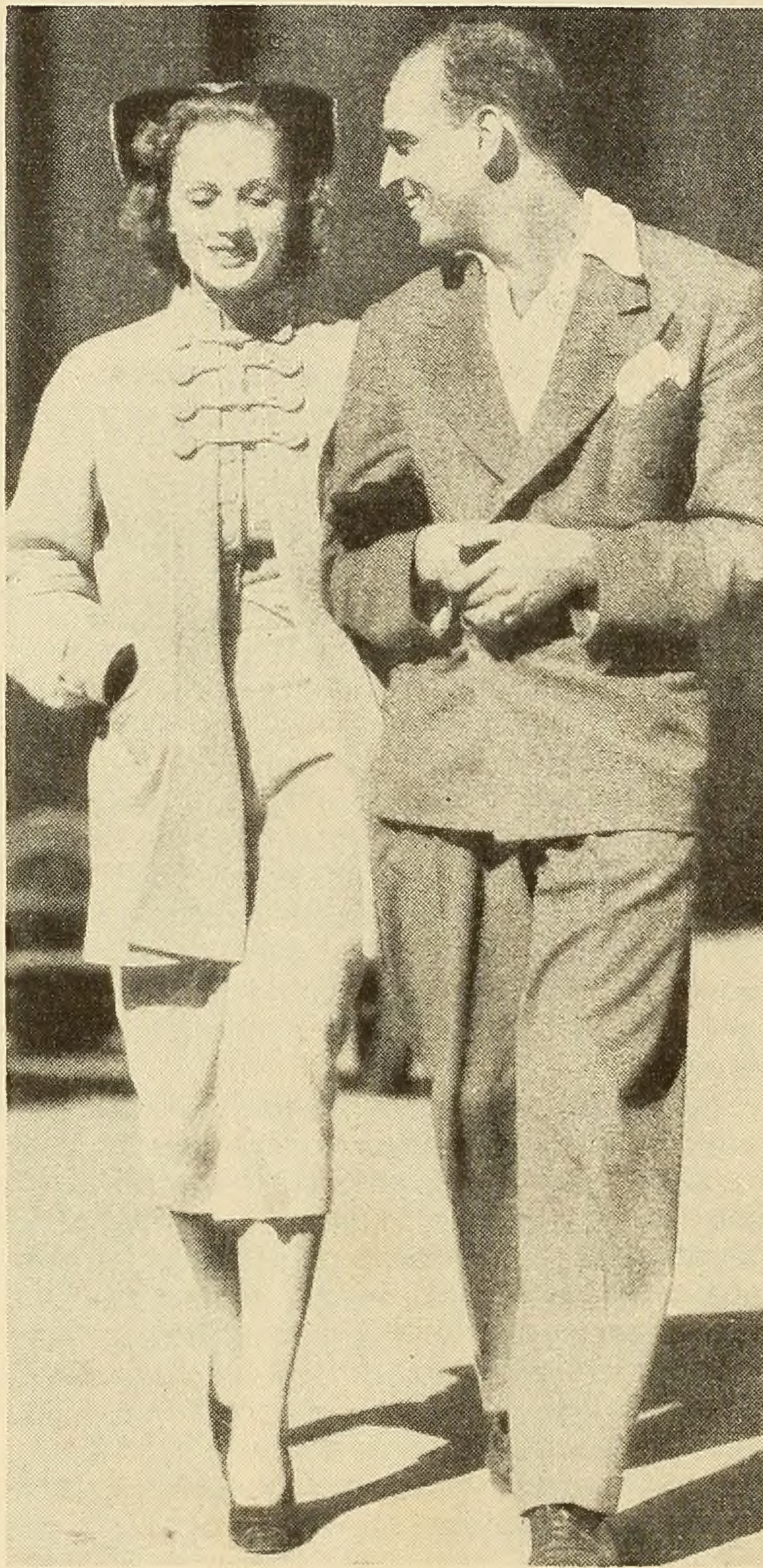
Also, I have seen him many times when he would not be able to eat, if he had done something that he regretted. Not only when he was small, but recently, in Hollywood. And discouragements used to upset him terribly. I explain that by the fact that he was such a fortunate youngster; he almost always won any contests that he entered, any games that he played. And because he always tried hard to win, it was not easy for him to lose.

He was all-boy, with the energy and enthusiasm of any normal boy, yet he was more thoughtful than most children ever are. He always seemed to have respect for our wishes. We could put him on his honor. Very young, he seemed to realize that much of the time I was not well, and went out of the way to spare me worry.

And because we could trust him so implicitly, we gave him more things than most parents dare to give their children—lest they spoil them. We had no fears of Bob's being spoiled.

When he was very young, he had a pony, a pony cart, a harness and saddle, a bicycle, a dog, guns of various sorts. In those days, he always said that he was going to have a big ranch and be a cowboy. He was forever playing that he was Tom Mix or William S. Hart. He was movie-conscious then to that extent.

The pony was a high-spirited little thing. I suppose Bob—who was nine or ten then



**Elaine Sheppard, yesterday just another Hollywood chorus girl, today is the personal protégée of Hermes Pan, RKO-Radio dance director, who believes that she has the ability to become a great terpsichorean star**

—had not had her more than a week before he told me that he wanted to "ride out to Grandpa's." Grandpa happened to live in Filley, sixteen miles away. But I decided to let him go for, young as he was, I knew that I could trust him to take care of himself. He had been gone about an hour when the telephone rang. Bob was calling me from a house out in the country.

"Gyp"—that was the pony's name—"keeps running up and down the banks. I can't make her obey," he told me. "I'm coming home."

I said to him, "Now, Arlington, just make the pony know you're boss. Cut yourself a switch, and the first time she doesn't do what you tell her, use the switch. You go on to Filley."

"I'm going," he answered, and hung up.

And he did go. He was always resourceful after that.

He was not a meek child. He was apt to be blunt and outspoken. Yet he would never come into the house that he would not kiss us both. He thought the world of his father, who also worshiped him. The doctor never scolded him; he had such a nice way of talking to him, explaining

things to him. When he was with Bob, he would try to make up for all the hours that he could not be with him.

Robert got his paddlings once in a while, however. I remember one time when he wanted everything he saw. One Saturday night, his father and I took him downtown and before we left, the doctor warned him that if he started teasing for anything, we would have to punish him when we came home. Well, he either forgot or else decided to see how far he could go; anyway, he started teasing. His father never said a word to him; he just looked at him—and Robert knew that his father had not forgotten. When we arrived home, he paddled Robert. And afterward Robert came to me and said, "Why, Mother, you didn't tell Daddy to stop once!"

That incident was typical. Dr. Brugh and I never had any disagreements about how Robert should be managed. People used to wonder why he was not spoiled, being an only child. Of course, I have always contended that if you would spoil one child, you would spoil a dozen. But one secret, I think, was the perfect harmony between his father and myself. Neither of us ever gave him an example of selfishness to follow.

He always took very good care of his toys and his clothes. He would let other children play with anything he had, but he did not want his things treated roughly. He was much neater then than now.

Unlike most children, he never had the urge to run away from home. He always seemed perfectly happy. People used to comment about it. Just the other day, Bob himself said to me, "Mother, I had a wonderful childhood." He never cried or felt abused. He gets the blues more often now than when he was younger. Always, then, he was the happiest boy imaginable.

He never worried us much—even about his health. He had the measles when he was about ten, and the flu a time or two. But there was only one time when we were really worried. That was when he got up and answered the 'phone while he had the flu, and had a setback. Most of the people who died during those flu epidemics were the ones who did crazy things. For weeks his father and I never knew what it was to go to bed and get a good night's sleep. We almost lost him.

As a youngster, he had very heavy hair—wavy, almost kinky. And I used to dress him in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. How he hated those suits, with their little silk blouses! I think that the sight of a silk blouse nauseates him yet. I never knew it then. He never found fault with the way we dressed him.

When he was about ten, we had him start taking piano lessons, from a man who came to Beatrice. When he was about twelve, he wanted to take saxophone lessons. I did not want him to; a saxophone was so noisy and jazzy. So then he wanted to try the 'cello. I shall never forget the day we took him to Lincoln for his first lesson with Professor Gray. He told us that Robert did not handle the 'cello awkwardly, as most beginners do. Robert studied with him for years.

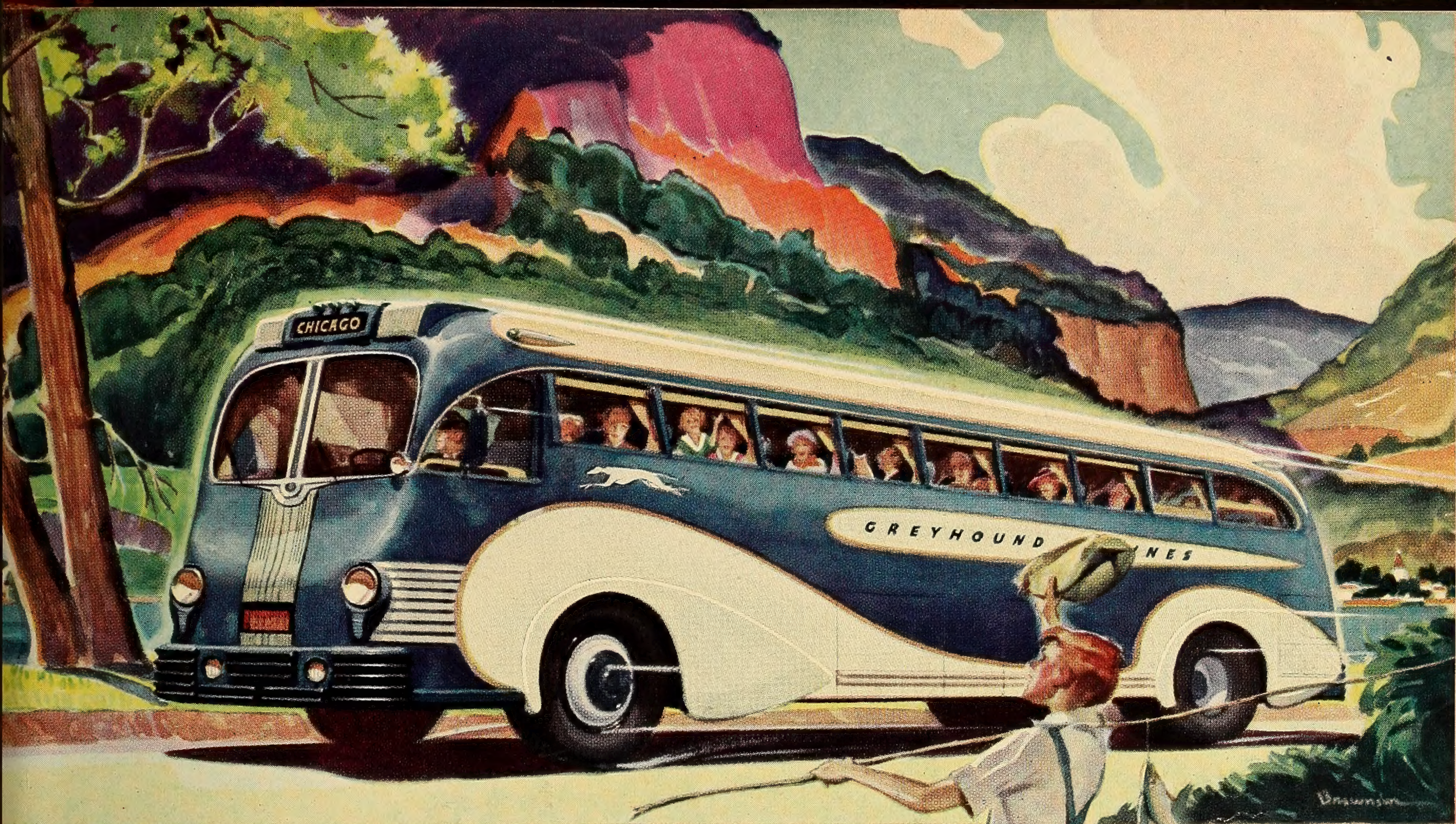
And those 'cello lessons with Professor Gray, more than any other single factor, later led him to Hollywood and fame.

(To be Continued)

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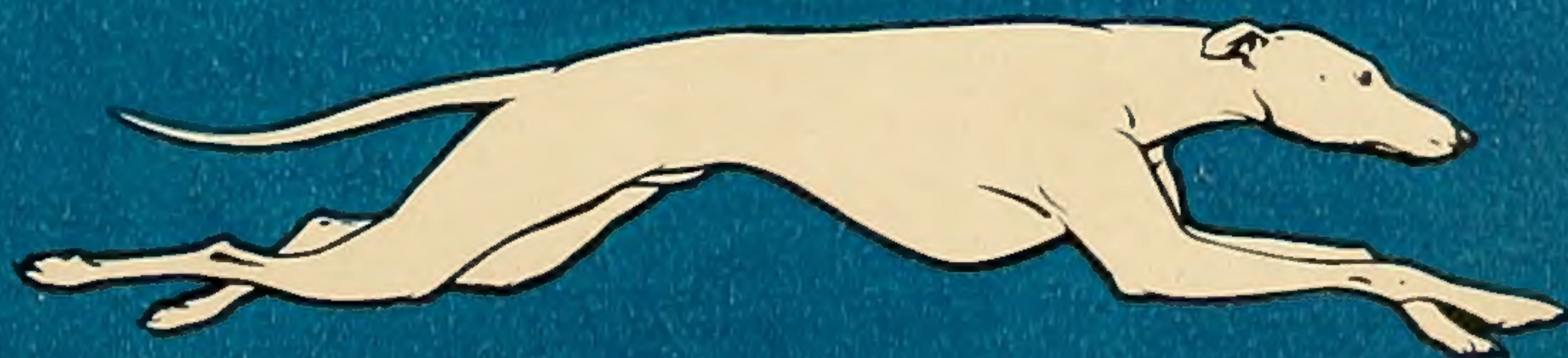
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